Collier's

AUGUST 16, 1947

TEN CENTS

IOLA, FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY KANSAS

RELAX!

YOU MAY NOT BE NUTS

By Albert Q. Maisel

CHARM SCH

By Carl French

Aug. 16, 1947

G. 16, 1947

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IOLA KANS

Actual color photograph of 1947 Studebaker Champion Regal De Luxe 4-door sedan

This dream car is this year's style star... the refreshingly different postwar Studebaker

Three generations of the Thornton family help to safeguard Studebaker's far-famed quality—Seated, in this final assembly picture, is 64-year-old Russell E. Thornton. Alongside are his son, Everett V., and Everett's son, Kenneth. Members of this family, like many of their neighbors, have been Studebaker craftsmen for years. Russell Thornton, in fact, has five sons in all on the Studebaker roster.

Most people say that even the windows of this postwar Studebaker help to give it a special distinction.

The low-swung, roomy body gleams with more glass than you ever saw in an automobile before.

The effect is fascinating. But the practical result is enormously increased driving vision—alongside, behind and ahead.

You find the same useful end served by everything else that contributes to this Studebaker's eye appeal.

The car's whole design helps it to perform, handle and ride like a dream.

This Studebaker is the first car, too, with self-adjusting brakes that automatically renew their efficiency, regardless of lining wear. Its dash dials are glare-proofed by wartime aviation's "black light."

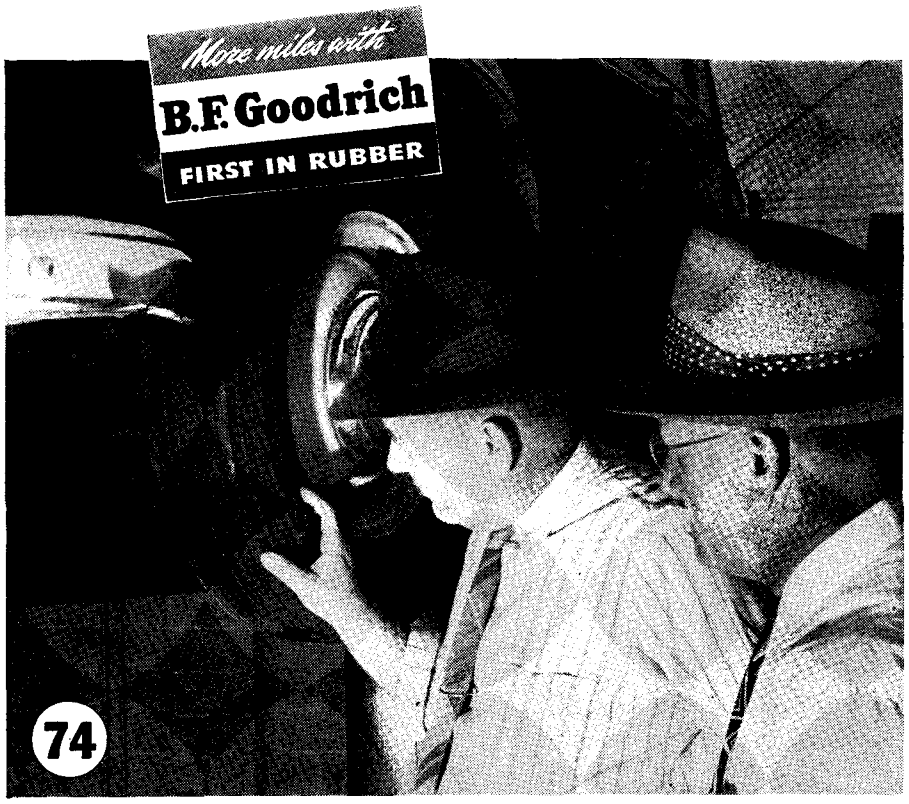
See for yourself how Studebaker's leadership in styling actually serves to make motoring safer and more enjoyable.

Drop in at a showroom and look over a postwar Studebaker Champion, Commander or Land Cruiser now.

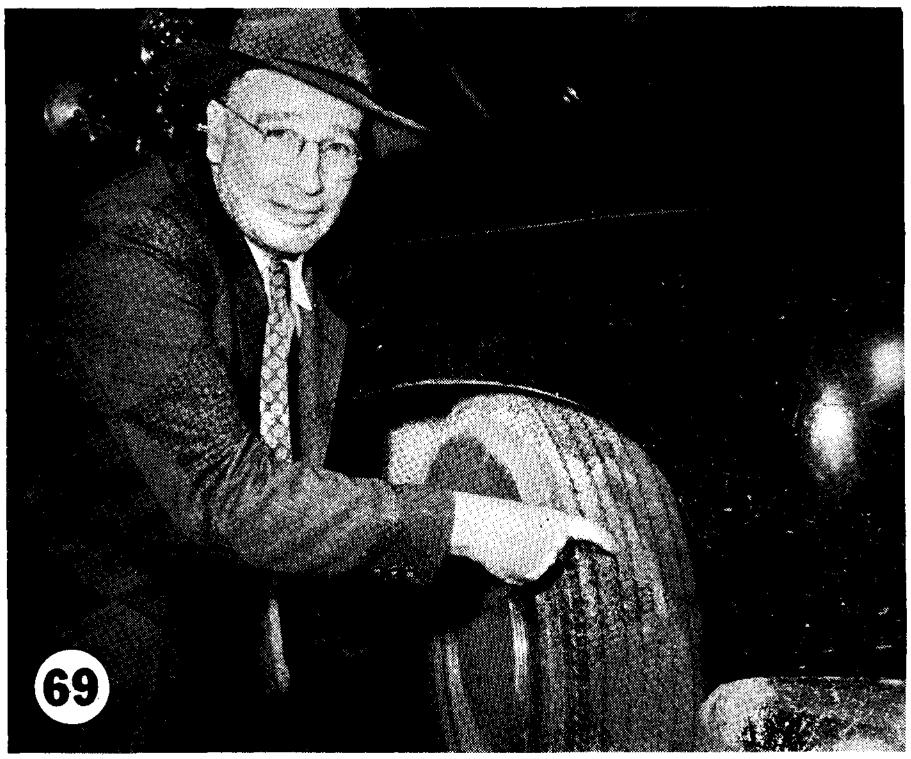
STUDEBAKER

The postwar leader in motor car style

© 1947, The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.



74



69

57

Now at less than prewar prices—the tire that outwears prewar tires

B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns in all popular sizes now cost less than before the war. And yet they outwear prewar tires. For several months, issues of this magazine have shown, on this same page, pictures of car owners who have kept actual records of tire mileages. Others are shown above.

Typical example No. 74: 42,375 miles in taxi service! Paul A. Howell, manager of the City Cab Co. of Orlando, Fla., writes:

"We have thirty cabs in operation and several sets of B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns in service. To date we have not had a single tire failure. The mileage record on one set shows 42,375 miles, and we believe this set will go at least 50,000 before recapping. No other tire in our experience has given us better service."

Typical example No. 69: 23,304 miles in hospital service—tires still look new! Orrie Ewart, of Port Huron, Mich., is employed by St. Clair County, and his duties consist of transporting hospital patients. He says: "B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns don't skid on wet roads like others. I've driven the set you see in the picture 23,304 miles since last December, and they appear as if they were newly purchased."

Typical example No. 57: Best tires she ever had in thirty-three years! Says Mrs. Eugene Guest of Lithonia, Georgia: "I purchased three B. F. Goodrich tires last year. When these tires were put on, the speedometer reading was 21,246. It is now 51,636, and there is a lot of good wear left in them. They are the best tires I have ever had, and I have been driving thirty-three years."

Not only do these tires cost less than before the war, but your B. F. Goodrich dealer will give you a good allowance on your old tires if they're still good enough to be used or recapped. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

COLLIER'S

August 16, 1947

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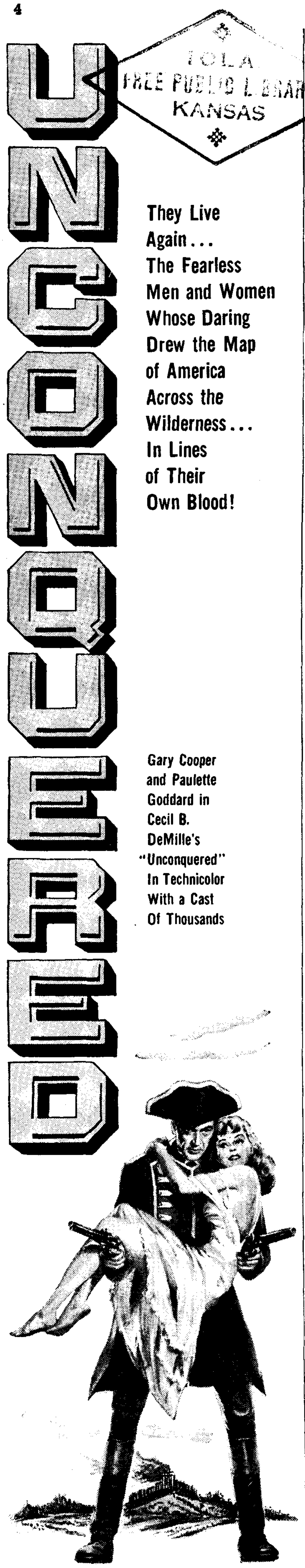

UNCONQUERED

They Live Again . . . The Fearless Men and Women Whose Daring Drew the Map of America Across the Wilderness . . . In Lines of Their Own Blood!

Gary Cooper and Paulette Goddard in Cecil B. DeMille's "Unconquered" In Technicolor With a Cast Of Thousands

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

GRAND STORY

GENTLEMEN, AND LADIES, TOO: To the average reader, The Grand March of the United States, by Dana Burnet (July 5th), is just another wishful story, but to untold thousands who read between the lines, it is an expression of a heartfelt hope that we can find music that will explain our real selves to people abroad, and that in the finding, they will cease to fear, and join with us in the rebuilding of a devastated world, physically and mentally. The writer urges the singing and playing of the Battle Hymn of the Republic on the government radio programs. That music is universally understood by all nations.

R. C. BUCHANAN, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . As Chairman of the Committee for Racial Democracy in the Nations accept my gratitude to you and Author Burnet for The Grand March of the United States of America. Greatest contribution to world peace and racial understanding yet made.

ATTORNEY LEON A. RANSOM,
Washington, D. C.

ERROR

DEAR SIRS: In Double Trouble (June 21st), you neglected to mention the Chicago White Sox. Of course, I'm a White Sox fan, but the White Sox *do* have one of the best double-play combinations in either league. Up to and including June 12th, the White Sox had made 62 double plays in 52 games. The closest to them were the Yankees with 51 in 50 games, and just where was Cleveland? Way down on the list with 38 tagging along with Boston who had 48. You publish this or I'll haunt you!

VIRGINIA PARSONS, Davenport, Iowa

Yes, but will they make them in September as they did in May?

SPARKY

DEAR SIR: The Icebergs Bear Down (June 14th) is a grand article which I will keep with my other treasures of my South Pole trip. I was a radar operator aboard the Mount Olympus. Every moment of our icy perils will live vividly in my memory forever. I was on the TBS copying every word for the records at the time we became stuck. This is the first article that I have read in which Admiral Cruzen has been given credit. Our entire success was in his making.

FRANKLIN V. KERR, Norfolk, Va.

YOUNG IDEAS

DEAR SIRS: In reply to different teen-agers as to what to do (The Week's Mail, June

(Continued on page 72)

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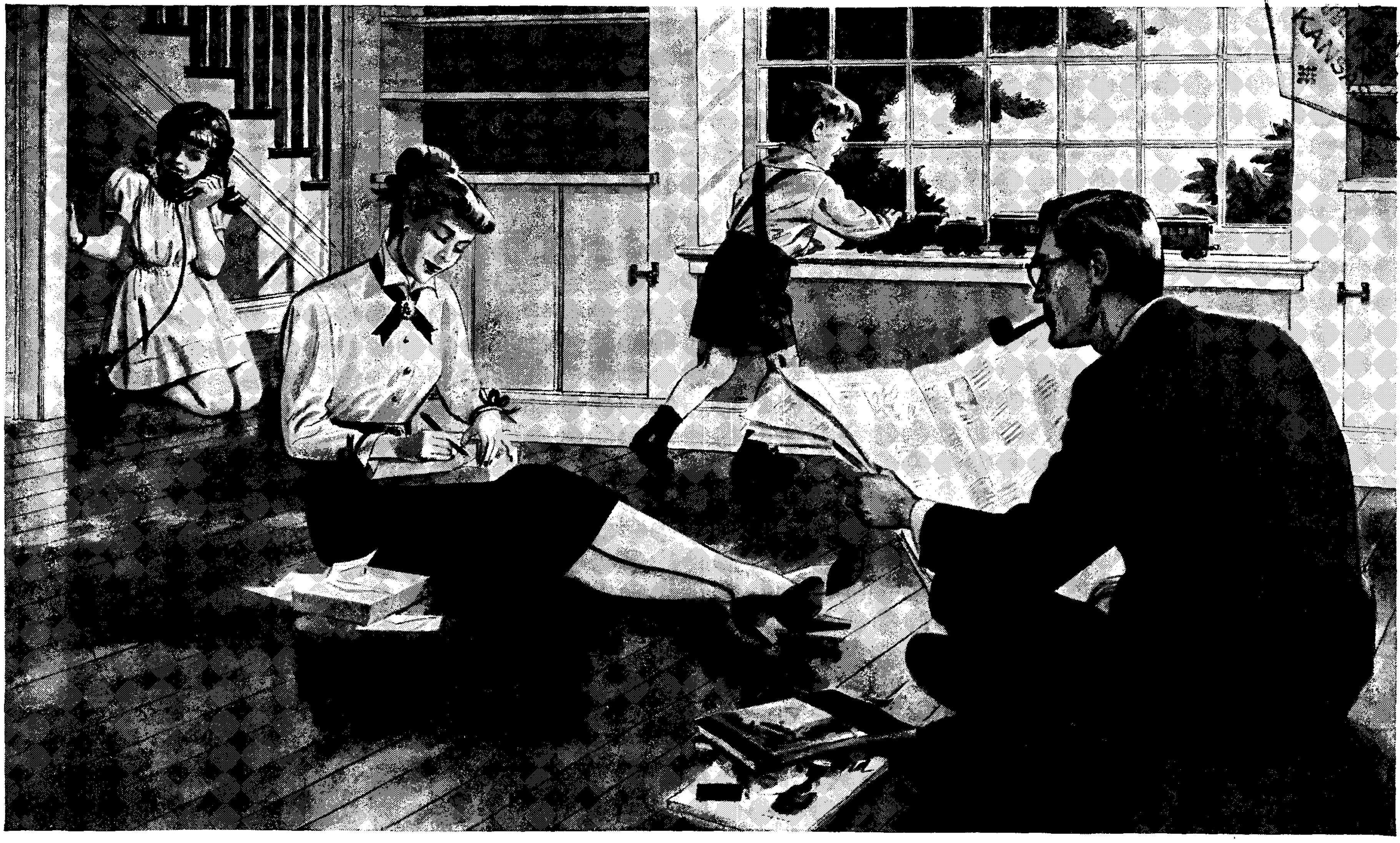
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion



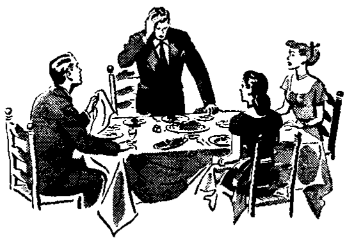
They forgot one thing...

In planning their fire insurance, they forgot how large a part of their home investment was in the *furnishings.*

So after they had a fire, insurance rebuilt their *house.* But inadequate coverage on the *contents* of the house left them a long way from having a livable *home.*

Don't make this costly mistake! Check up on *your* household goods and personal effects *now.* Hartford's Inventory Booklet makes this easy—write for a free copy.

Then ask your Hartford agent or broker about Hartford's broadened policies that give maximum protection to your furnishings as well as your house...against fire, windstorm and many other hazards.

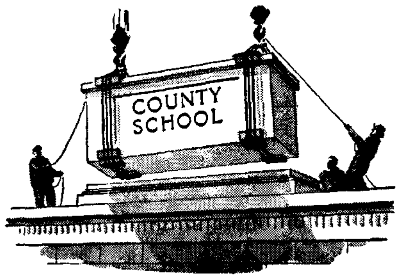


Pot luck can be bad luck

If a guest is made ill by food served in your home, you'll want to pay medical expenses. Hartford's low-cost Comprehensive Personal Liability insurance can be purchased to take care of that in various amounts. Covers damage claims too.

Who'll pay for all this?

If your home is damaged, your expenses while in temporary quarters may run far above normal. Hartford Additional Living Expense insurance pays these extra costs!



Education guaranteed

This school will be completed because a Hartford Contract Bond guarantees it. Contract Bonds have assured performance of contracts for almost every type of construction—private projects, public buildings, even the Hoover Dam!

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY

Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance • Hartford 15, Connecticut

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

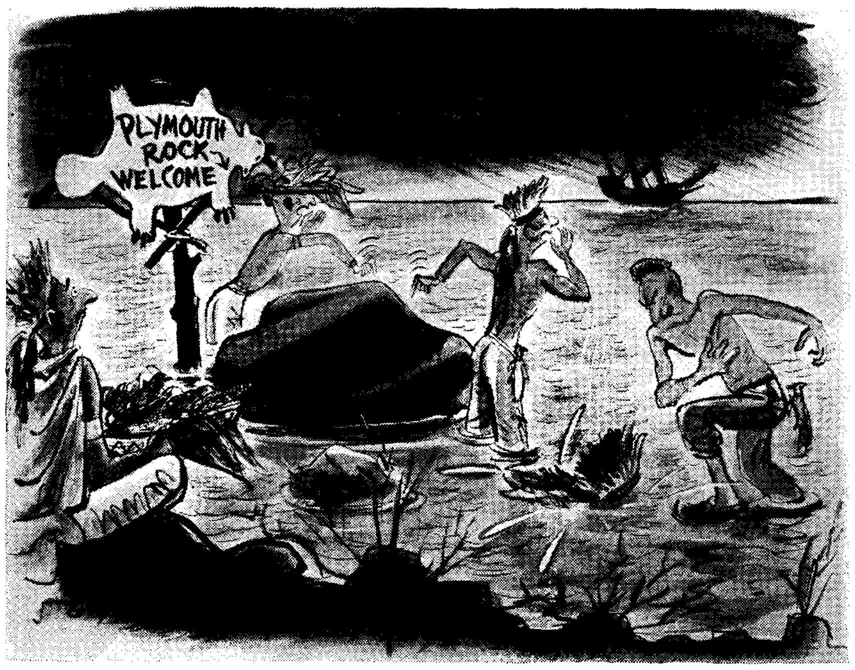
"... **IF HE PLAYED** his cards right, I'd be more than interested. But that hair! Looks uncombed, dried out, and—sure enough, loose dandruff, too. He's got Dry Scalp, all right. I'd be a dummy not to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

Hair looks better... scalp feels better... when you check Dry Scalp
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

SAME MAN ... BUT what a difference! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic can do as much for you. Just use a few drops every day. Your scalp feels better ... your hair looks better ... stays neatly in place all day long. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients ... is fine with massage before every shampoo. It gives double care ... to both scalp and hair ... and it's more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic



GREGORY D'ALESSIO

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

America's oldest legend, still widely believed, is that the Pilgrims aboard the Mayflower made their first landing in this country on December 21, 1620, on a rock in what is now Plymouth, Massachusetts. Actually, they first came ashore on Cape Cod the previous November 11th. The rock story is not substantiated by any historical records and did not start until 121 years later.

A new system of odor analysis enables chemists to give any odor a fundamental formula number as identifying as a personal name. The testing kit has 32 vials, four rows of the basic odors—(A) fragrant, (B) acid, (C) burnt and (D) caprylic—in eight graduated strengths. Thus, an odor having the number 8-7-5-5 is a mixture of the 8th vial in Row A, the 7th in Row B and the 5th in Rows C and D.

Since first produced in 1919, Aaron Slick From Punkin Crick has been the most popular play among America's small-town dramatic clubs. Although few professional performers have ever heard of this amateur comedy, it has been staged in about 25,000 communities and seen by some 10,000,000 people.

The possible severity of hiccups is shown by a recent case in which an attack caused the death of a man in four days and twelve hours. In another case, a woman has had three attacks since 1941, each of which, after a duration of six weeks, had to be stopped by a phrenic nerve operation in order to save her life.

A comparison of the suicides committed in this country during 1921 and 1946 shows two important changes in the relative frequency of the methods employed. Of every 1,000 men and 1,000 women, the number who took poison decreased from 144 to 70 among males and from 325 to 204 among females, while the number who chose hanging increased from 171 to 276 among males and from 94 to 246 among females.

One of the incredible customs practiced by some of the Ila-speaking peoples of central Africa is "sororate" which obligates a woman, if requested, to become the wife of the surviving husband of a deceased older sister, even when it means that she has to leave her own husband and children.

For more than a year, a film company allowed to operate in Germany's Russian zone has devoted part of its weekly newsreel to pictures and descriptions of war-lost children, over 100 of the 350 shown so far having been recognized and claimed by relatives.

Blood spots left at the scene of a crime are sometimes difficult to discover when they have fallen on wallpaper or colored textiles. In such cases, the blood may so absorb the dye in them that the stains become the same color and, therefore, are virtually invisible.

Among the nine planets, Uranus is the only one that rotates from east to west, and the only one whose discovery in 1781 is recorded, the others having been known since the beginning of history.

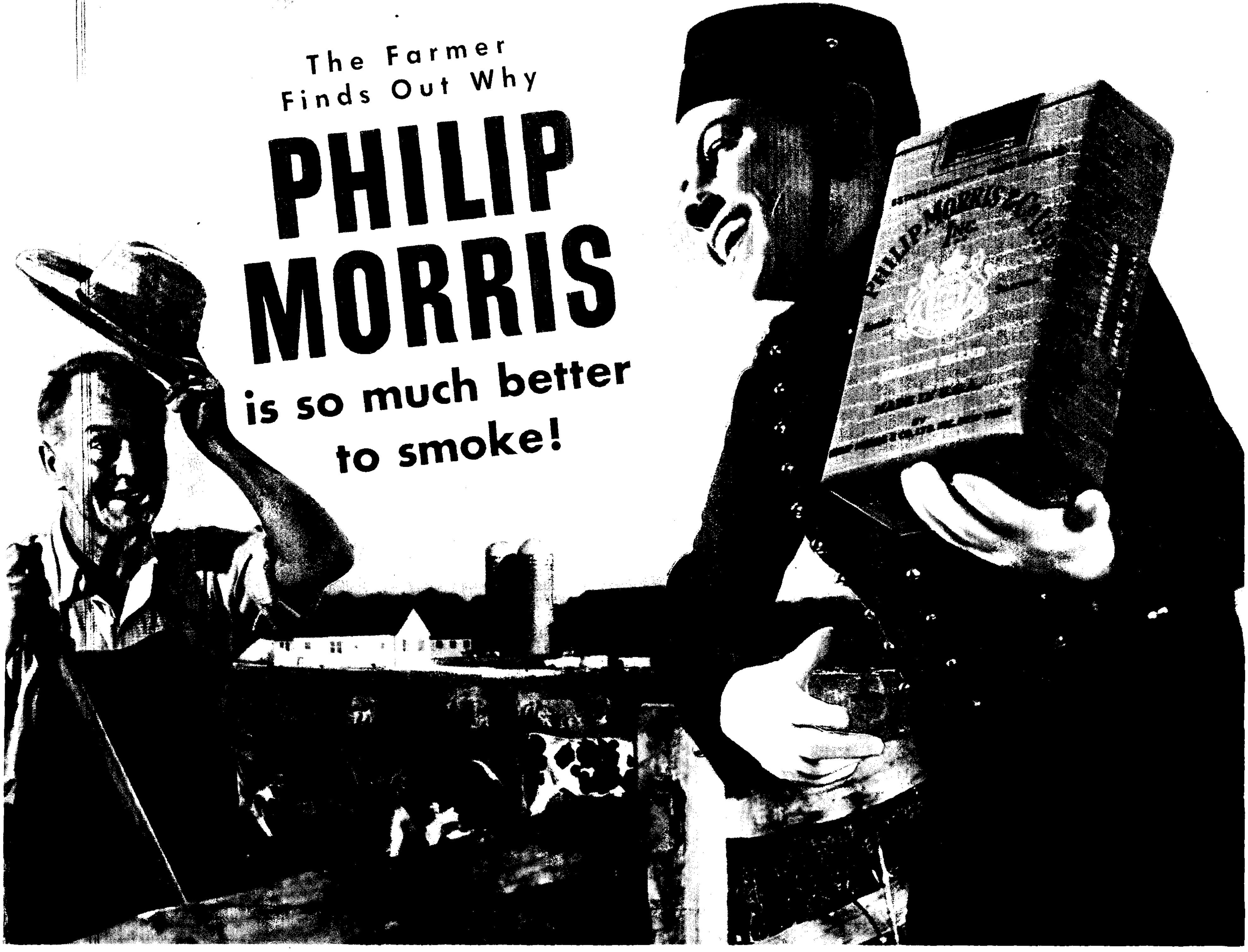
When losing a daughter through marriage, native families in Nigeria not only require compensation for the loss of her services, but also may demand a service payment from her husband for each child she produces.

The 88 chief ruling princes of India, or those who rate salutes of 11 or more guns, use a total of 968 descriptive titles, one of the favorites adopted by many of them being King of Kings. Other modest titles are Son of God, Emperor of the Earth, Noblest of All Nobles, Wisest Man of the World, and Greatest Conqueror of All Times.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

JOHNNY ON THE SPOT

The Farmer Finds Out Why PHILIP MORRIS is so much better to smoke!


PHILIP MORRIS & Co. Inc.

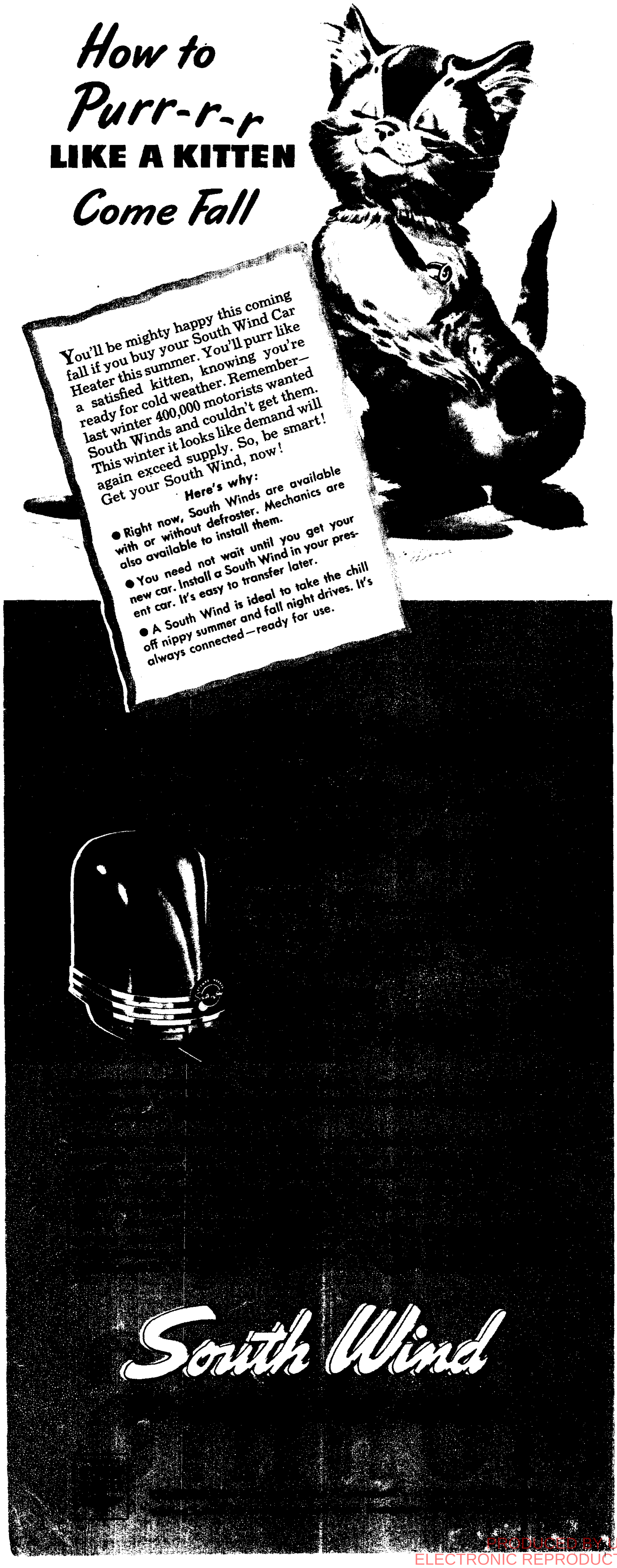
The Farmer thought he had Johnny on the Spot. "Why," he asked, "is Philip Morris so much better to smoke?"

"Because Philip Morris is the ONLY leading cigarette scientifically proved far less irritating to the nose and throat," Johnny replied. "**Less irritation means more enjoyment.** That's why the Philip Morris smoker really gets what other smokers only hope to get . . . better taste, finer flavor, perfect smoking pleasure!"

Yes, it's true . . . if every smoker knew what PHILIP MORRIS smokers know—they'd all change to PHILIP MORRIS, America's finest cigarette.

TRY A PACK TODAY!

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

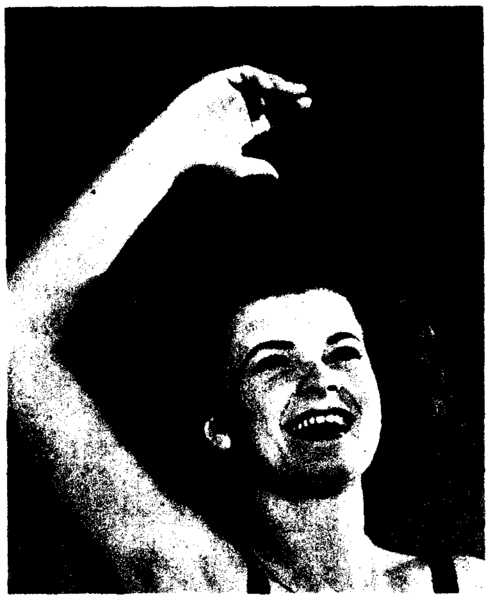

How to Purr-r-r LIKE A KITTEN Come Fall

You'll be mighty happy this coming fall if you buy your South Wind Car Heater this summer. You'll purr like a satisfied kitten, knowing you're ready for cold weather. Remember—last winter 400,000 motorists wanted South Winds and couldn't get them. This winter it looks like demand will again exceed supply. So, be smart! Get your South Wind, now!

Here's why:

- Right now, South Winds are available with or without defroster. Mechanics are also available to install them.
- You need not wait until you get your new car. Install a South Wind in your present car. It's easy to transfer later.
- A South Wind is ideal to take the chill off nippy summer and fall night drives. It's always connected—ready for use.

South Wind



THE WEEK'S WORK

Miss St. Petersburg, Miss Florida—Miss America? Eula Ann (Mickey) McGehee

MR. DALE CLARK—who is really Ronal Kayser, of La Jolla, California—thinks the important things in a writer's life are those that never happen. "So the fellow is inspired to make them happen on paper," he claims.

It is hard to believe Mr. Dale's life is as prosaic as he insists. Born in a small Middle Western town in '05, he was a spindly nonbaseball kid, and soon turned to the printed page. Then he turned to the farm, to earn the money to turn to the city. In time he dabbled in teaching, lumber-yarding, reporting, special investigating, house-to-house peddling, with a side line of photography, gun lore, hunting, the Civil War, and the assassination of Lincoln.

"I seem to hang onto anything just long enough to dig a fiction piece from its background," he admits.

Mr. Clark illustrates with The Long, Hard Grind, p. 74: "I'm strictly a dub player, and also an official of a club that sponsors an annual West Coast tennis tournament. By neglecting my official duties entirely, I found enough in my chitchat with the various personalities of the game to root a story."

Mr. Clark believes an author's sufferings are in direct proportion to the noise his typewriter isn't making. Mr. Clark's machine, equipped with shock absorbers and blood catchers, is hardly rust-covered. Many short and long bloodletters, and a new novel, The Red Rods, have oozed from it and curdled human blood by the bucket.

To prove Mr. Clark's life is not entirely vicarious, a couple of years ago the San Diego, California, homicide bureau credited him with investigating and solving a real-life murder case: The Canyon Skeleton Case, as the papers named it. "It is perhaps something of a novelty for a detective writer to crack one in which he didn't make up the clues," he opines.

FRESH back from Hollywood trips, both the Messrs. Kyle Crichton (The Coast Demands Long Pants, p. 16) and Corey Ford report a serious threat to Mr. Samuel Goldwyn's title as Chief of Aberrations. The challenger is Bunny McLeod, attractive wife of Director Norman McLeod.

The best Mr. Goldwyn has been able to do recently was his gracious presentation of $10,000 to Danny Kaye to start a bird's nest for Danny, Jr.; and his racing out on his tennis court crying: "Let's throw up to see who plays who!"

These malaprops pale in the dazzling confusion of Mrs. McLeod's bunnyisms. "I may be wrong," she cried not long ago, "but I'm not far from it!" At a prize fight she pointed out—"that fighter there—that other-looking fellow!"—then when he was knocked out, she mourned: "The trouble with him is he was muscle drunk!" While present at what she described as a "Wonderful party! Everybody in the room was there!" during the refreshments, she was heard to coo: "This is the best salad I ever ate in my whole mouth!"

It was only natural for Mr. Crichton to receive a post card from her recently, saying: "Miss you as much as if you were here!"

MURRAY HOYT (No Sum Too Small, p. 66) hung around his home town of Worcester, Massachusetts, from 1904 to 1922, then moved to give the place a chance to grow and prosper. After graduating from Middlebury in '29, he married and coached basketball and baseball at Waterville, New York.

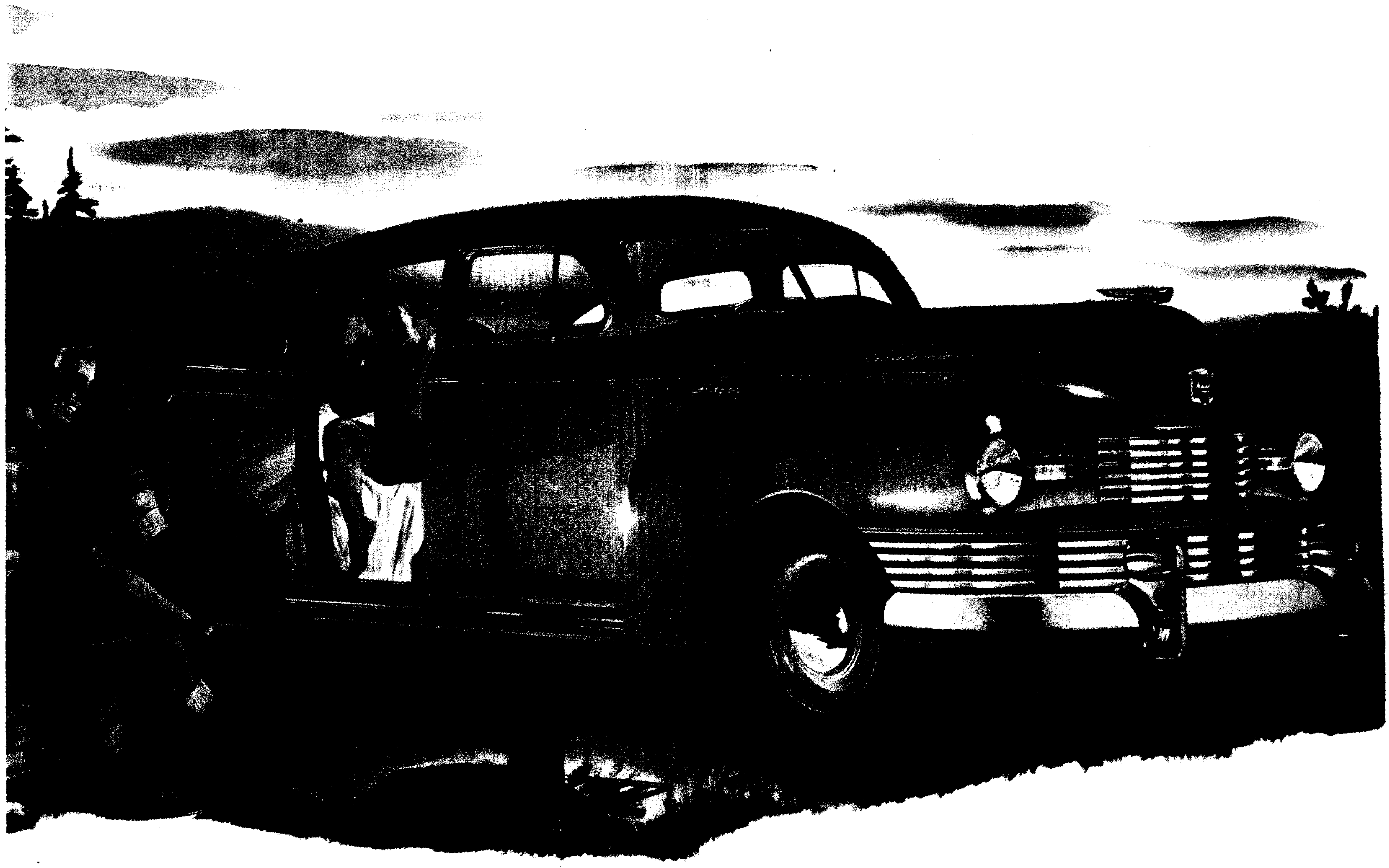
"That took me nicely into the depression," he recalls. "With fine Hoyt logic, my wife and I gave up good-paying jobs for most uncertain writing careers. We went in for a period of great suffering. In place of a city apartment, we had to accept a cottage on a Gulf beach of Florida in winter, and on Lake Champlain in summer; had to be satisfied with swimming in blue waters, sunning, fishing, tennis and golf—instead of night clubs."

Recalling everyone has to have his troubles, Hoyt bravely pretended life as he lead it was okay, and struggled up from juveniles, through pulps to the fortune-founding magazines. The Hoyts have built a personal resort since on Lake Champlain, and use Middlebury as a permanent base: just to show it pays to suffer.

This week's cover: Charm School. In his endless quest for beauty, color-camera aesthete David Peskin happened on hundreds of lovelies busy with their personal paintboxes on St. Petersburg's Tides Beach, Florida (School for Charm, p. 22). Because excessive make-up gave her a hard look belying her nineteen summers, Peskin sent Eula Ann (Mickey) McGehee, left front of cover, and freshly crowned Miss St. Petersburg, to wash her face before snapping the picture. Three weeks later, Eula was Miss Florida, and will try for the Miss America crown at Atlantic City. Peskin's Advice to Would-Be Miss Americas: Meet me! . . .

TED SHANE

and so-o-o to bed



There's a spot in the hills where the big bass bite and the air is cool with pine.

Get in a new Nash "600" and you'll be there tonight. Just snuggle down in the big soft seat and watch the road start flying backwards.

Look—!

The curves straighten out and the bumps unwrinkle up ahead. The hills lie down and the stuffy day turns sparkling fresh.

Look—your speedometer shows you're getting an incredible 25 to 30 miles on a gallon of gas at moderate highway speed!

Hey—what's happened anyway?

Where's the dust and the noise? The swaying—and the wheel tugging?

A *lot* has happened—since you last bought an automobile. And it's all happened here in the Nash "600."

This car is built a new way. *Welded* (not bolted together)—a single unit body and frame, free of dead weight and noise-making joints.

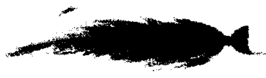
New, easier steering is here . . . and coil springing on all four wheels . . . new soundproofing . . . and the famous Nash Weather-Eye automatic "Conditioned Air" System! And a Nash can even sleep you tonight with Convertible Bed equipment. Just yawn . . . and so-o to bed!

Is it any wonder the swing today is to Nash? Smart people *like* this new kind of car—and the new kind of solid, friendly dealer who sells it. See him today about the brilliant new Nash "600" and the Nash Ambassador.

You'll be ahead with

Nash

NASH MOTORS DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORP., DETROIT



Home Town Folks

Wherever there is a Bell telephone office, you will find it operated and managed mostly by home town people.

For the Bell System is made up of many hundreds of local units, each serving its own community. So the telephone company isn't something big and far away but close to your home and your interests.

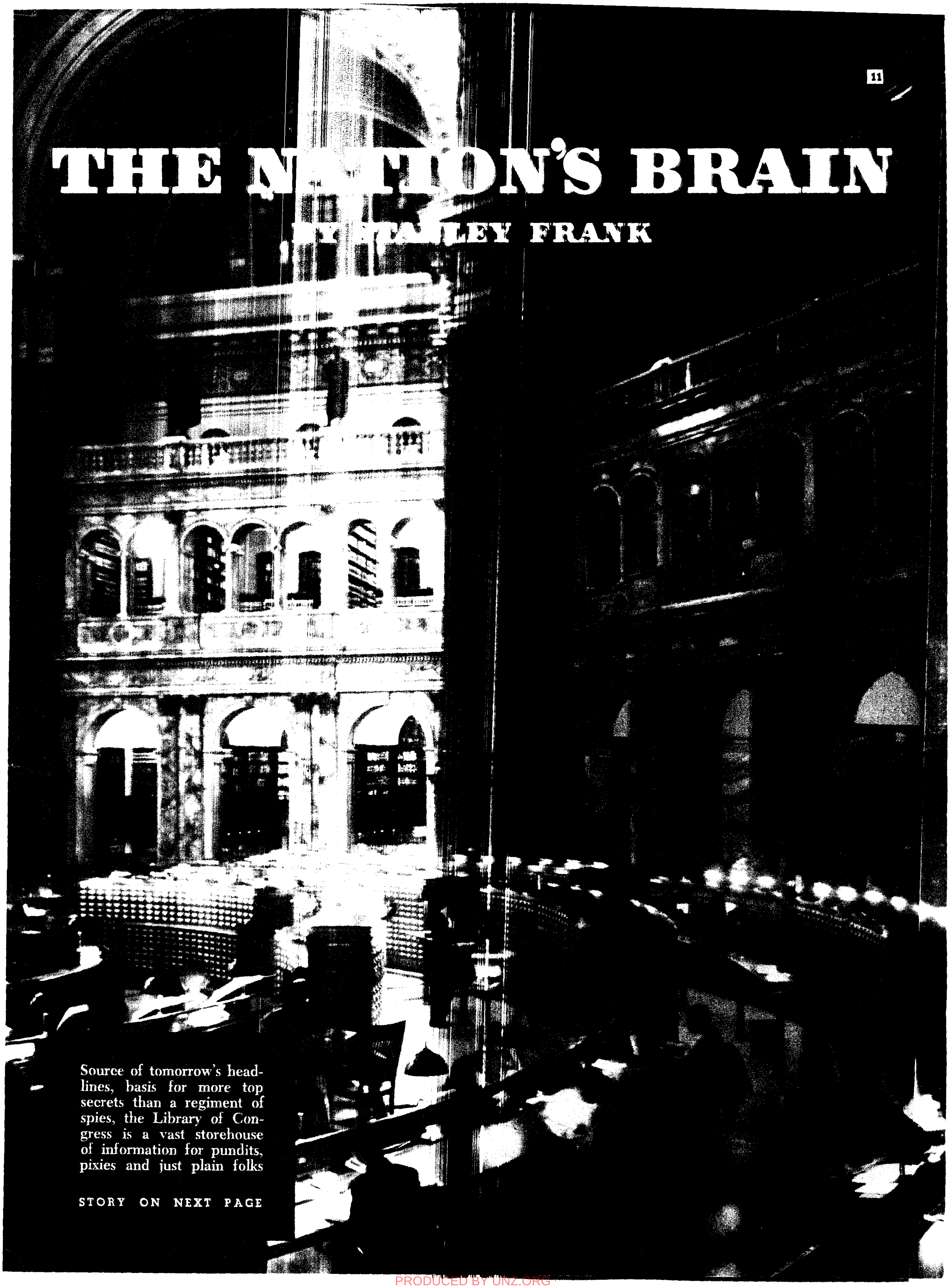
This means compact, efficient operation and it also helps to keep a friendliness and a neighborliness in the conduct of the telephone business.

The Bell telephone people in your community aim to be good citizens in all things, in addition to giving you good and economical telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTE

THE NATION'S BRAIN

BY STANLEY FRANK



Source of tomorrow's headlines, basis for more top secrets than a regiment of spies, the Library of Congress is a vast storehouse of information for pundits, pixies and just plain folks

STORY ON NEXT PAGE

Chief Bear-on-the-Water, of North Dakota, records a Mandan tribal song for Dr. Duncan Emrich, head of the Library's Archive of American Folk Songs. Files hold over 30,000 blues, ballads, spirituals, etc.

"I feel I live here," says Pearl Kinghume, who is doing research on history of Scotland and Egypt

THE sheer weight of erudition turned loose upon the public daily from Washington is calculated to make the earnest citizen feel like a dreadful dope. Country lawyers whose contributions to the common good were once confined to diatribes against sin and the rascals of the opposition are elected to Congress and suddenly sound off with easy authority on cartels, atomic fission and the social implications of proletarian art.

Overeducated mental cases, unsuspected of having a thought in their addled heads, break out in a rash of scholarship that actually adds to the world's wisdom. Such performances make brooders wonder whether they are descended from a long line of lightweights. But despair not. You, too, can be omniscient as all get out if you use the free, rich resources of the Library of Congress, the nation's brain and the most fascinating building in Washington.

Don't go away. This Library is not a bleak, austere monument to musty books. It is a lively squirrel cage that exerts a profound influence on next month's news. A prize crop of crackpot customers gives it a whimsical air, which is nurtured by a stream of crazy questions only Americans, in their infinite ingenuity, can dream up. The Rare Books Division counts among its treasures not only the Gutenberg Bible but also a complete collection of Horatio Alger and dime novels. The latest Betty Grable movie is an acquisition considered as significant culturally as a first-edition Beowulf, and even low, low-down blues are recorded and kept on file.

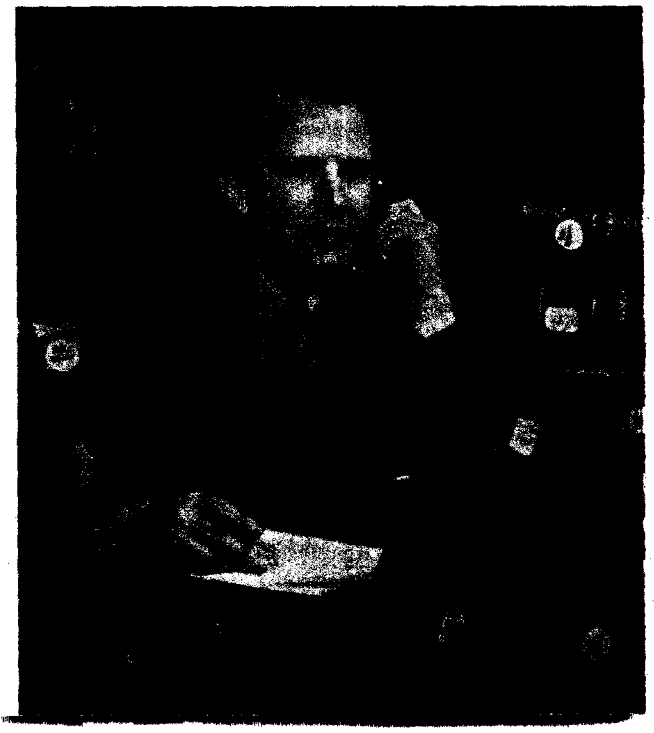
More war secrets were discovered in the Library than a regiment of intrepid spies ever uncovered in the field. Here, too, baffling mysteries await solution. There is, for instance, the strange case of Gennadius Yudin and his incredible library. When Lenin was exiled to Siberia by the Czar in the 1890s, he wrote his epic, The Development of Capitalism in Russia, at Krasnoyarsk, an isolated village. Lenin's only reference sources were the books owned by Yudin, an obscure merchant. Nobody yet knows how Yudin, who was neither wealthy nor a man of letters, managed to acquire the 80,000 volumes the Library bought in 1907 as the basis for its extensive Slavic collection.

Before getting hopelessly lost among 26,636,804 items, 400 miles of bookshelves and 15,000,000 reference cards, it would be well to examine the Library's origin and chief function—the Legislative Reference Service. Founded in 1800 to gather reference material for Congress, the Library went along in pedestrian fashion for more than a century, satisfied to serve as a repository for books and documents. Little effort was made to evaluate or interpret the holdings.

All that was changed, suddenly and dramatically, in 1914, when the Library became a forceful, behind-the-scenes adjunct of the government. The Legislative Reference Service was established to keep Congress on top of the score in domestic and international affairs, which were getting so

The Gutenberg Bible is always guarded by a policeman. Other rarities include a complete set of Horatio Alger novels. Nucleus of the present Library was Thomas Jefferson's collection of six thousand volumes

Leslie Dunlap, Assistant Chief of General Reference in the Bibliography Division, answers queries



involved that no man could possibly keep in touch with them. In effect, L.R.S. was saddled with Congress' homework.

This bright idea—the inspiration of Wisconsin's "Old Bob" La Follette—has oiled magically the ponderous wheels of government. The L.R.S. is now so indispensable to senators and representatives that they forgot partisan politics last year and joined to make it the core of the La Follette-Monroney Reorganization Bill, called by veteran observers on Capitol Hill the most important piece of legislation enacted during that session.

Students of government had been screaming for years that Congress was bogged down by the archaic, unwieldy committee system. The Reorganization Bill reduced the 81 committees to 15 in the Senate and 19 in the House. This was done by delegating more responsibility and brainwork to the expanded L.R.S., the congressman's best friend.

A Senator in a Quandary

Suppose Senator Klaxon is up to his ample hips in work as a hypothetical member of the Senate Judiciary Committee, when he gets a hurry call to do some fence-mending in his constituency. A campaign manager whips up a little personal-appearance schedule that calls for the senator to make a speech at the opening of a canning factory in the morning, a searching, hour-long discourse on international affairs at a chamber of commerce luncheon and an Onward-and-Upward-with-Knowledge address at the university in the evening, the day after tomorrow.

The senator's first impulse is to say the hell with it and take to the hills. He hasn't looked at a book since he's been in Washington. The trip home will take him away from his committee work for two days and while his back is turned a zillion federal and state laws will be passed. What does he know about new trends in canning or education? And as to international affairs, the Russians holler blue murder if he happens to make a crack that offends their sensitivities. May even provoke an international incident.

Then a great white light hits him. With a choked cry of relief, he lurches to the phone and calls L.R.S. He explains his problem. He turns away, mops his fevered brow and mixes himself a drink.

Before the senator boards his plane the following evening, three complete sets of detailed notes—one for each speech—are delivered to him. From these the senator will be able to compose poetic tributes to the Good Earth, discuss the World Crisis and sound the Challenge to Education.

Everyone is happy, the senator's prestige soars and when he returns to Washington he is caught up with his work by the abstracts of new federal and state laws L.R.S. periodically makes for all congressmen and the Supreme Court. An obscure researcher in L.R.S., having completed a routine assignment for the senator, proceeds to the next job.

Nothing reflects more accurately the complexity of our laws and the high degree of scholarship going into them than the annual calls Congress makes upon L.R.S. In 1925 there were 744 requests for information and research. A decade later the count had risen to 2,000, and last year there were more than 20,000. Senator Klaxon's anguished scream for help was a cinch that could be tossed off by a grossly underpaid staff worker. The government's study on cartels, a field demanding exhaustive knowledge, was done by a girl staffer earning the munificent sum of $2,000 a year.

The best legal minds in the government, considering new legislation, get an analysis of the law from L.R.S., which investigates its constitutionality and ultimate effect. It may be added, parenthetically, that the opinion handed down is seldom disputed by the courts or the public. When the Reorganization Bill was submitted for appraisal, four researchers examined hundreds of clauses in 48 hours and came up with every objection—and a lot more—subsequently offered on the floor of Congress.

A typical long-range study made recently by L.R.S. was the effect of the atomic bomb on navies, with Professor Bernard Brodie of Yale, an outstanding authority on armaments, a special consultant.

If the White House should call tomorrow asking for a comprehensive survey of the Palestinian question, L.R.S. within 24 hours would have on the President's desk a digest of Jewish and Arab historical claims to the Holy Land, going back to the Old Testament and the Koran. It would discuss the political aspects of the problem, the economic and cultural benefits brought by the Jews, the psychological impact of DP (Displaced Persons) camps and a confidential file on the Grand Mufti, the traffic in illegal immigration and the present military situation. It would be material for an authentic book.

Secrets Don't Leak Out

"We know what the news will be a month ahead by the nature of the requests we get from Congress and other agencies," Dr. Ernest S. Griffith, director of the Service, says. "A good many politicians, lobbyists and reporters would give their eyeteeth to get a line on what we're working on, but there never has been a leak in this department."

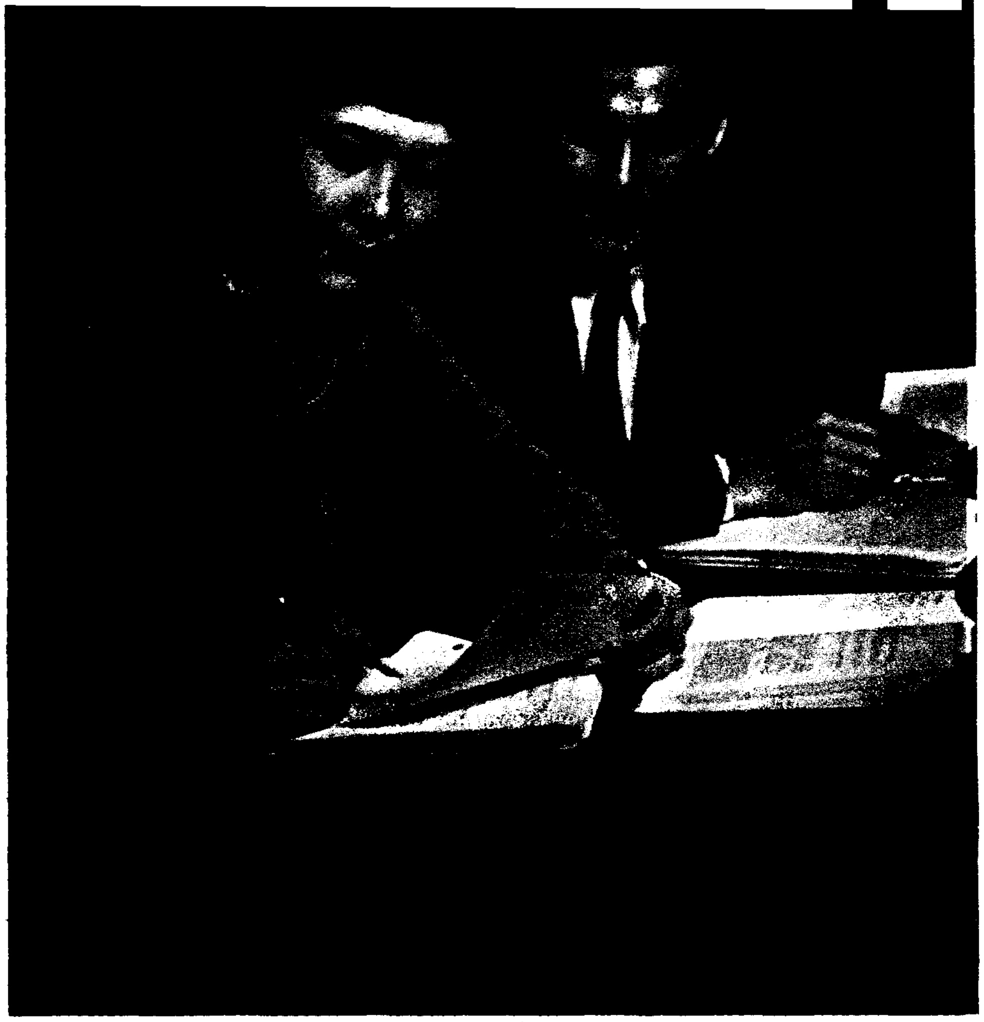
Some clients, like Senator Forrest C. Donnell of Missouri, prefer to do all their own research, but the majority of the People's Choices rarely see the special reading rooms reserved for their use, depending on the staff to do all their digging. It is just as well, perhaps, that the august congressmen do not appear in person. There might be some embarrassing cases of mistaken identity. For every library draws droves of odd characters laboring under the delusion that they are unappreciated geniuses, and since the Library of Congress is the largest in the world, it is a haven for queer ducks beyond compare.

A familiar figure to employees is an old man, well past 80, who is conspicuous for a flowing white beard, a gaudy bandanna around his head, pockets crammed with junk and a bulging knapsack. He comes every night and fills out interminable reference slips for a bibliography. The slips are then stuffed into the knapsack. The bibliography never will be published, of course. Then there is the Negro who claims direct descent from Hugh Capet and studies the genealogy of the French royal family for hours on end, against the day he will succeed to the throne.

The staff quickly learns how to handle readers who obviously are demented. There was a young man who appeared every day without fail and handed Lucian Herndon, an attendant

(Continued on page 79)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF



Most visitors are engaged in serious research, like Mr. and Mrs. Richard Yamamoto, of Hawaii. He is a premedical student, while she is studying English history. They are shown here in the Main Reading Room. Since anyone over 16 may use the Library, however, it has its share of crackpots and unsung geniuses

Many congressmen do their own research. Senator Carl Hayden of Arizona, for instance, has used the Library ever since his first term in 1912. Other solons prefer to let the Legislative Reference Service do the digging. This branch of the Library provides anything from notes for a speech to the history of cartels

PEACE AND QUIET

BY FRANK O'ROURKE

Rogers didn't know what he was getting into when he tried to buy the Svenson place—and he didn't know what was getting into him

JOE ROGERS dragged himself from bed at high noon, sloshed indolently through his ablutions, and after cooking and eating a lumberjack breakfast in the green-and-white-tiled kitchen and doing setting-up exercises consisting of scratching his ribs, he strode from his newly acquired cabin to the shore of Lake Lutefisk, prepared for sun, swim and swooning with delight over the magnificent peace and quiet of this Minnesota lake region. He gave the lake and surrounding woods a sweeping, panoramic look and thought warmly of yesterday's conversation with the real-estate agent in Brainerd.

"Mr. Rogers," the agent had said, "welcome to the lake region."

"Mr. Nordstrum," Joe said, "how come you haven't bought that last piece of property for me?"

"Now don't worry," the agent said placatingly. "It belongs to the Svenson family and I haven't had time to approach them yet. But I fixed that. We prepared the Sorenson cabin for your own use, and it's right next to Svensons'. You can get acquainted with them and buy it yourself."

"Everything else taken care of?" Rogers asked.

"Yes, sir," the agent said. "We have rented all the other cabins for the summer, up to September first."

"Right," Rogers said. "Now look, I want peace and quiet this summer. Nobody knows about this deal, do they?"

"Not a soul," the agent said. "Your lawyers bought all the land, as planned, without suspicion."

"Quiet up there?" Rogers asked.

"Quiet!" the agent said eloquently. "You'll go mad with quiet. You'll drive into Waniss just to hear people talk."

"Okay," Rogers said. "I'll get settled and close the Svenson deal. Then I don't want to be disturbed for the summer. Understand?"

"Perfectly," the agent said, regarding Rogers with admiration. "If you'll pardon me for saying so, Mr. Rogers, you are certainly a young man to be so brilliant in business and—to put it bluntly—have so much money. How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven," Rogers said. "To put it bluntly, I'm not brilliant. My father left me the dough. I'm trying to spend it before I get married and have a brat and have to leave it to him to waste. Our family blood is getting thin."

"Oh," the agent said. "I take it you don't like marriage. Why, I've been married—"

"You take it! Let's head north!" . . .

Rogers grinned happily at Lake Lutefisk and the land around it. It was all his but one hundred feet and one cabin. His plan was nearly completed and needed only a few days' acquaintance with this Svenson family, a little talk, the mention of hard cash, and then he would buy the Svenson land and own *all* the land around the lake. Then he would build his de luxe resort on the north side, and his twin camps for underprivileged boys and girls on the south side. Everything was working out beautifully. Rogers flexed his arm muscles and grinned at the blue water.

Then came the shots.

Rogers made a clean dive behind the nearest pine tree, and sat up owlishly a moment later. I've got no enemies, he thought. Nobody's potting at me.

He got up and peeked around the tree. He heard another burst of five or six shots, evenly spaced. A jay flew past, swearing fluently, and a squirrel ran up a near-by tree and sat on a limb, washing its front paws and cussing with the rapidity of a machine gun. Rogers lost his smile and most of his good humor. He said, "Peace and quiet!" and headed toward the sound of the gun.

He walked about fifty feet through the trees and saw the cabin loom up; and behind the cabin in a clearing he saw a girl aiming a long-barreled .22 revolver at a target. She was just reloading and facing the target—a cutout silhouette of a jackass propped against the overturned bole of a sawed tree.

She raised the revolver deliberately, assumed an excellent target position, squinted professionally at the silhouette, and squeezed off another string. Rogers was losing his temper but he watched the bullet holes appear in a nice shot group on the nether hip region of the jackass. Then he thought of his peace and quiet, and came from the pines and stopped three feet behind the girl.

"Target practice?"

She whirled, holding the revolver up, and glared at him. Rogers reached out and gently pushed the muzzle toward the North Pole. "Please, some other way," he said. "Target practice?"

She looked at Rogers slowly. She said politely, "Yes, target practice. Why?"

"I'm just north of you," Rogers said, equally polite. "I heard you shooting."

"Good ears," she said tersely. "Glad you dropped over to tell me. Come again sometime—next year."

She turned away. Exercising great self-control, Rogers said, through his teeth, "I heard you shooting. It makes a loud noise, your shooting. I'm up here for a rest. Peace and quiet, you know. Do you always shoot in the morning?"

She turned and faced Rogers again. She shook her head. "Yes, it does make a loud noise. I usually shoot much earlier—about seven."

Rogers frowned. She frowned right back. Rogers said, "I'm sleeping late, until noon. Couldn't you shoot in the afternoon?"

"I could," she said. "But I won't."

"You won't," Rogers said. "You couldn't shoot in the morning on some other lake, could you? Say, about a hundred miles from here?"

"No," she said. "I couldn't, say, shoot on another lake. Do you own this lake?"

Rogers said, "Well—no."

"Or this land and cabin?"

"No," Rogers said. "I wish I did. Then I'd—"

She was glaring at him now. She was a small girl with chestnut-colored hair that was tangled all over her head. She was stocky and square-shouldered—but that could easily be the camouflage effect of her coveralls which were five sizes too big. She was barefoot and her toenails were painted green; her feet were very dirty. She glared and then lost her politeness and said loudly: "Then you would do what?"

Rogers said, equally loud, "I would kick you fifty feet per jump. I would kick you clean to hell-and-gone off this lake."

"Why don't you just kick yourself the devil right off my land?" she said. "About fifty feet north where you came from, and stay there. Stay there about fifty years. I'm shooting in the morning at seven. Maybe earlier. What do you say to that?"

"I say," Rogers said bitterly, "I wish I hadn't bought a lot of things. I wish I'd never heard of this stinking lake and all the stinking peace and quiet they don't have on it, in it, or around it."

"Get going," she said ominously.

"You wouldn't dare—"

She raised the revolver, considered him with the cold appraisal of a meat hunter.

"Well," she said. "Well."

"I'll go," Rogers said. "But I'll be seeing you."

"Lot of skunks around here," she said coldly. "Just raise your tail and I'll recognize you."

"One question," Rogers said, equally cold. "Just where are you from?"

"From right here," she said. "Does that satisfy you?"

"It does," Rogers said. "You must be a Swede. Nobody else could be so stubborn, so irascible, so ill-natured."

"You covered a lot of ground," she said. "You managed to insult me, my parents, my relatives and my brothers. My brothers will be more than happy to discuss Swedes with you at some future date. Let us say very soon."

"Your brothers," Rogers said. "All big, of course?"

"Bigger'n you," she said proudly. "We don't grow 'em midget size up here."

"You scare me to death," Rogers said. "Good day."

"It was," she said. "Don't walk, mister. Kinda run."

TURNING, Rogers walked stiffly through the trees, his back goose-pimpled. He was on his own land when the horrible realization struck him. He cupped his hands and called, "Hey!"

She was silent, and then said, "Well?"

"Would your name be Svenson?"

"It is," she answered. "And I'm a Swede. What else?"

"Nothing," he said weakly. "Nothing at all."

Rogers walked to his newly purchased cabin. He said, "Will I ever keep my big mouth shut? Svenson, last piece of land, make friends, buy it! She's a Svenson, she's got big brothers, she hates me, she might never sell!"

He called the real-estate agent. "The Svensons next door to me—"

"Yes, sir," the agent said happily. "Enjoying yourself? Quiet enough?"

"You didn't say one was a girl."

"Too many to enumerate," the agent laughed. "That's Hulda. Did you meet her? Fine girl, nicest girl around here. Shoots ducks better'n most men."

"Got some brothers, hasn't she?"

"Eleven," the agent said. "She bosses them like puppies."

"All of 'em big?" Rogers asked. "Any about my size?"

"Well, no," the agent said. "They all stand about six-six and weigh two-forty."

"Nice quiet boys?" Rogers asked. "Like to fight?"

"Why, no," the agent said. "Except when somebody gets fresh

(Continued on page 28)

Rogers watched the girl raise the revolver and squeeze off another string. He began to lose his temper and started toward her

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BOBERTZ

THE COAST DEMANDS LONG PANTS

BY KYLE CRICHTON

Everybody agrees that baseball on the Coast is too big for its minor-league pants. But a lively debate rages on how to fit it into the major-league pattern

At a game in Wrigley Field, between Los Angeles and Sacramento, baseball fan Eddie Bracken gives a bit of advice to Broadway Bill Schuster of the Angels

WHEN Mr. Clarence (Pants) Rowland, president of the Pacific Coast Baseball League, first demanded that his circuit become a third major league, it was held in some quarters that Mr. Rowland symbolized a type who would insist that Terre Haute was necessarily larger than Indianapolis because it lay farther to the west.

It was felt, in short, that California had gone to Mr. Rowland's head. Few would deny that Los Angeles and San Francisco were amply large enough to be considered major-league cities but there was great doubt that such excellent communities as San Diego and Sacramento were capable of upholding such a reputation. Not to mention Portland, Seattle, Oakland and Hollywood.

But the first hoots of derision soon gave way to a conviction that Mr. Rowland might very well get his wish. The National Association of Minor Leagues gave its blessing; the directors of the Pacific Coast teams ranged themselves solidly behind the good man from Dubuque, and a committee of the majors was appointed to ponder the question. Just when it seemed the honeymoon was to be inaugurated with orange blossoms and organized shouts of delight, a shower of rocks, old shoes and insults fell on M. Rowland right in his own back yard.

"Thank you for this great load of nothing," yowled indignant voices from Los Angeles. "It is decent of you to place us permanently in the company of Long Beach, Tacoma and Palo Alto but we should much prefer to do mortal combat with somebody our own size such as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. We want to be either in the National or the American League and to hell with our dear friends in Portland and Seattle."

For years back there have been rumors that various major-league clubs were going to move to Los Angeles or San Francisco. Donald Barnes, when owner of the St. Louis Browns, stated publicly that it was his intention to shift his franchise to Los Angeles just as soon as the war was over and transportation by plane was feasible. Every month or two it is reported that Sam Breadon has intentions either of disposing of his St. Louis Cardinals to West Coast interests or of sneaking the club away under cover of night with the purpose of landing on the western shore himself.

That would be swell for St. Louis but if you took either L.A. or San Francisco out of the Coast League you might as well kick it into the Pacific Ocean; it would be killed.

It has been stated that when Mr. Rowland first came west to take over the Los Angeles Club for Philip Wrigley, he got himself immediately suspect in other Coast League cities by observing that Los Angeles deserved big-league ball. He has now reported that he was grievously misquoted in the matter and what he had intended saying was that Los Angeles was *now* in a big league, meaning the Coast League.

"Major league, our eye," say his detractors. "Take away Frisco and L.A. and what have you got—Joplin."

Look at the Statistics

This is the sort of talk that got men filled with daylight in an earlier era and it is refuted in detail by Mr. Rowland and his defenders. The Rowland thesis runs in this fashion: In the strip from San Diego to Seattle live 13,000,000 people. In ten years it will be 25,000,000 (says Rowland!). In 1945 the Coast League drew more attendance than the American Association and International leagues combined. In 1946 the Coast League drew 3,718,653, with four teams (San Francisco, Oakland, Hollywood and Los Angeles) each drawing over 500,000.

Here are the population figures in *the Coast League (estimated):*

Los Angeles (including Hollywood and surrounding area) 3,675,000. San Francisco (including Oakland and surrounding area) 2,385,779. Portland 650,000. Seattle 631,000. San Diego 481,000. Sacramento 234,000.

"We're a major league right now," says Mr. Rowland. "There are clubs in this league that have a salary list of $150,000 a year. The big leagues have been trying for years to get Lefty O'Doul but he's making more money out here than the majors could pay him. [It is reported that with salary, bonuses and stock deals O'Doul averages around $40,000 a year with San Francisco.] The major-league minimum salary is $5,000. Everybody makes that out here. As soon as we get major status and can keep our good players, attendances will grow and salaries will grow. We'll be able to offer two hundred major-league jobs that aren't available now.

"In 1900 when this country had 75,000,000 people, there were 360 major-league jobs; now with about 140,000,000 population the jobs have only risen to 400. That means that many ambitious young fellows prefer to go into professional football or basketball because they feel they'll be old men before they get a big-league chance."

The anti-Rowland faction receives this with an elongated sneer.

"It's dandy that everybody is getting a nice minimum, which we doubt," they say sardonically, "but why doesn't he also say that four men on the New York Yankees are making more than the entire team in any Coast

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HARRIET ARNOLD

League city? And what's this about the league growing and salaries growing? They had a crucial San Francisco-Los Angeles series in May this year in Los Angeles that broke all records. Do you know what it was?—72,710 for an eight-game affair played in six days. Wrigley Field was jammed for the Sunday double-header with standees all over the place and they did 22,385. What's big league about that?"

But wouldn't that also blow up the theory that Los Angeles and San Francisco are ready to play with the big New York and Chicago boys? Not at all, cry the anti-Rowlandites. Los Angeles is the horse-racing and football center of the world because it went about it in a big way. Get a real big-league park in L.A., grab a National or American League franchise and watch the mobs march in. There is now a movement on foot to use the Coliseum, which seats 105,000 (for football), but most disinterested observers feel the fanatics have gone a bit too far with that suggestion. They say flatly that the Coliseum was not built for baseball.

Rowland and his followers insist that the Coast is important enough now to stand on its own feet but what is really behind the fight is the baseball draft law. As it stands now the major leagues have the right to draft one player from each team in AAA classification for a price of $10,000. This obviously forces the minor-league clubs to sell their best players. They either sell them or take the chance they'll be snatched in the draft for the chicken-feed $10,000 price.

San Francisco was particularly irked this year when they lost Ferris Fain to the Philadelphia Athletics for the draft price, and San Diego was not too happy when the New York Giants grabbed Jack Lohrke. Fain was considered at least a $50,000 property by the Seals, and San Diego felt that if they could have kept Lohrke another year he would have been in the same class. San Francisco is worried now about losing Bob Chesnes, their sensational right hander, and Sacramento has similar thoughts about FitzGerald, their hard-hitting catcher.

"How can you build up the loyalty of the fans when you're always losing your best men?" demands Rowland. "If we had the forty men who were either drafted or we were forced to sell last season, we'd have the nucleus of a good major league. Look at the players who have gone up in recent years—the DiMaggios (Joe and Dom), Ted Williams, Bobby Doerr, Johnny Pesky, Joe Gordon, Vern Stephens and many other fine players."

This is a strong point and seems to place Mr. Rowland on firm ground but his opponents will have none of it.

"When the Coast League is on its own, how is it to get all these great players?" they ask. "It will no longer have a tie-up with the National or American League and accordingly will have to develop its own farm system. What prospect with any sense is going to fall for Pacific Coast allurements when he can get that big sugar in the present majors? It would take years before salaries on the Coast would permit anybody getting DiMaggio, Feller or Newhouser dough."

The Right to Invade

There is great public confusion on the right of the present majors to invade the territory of other leagues. Mr. Rowland states that the majors have an agreement that no team in the majors can leave the league without the unanimous consent of all the other clubs. That provision was put in at the time of the agreement between the National and American leagues after the bitter fight of Ban Johnson and the American leaguers to get recognition. Just to make things doubly sure, the Coast League now has a similar agreement by which unanimous consent of all clubs is required before a Coast League team can consent to make a deal with a major-league club on territorial rights.

"That's a lot of phooey," say the anti-Rowlandites. "They can agree till they're blue in the face but it makes no difference. There is a cardinal law of baseball which gives the two present major leagues the right to draft *territory* anywhere in the limits of continental United States. If one of the majors wants to put a club in Los Angeles or San Francisco all it has to do is pay a 'reasonable' price for the local territory and move in.

"Donald Barnes wasn't just talking for effect when he planned to move the St. Louis Browns to Los Angeles. He knew what he could do. And did you notice that crack by Bill Veeck when he had the row with the municipal authorities about the Cleveland Stadium? He said he'd take his club somewhere else. Well, he knew what he was talking about, too."

Prior to 1946 a major league could enter minor territory by paying the minor league $5,000 and paying the minor-league club "reasonable compensation for damage." The rule adopted last winter dropped the $5,000 provision and established that both the minor league (all the clubs) and the minor-league club shall be paid. A seven-member board of arbitration was to set the damages and its decision was to be final. That might cost the invader a bundle of money but it will be noted that it doesn't prevent him from invading.

Old-timers recall that there was a revolt back in the twenties against major-league domination and for a period of about five years the draft law was not operating. Mr. Rowland refers to it as "one of the most prosperous periods the Coast League ever had," but others are not so certain. The minor leagues were finally starved out for lack of playing material.

However, this would have little bearing in any case on the present problem because conditions are now much different. With the far-flung farm systems of the majors there is little material lying around loose in the minors. The Pacific Coast League, as a third major unit, would have tough sledding in the beginning.

"You have to crawl before you start walking," says Mr. Rowland. "We're not worried about the future. We're a minor league now because they drain away all our talent."

Five Years of Growing Pains

In line with this view Mr. Rowland admits that a period of five years or so will be needed before his circuit can get full major stature. There would be a marked reluctance on the part of the present majors to any proposition which allowed the Coast League to begin drafting players from the International and American Association leagues. With the partial exception of the Milwaukee club, the American Association franchises are owned outright by the majors.

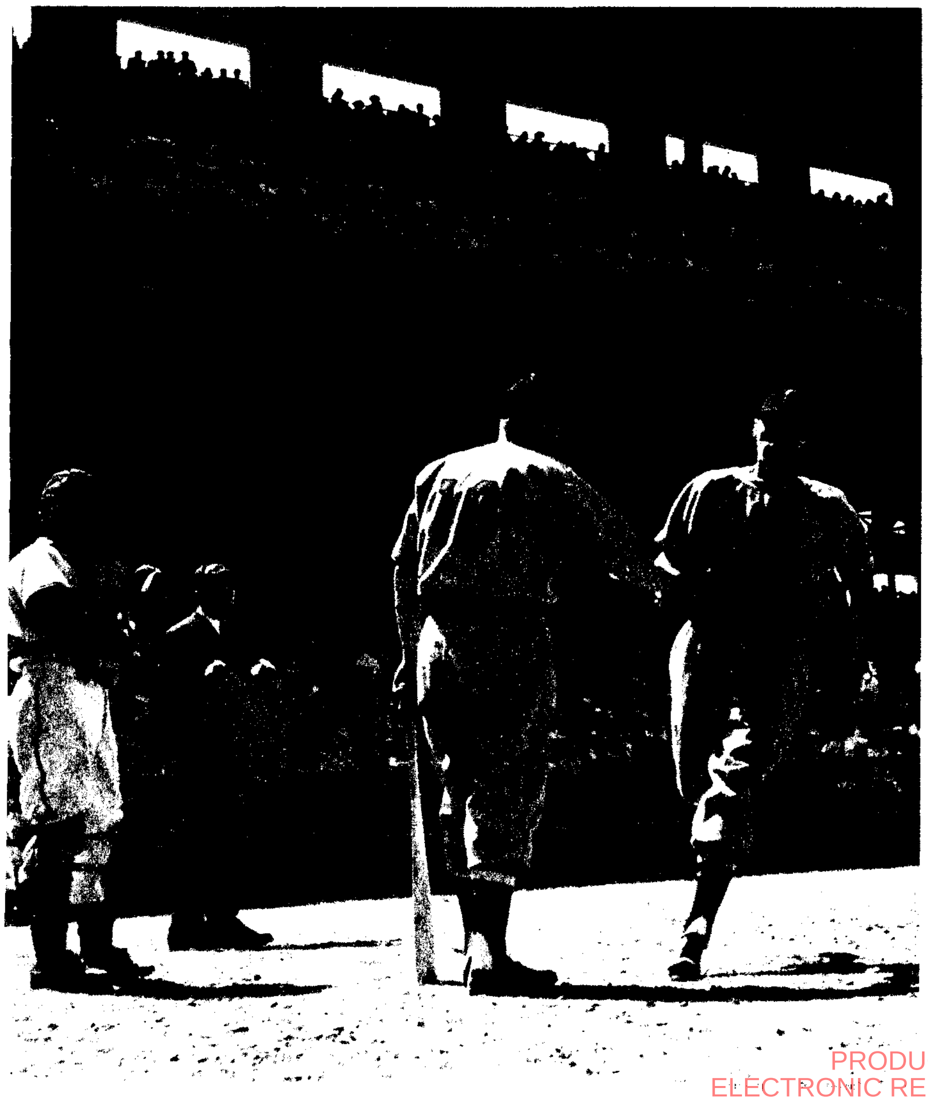
"This would be a pretty picture," say the cynics. "The Coast League want to become the third major circuit so they can avoid the snatch of the National and American leagues and then they turn around and begin grabbing players from the AAA affiliates of the majors."

But Rowland is on very solid terrain when he endeavors to beat the major-league invaders to the draw before they can ruin the Coast League. Portland and Seattle can certainly not look upon any change with pleasure. The more hopeful Angelenos who yell loudest for competition with the present majors speak blithely of a new Coast circuit. However, if Los Angeles were taken out, it would seem to mean the end of Hollywood as well.

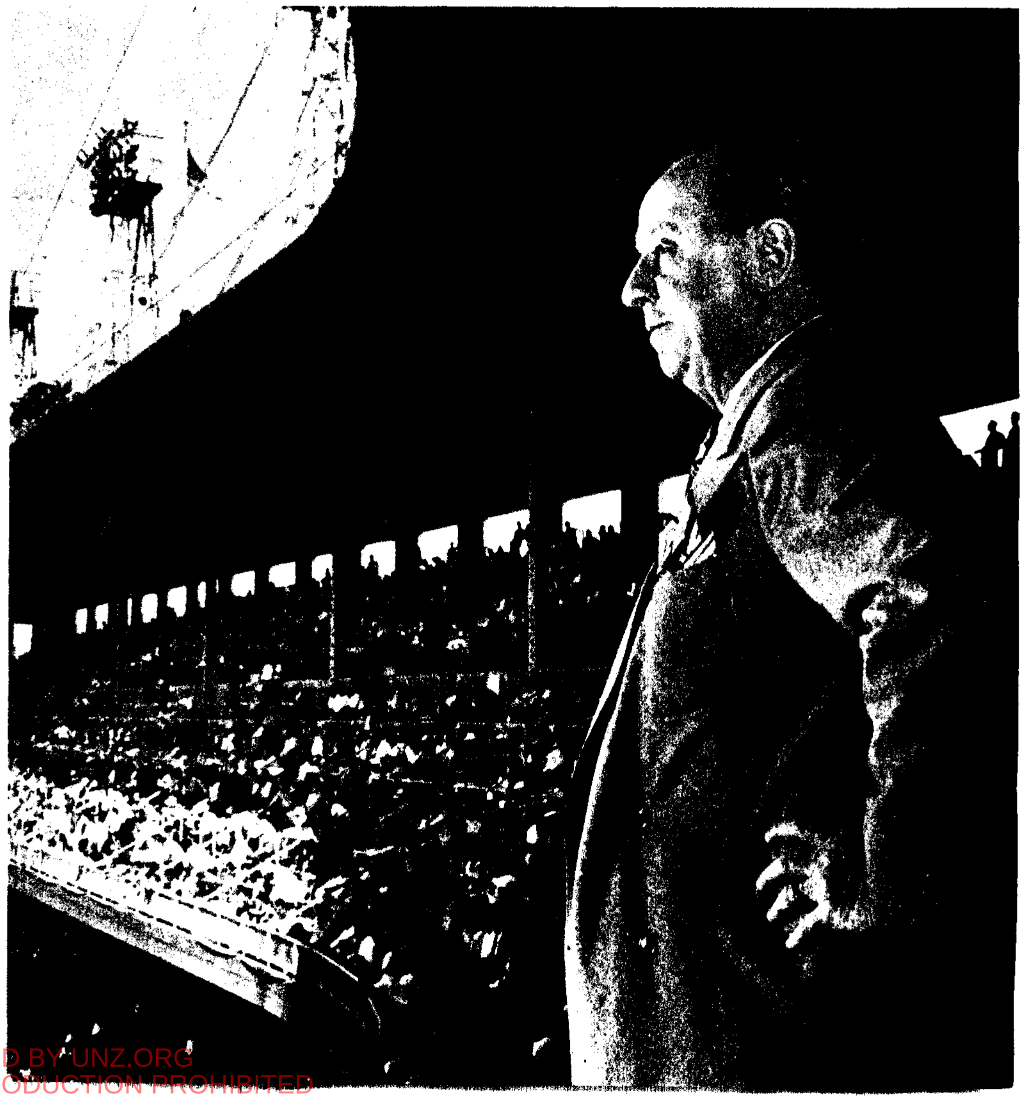
In the first place Wrigley's Los Angeles club is merely permitting the

(Continued on page 81)

Batter Ed Zipay of Sacramento greets his teammate Averett Thompson as he crosses the plate for a homer. Zipay then duplicated Thompson's feat



Clarence Rowland, president of the Pacific Coast League, scans the crowded stands of Los Angeles' Wrigley Field. It's a major-league crowd, he says



For years psychiatrists have warned us about our mental health. Books and plays have embellished the theme till thousands of normal people have begun to fear for their minds. Here a noted writer takes a levelheaded look and advises, "Take it easy, brother. You're not going nuts"

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER

There are times when everyone feels depressed and worried—but this is only normal human behavior

SAY . . . *you look worried. Been missing your sleep lately? Biting your nails? How about your drinking? Had three beers last night, didn't you? Tsk . . . tsk! You're in a bad way, brother. You'd better see a psychiatrist before you blow your top.*

"What's that? Psychiatrists give you a headache? Whee-e-e! You've really got it bad. Don't you know that's just your unconscious fear of being found out? Quit fighting it, man . . . you can't help what your parents did to you in your cradle.

"By the way . . . those headaches? You get them often? No? Uh-huh . . . that's your version. Well, you will . . . you certainly will . . . the way you're going.

"How do I know? Sa-a-y, I can read you like a book. I can spot a psychoneurotic a mile off. Now the way I see your case is like this. Here's your libido, all repressed. And here's your superego, crawling with frustrations. No wonder your sex life is all out of whack. . . ."

Silly talk? Sure, it's silly.

But an awful lot of people are indulging in it or listening to it with the utmost seriousness. So many that a number of leading psychiatrists are beginning to worry about this genie they have let out of the bottle.

They have been warning us for years about the sad state of our mental health. They have been telling us what marvels psychiatry can work to prevent breakdowns and crack-ups—or to cure them when they occur.

Now they are waking up to the fact that hordes of people have taken their words only too literally. They find that a powerful lot of us have some very queer ideas about mental illness and about psychiatry—ideas that drive some of us to seek help we don't need while making others desperately fearful of the psychiatric treatment they very definitely require.

A few psychiatrists have, in fact, come around to the view that, far from curing us of our neuroses and anxieties, they have actually created a new kind of emotional disorder—a neurosis *about* neurosis, an anxiety *about* anxiety. One of them, Dr. C. Charles Burlingame, chief psychiatrist of the famed Hartford Retreat, recently braved the lightning and broached the subject publicly.

"Throughout the country," he warned, "hundreds of thousands of persons, satiated with a superficial knowledge of the psychological implications of life and literally preoccupied with psychiatric terminology, are beginning to interpret every trivial thought and feeling in psychological terms.

"The result is inevitable," Dr. Burlingame continued. "There are only 4,000 psychiatrists in this country. The vast majority of those seeking psychiatric advice will never have the opportunity to get within speaking distance of a psychiatrist, even to receive the assurance that no profound disorder is budding within their personalities, which is undoubtedly all that most of them need."

There are other psychiatrists—many of them—who "pooh-pooh" this theory. They say that even a distorted smattering of psychiatry never made anyone sick; that you've got to have an underlying emotional disturbance to cause a breakdown.

Still others—off the record—echo and even go beyond Dr. Burlingame's position. One leading Park Avenue practitioner puts it in these words:

"The trouble is we've scared the living daylights out of people. The cancer people keep telling everyone to 'thump that lump' . . . to suspect every swelling or irritation and thus insure early detection of cancer, while it is still curable. Well, if you thump a lump and find it's cancer, that's fine . . . you've got something to work on. And if you thump a lump and it turns out not to be cancer, no amount of thumping will make it cancer.

"But when we go around encouraging people to take their psychiatric pulses . . . that's a very different story. Yelling 'thump that lump' to a man or woman with a perfectly normal set of worries is simply telling him to worry *about* his worries. We are the only branch of medicine that can spread the diseases we are supposed to fight. And we've been doing it . . . with the aid of a lot of amateurs who write books, produce movies and scream over the radio."

The worried doctors are correct. At least five best-selling books of the last two years have been devoted to "educating" the layman to the wonders of psychiatry—and, incidentally, to teaching the impressionable how to be tenth-rate amateur psychiatrists.

The radio, too, has been running over with high-pressure psychiatry. Besides the frankly psychiatric programs and the only slightly disguised "advice" and "counseling" hours, psychiatry and psychiatrists prop up many a mystery or drama script. As for the soap operas, how they do love to explain the heroine's troubles in terms of hysteria, neurasthenia, deep-seated feelings of guilt and compulsion neuroses!

Newspapers and magazines have done a lot of "educating" too. The old Advice-to-the-Lovelorn columns have changed their patter. No longer do they tell "Worried" to "marry the brute and give your child a name." Nowadays, as likely as not, they explain a lack of boy friends as an "Electra complex" or a "fixation upon the father ideal."

The movies have really gone to town, with even the horse operas garnished with a sprinkling of five-dollar symbols straight out of Freud, Jung and Adler. We've had Lady in the Dark, with the lady a psychiatrist's patient. We've had Spellbound, where the lady *was* a psychiatrist. Then came Shock, where the psychiatrist was a nasty old villain who tried to cover up his murder of his wife by labeling the only witness as insane.

Psychiatrists, naturally, deplore such extravagances. Through their professional associations and the National Committee for Mental Hygiene they have bombarded the movie moguls with their complaints.

Yet much of the psychiatric scare-mongering that has fallen upon the public has come from psychiatrists themselves. Many of the books and articles that now are being condemned by *some* psychiatrists are found to bear the by-lines of *other* members of the psychiatric brotherhood. The movies have had no great trouble in digging up psychiatrists to serve as "technical advisers." And within the last year or two the radio has blossomed forth with a new kind of program, featuring highly dramatized advice prepared by or even delivered by recognized psychiatrists.

Too Much for the Sponsor's Stomach

One such "mental hygiene" program (fortunately killed by its sponsor before it hit the air waves) started with a solemn, two-minute build-up of the importance and authority of its psychiatric consultant. Then came twenty-four minutes of dramatization in which the principal character proved to be a young man who went around killing girls.

After our hero had disposed of two maidens and been caught in the act of axing a third, there came a musical fade-out. Then, rising with the notes, you heard the voice of the psychiatrist, who glibly explained that the reason our hero wanted to kill girls was that he had once, as a child, been tied in a barn with a young girl—a barn which had been set on fire.

The American Psychiatric Association, when asked to approve this mess of dangerous balderdash, indignantly refused—and with good reason. But other programs, hardly less misleading, *have* gotten on the air.

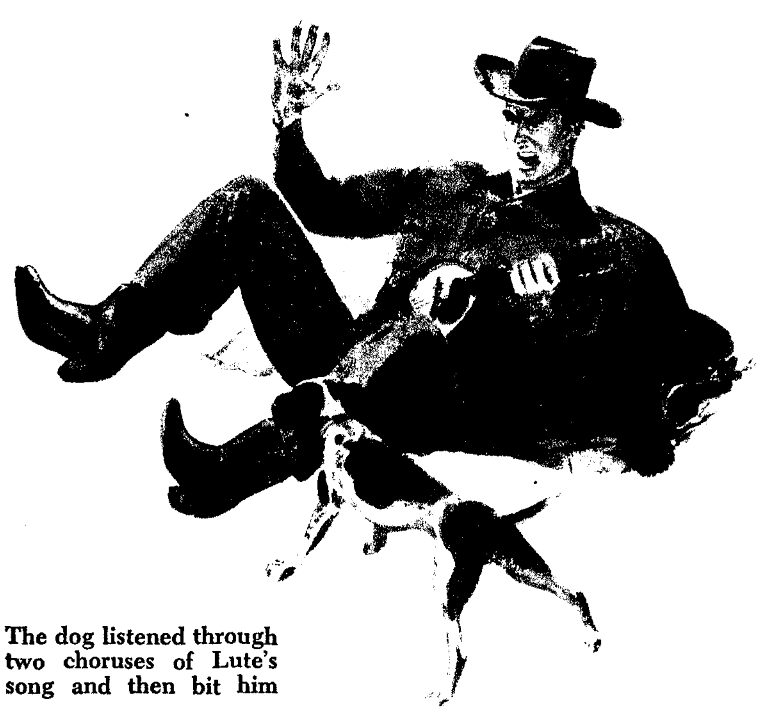
Even those mind-doctors who have never participated in these "educational endeavors" seem to have an unusual knack of saying things that land, column-long, in the newspapers, usually under such scare headlines as "MENTAL ILLS SKY-ROCKETING, WARNS NOTED PSYCHIATRIST." In the face of their gloomy statistics and gloomier predictions, it is small wonder that some of us get scared silly.

But how can you tell whether or not you're headed for a breakdown? How can you be sure that you are still in the "zone of normal"? One way is to recognize that everyone is a little bit neurotic. Everyone sometimes feels depressed, fights with his wife, yells at the kids, worries and has strange dreams. The difference between the "normal" and the candidate for a crack-up is a matter of degree. And to judge this *(Continued on page 42)*

However, worrying about your worries is likely to lead you into an endless tunnel of neurotic fears

STRONG BOY

BY D. D. BEAUCHAMP



The dog listened through two choruses of Lute's song and then bit him

Every time Miss Seymour came in sight Lute would be lifting something—maybe picking up an end of the bunkhouse, or sauntering across the yard with a bridge timber on his shoulder. But he wasn't much when it came to lifting his voice in song

MY UNCLE LUTE was the strongest man in Clearwater County, and when I was twelve years old I wanted to be like him.

I asked my father how to go about it and he told me. He told me to go out in the corral and pick out a calf that was little enough so I could lift it, and that every day I was to go out and lift it, and the bigger the calf got the stronger I would get, and by the time it grew up to be a beef steer I would still be able to lift it, and I would be as strong as my Uncle Lute.

That sounded logical to me, so I tried it. I picked out a calf I could handle easy to start with, and every morning for six weeks I would go out and lift it. Then I would come in the house and double up my arms and look at myself in the mirror. I could see I was getting strong all right. The only trouble was the calf seemed to be gaining weight faster than I was getting stronger, and the way things were progressing it began to look like by the time he grew up to be a beef steer I wasn't going to be able to budge him.

It was discouraging. I told my father about it, and he didn't have anything further to offer, so I finally took the matter direct to Uncle Lute.

He was working at the forge down in his blacksmith shop when I talked to him.

I told him what my problem was, and the trouble I was having picking up that calf. My Uncle Lute was a very understanding man.

"Any reason you want to get strong so quick, Bub?"

"I want to pick up a beef steer for Mary Louise Stacy," I said.

Mary Louise Stacy was in my grade at school. She was my girl except she did not know it. She had pigtails and freckles.

"You figure that will impress her?" Uncle Lute said.

"I expect if I picked up a beef steer for her she'd let me carry her books home from school."

"And I expect you'd be pretty proud of yourself, showing off for her like that," Uncle Lute said.

"I expect I would," I said.

"Bub," my Uncle Lute said, "right there you have touched on a very vulnerable spot, so to speak."

He picked up a horseshoe off the anvil, bent it out straight with his bare hands and tossed it into a corner. Then he spit on the floor. He was the strongest man I ever saw.

"Pride," my Uncle Lute said, "goeth before a fall."

Then he told me the story of himself, and Mr. Sheridan Corby, and Miss Corrinne Seymour. . . .

At the time, Uncle Lute was working as foreman on the Emory Stevens ranch over near Moose Creek. It was a cattle ranch. It was also a dude ranch; and besides the dudes Mr. Stevens had a string of bucking horses and Brahman steers that he rented out to rodeos. Uncle Lute earned sixty dollars a month and found. He was happy until the first time he laid eyes on Miss Corrinne Seymour.

Or maybe he was happy until the first time Miss Corrinne Seymour laid eyes on him, because Miss Corrinne Seymour saw my Uncle Lute before he saw her. She saw him the first day she got to the ranch. Mr. Stevens had brought her out from the train in the station wagon, and when they drove in the yard Uncle Lute was holding up the front end of a Model-T truck while somebody put a jack under it. It made his muscles stand out, and he was something to see. He was six feet one. He had shoulders on him as broad as the back end of a brewery horse, and he was holding up the front end of that car like it was made of cardboard. Miss Corrinne Seymour let out a squeal like she had sat on a tack.

"Who is that gorgeous creature?" Miss Seymour said.

Mr. Stevens looked around. He thought she was referring to a horse, or maybe one of the dogs.

"What creature?"

"The one who is holding up the automobile," Miss Seymour said.

"Oh," Mr. Stevens said, "you mean Lute Harkness. I have heard him called a lot of things," Mr. Stevens said, "but this is the first time I have ever heard anybody call him gorgeous."

"I think he is simply magnificent."

"He is as strong as a bull, if that's what you mean," Mr. Stevens said. "And I have even heard some people say that he is almost as smart."

"He is simply the most marvelous thing I have ever laid eyes on," Miss Seymour said. "I can hardly wait to meet him."

So Mr. Stevens drove over there and Miss Seymour met my Uncle Lute, and vice versa.

It sort of caught my Uncle Lute off base, so to speak. He shifted the Model-T to one hand and tipped his hat. Miss Seymour said she guessed my Uncle Lute was probably the strongest man in the world and she was simply thrilled speechless. My Uncle Lute was speechless too. He did not say anything. He just stood there holding up the front end of the Model-T and looking at Miss Seymour with his mouth open. He was still standing there after Mr. Stevens drove her on up to the ranch house, and his mouth was still open. He was sunk.

THE way it turned out he was not the only one that was sunk. Mr. Stevens had had lady dudes on the ranch before, but he had never had one like Miss Corrinne Seymour, and she almost disrupted the organization. She had big blue eyes and honey-blond hair, and she did not measure six ax handles across the beam when she was dressed in pants. There were sixteen men working on the ranch and Miss Seymour met them all, and after she met them they were all sunk. They took to wearing white shirts to work, and shaving during the week, and they hung around the house so much Mr. Stevens said the place looked more like a country club than it did a ranch. Send a man out to mend a fence and he'd forget his hammer and wire cutters and have to ride back. Send a man out to move a herd of cattle and he'd forget his saddle blanket. It was awful.

This state of affairs continued for about two weeks, and Mr. Stevens was going crazy, and then the field narrowed down to two people. One of them was my Uncle Lute. The other one was Mr. Sheridan Corby.

My Uncle Lute did not like Mr. Sheridan Corby. He did not like him before Miss Seymour came, and after she came he did not like him more than he had before. Mr. Corby was a dude wrangler. A mail-order cowboy. He wore embroidered shirts and fancy pants, and he did not do anything around the ranch except look pretty sitting on a horse when he went riding with the lady dudes. At night he would play on the guitar and sing cowboy songs. He was not strong like my Uncle Lute.

ON THE other hand Uncle Lute could not play a guitar and the only song he knew was one he had learned in a saloon down in Laramie, which he did not consider the kind of a song you would sing to a girl like Miss Corrinne Seymour.

My Uncle Lute thought about it. It seemed to him that maybe he should carry the battle into the enemy's camp, so to speak. Miss Seymour had told him that she liked moonlight and music, and Uncle Lute figured there was nothing that Mr. Sheridan Corby could do that he could not do better. He paid five dollars for a mandolin at a pawnshop in Moose Creek, and took three lessons from the Professor down in McKelvey's Saloon. Then he went to work on it.

He did his practicing away from the ranch, figuring to keep his musical ability as sort of an ace in the hole. Every night he would saddle up and ride two or three miles out into the sagebrush and sit down with his back against a rock to play and sing. It seemed to him he was making considerable progress until one night one of the ranch dogs followed him out and sat with him. The dog listened to Uncle Lute go through two choruses of The Cowboy's Lament and then bit him.

It was sort of disheartening, until the day Uncle Lute was walking past the tack room and saw Mr. Sheridan Corby working out with a pair of Indian clubs and a bar bell. It seemed likely that Miss Seymour had told Mr. Sheridan Corby that she admired strong men, and Uncle Lute decided that maybe the best thing he could do would be to sort of stick to his own last, so to speak, and utilize what God had given him. He decided to give up his music and in the future to confine himself to picking up heavy objects to show how strong he was.

He took to staying around the ranch house most of the time and every time Miss Seymour came in sight my Uncle Lute would be lifting something. Every day he would maybe be picking up a corner of the tool shed or

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

the bunkhouse, or sauntering casually across the yard with a bridge timber over his shoulder.

He was getting sort of hard pressed to find new things to lift when one day they moved the blacksmith shop, and asked my Uncle Lute to move the anvil. He was walking up through the yard with it when Miss Seymour stopped him and engaged him in a conversation. Uncle Lute was carrying that anvil under one arm like a loaf of bread, and while he was talking he kept sort of tossing it back and forth from one hand to the other.

"Isn't that anvil terribly heavy?" Miss Seymour said.

My Uncle Lute looked down at it as though he was surprised to see he was carrying it.

"I had completely forgot about it, ma'am," Uncle Lute said.

Miss Seymour squealed and batted her blue eyes at him.

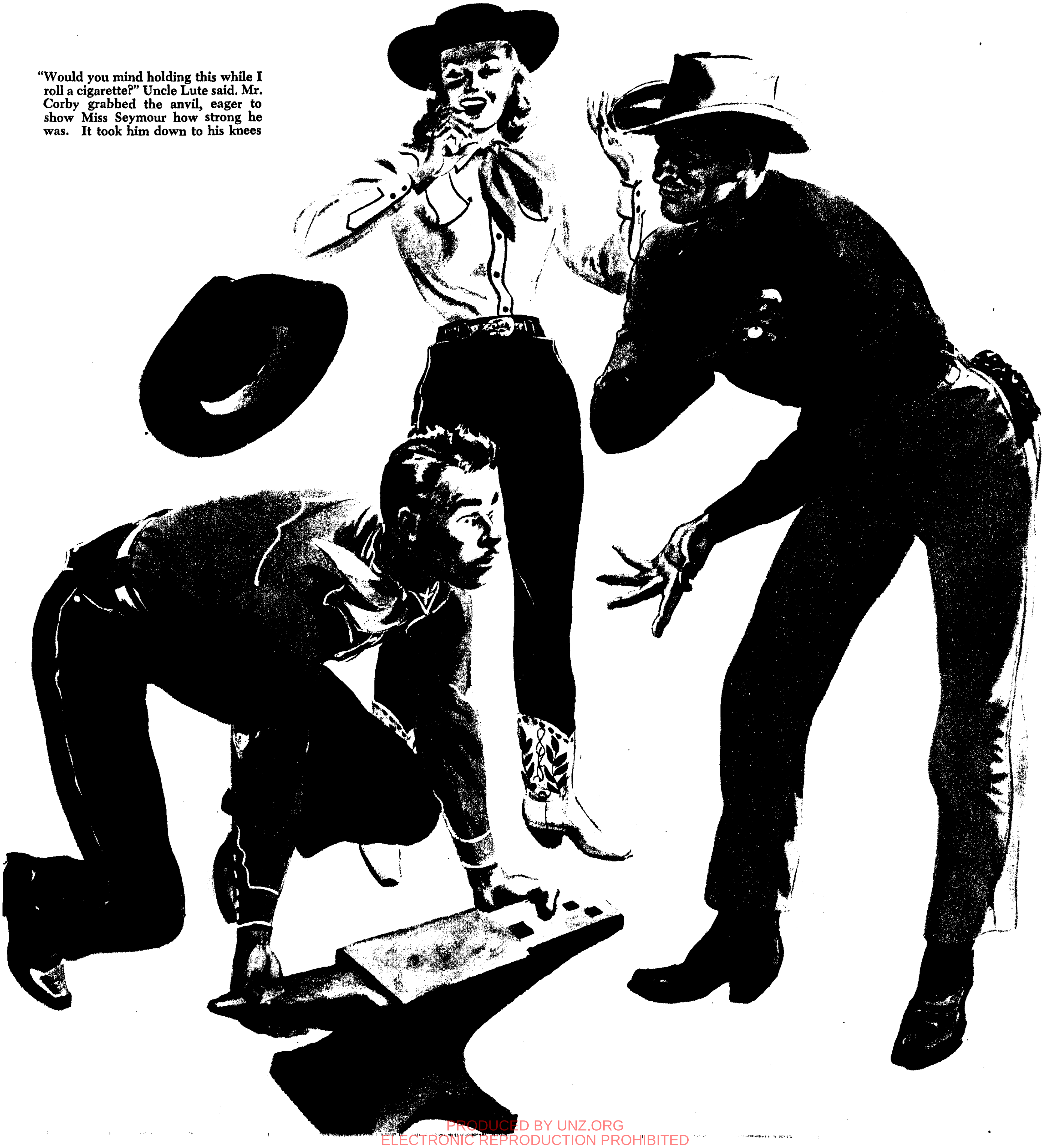
After that Uncle Lute carried that anvil around until he almost wore it out. Mr. Sheridan Corby was still working out with his Indian clubs and his bar bells and one day he was out walking with Miss Seymour, and they met Uncle Lute carrying the anvil. My Uncle Lute could recognize an opportunity when he saw one.

"I would like to roll a cigarette," Uncle Lute said. "Would you mind holding this?" and he held the anvil out to Mr. Sheridan Corby.

Mr. Sheridan Corby was anxious to show Miss Seymour how strong he was getting and he grabbed hold of the anvil. It took him right down to his knees. After that Mr. Sheridan Corby gave up his bar bells.

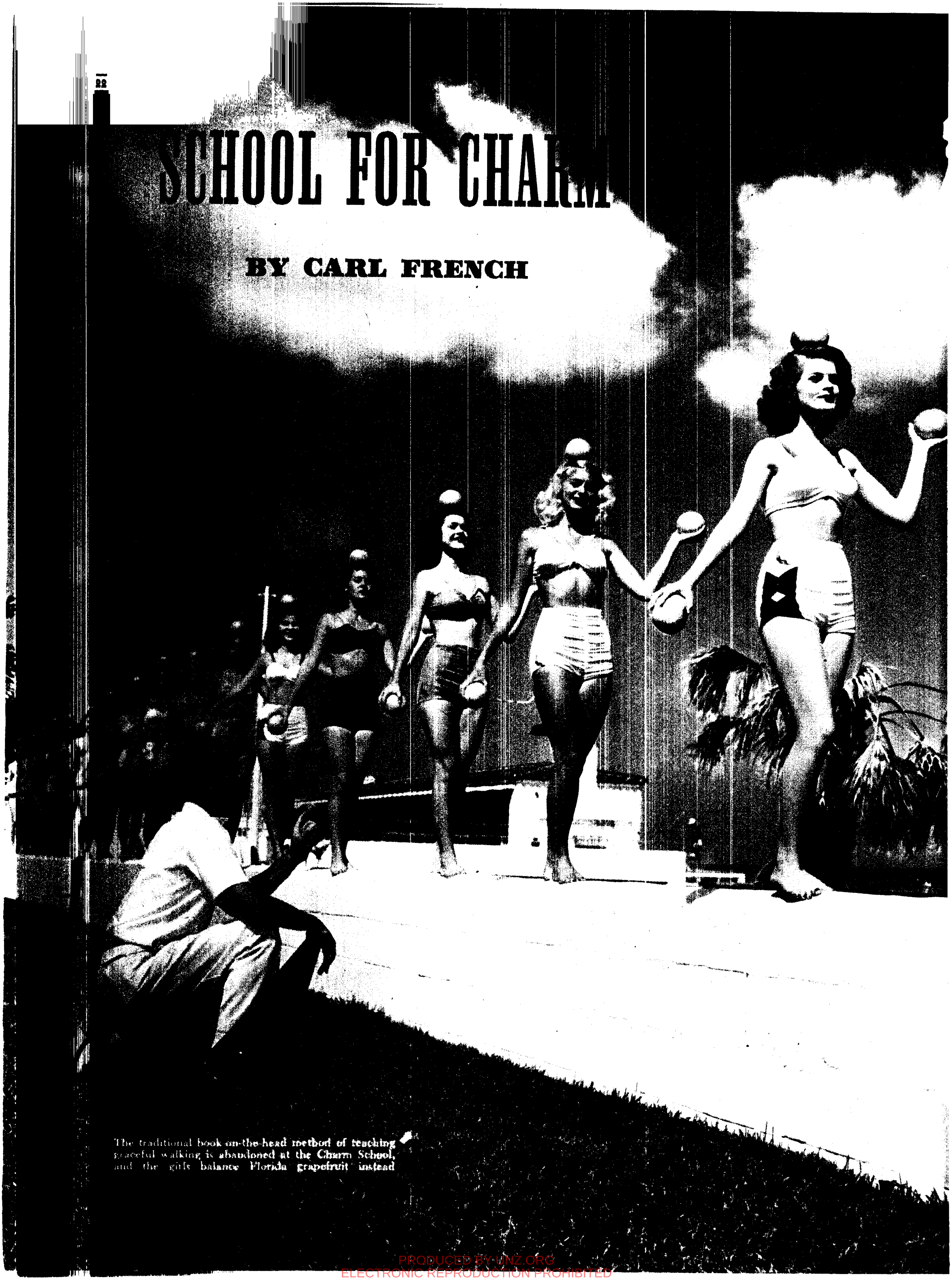
(Continued on page 75)

"Would you mind holding this while I roll a cigarette?" Uncle Lute said. Mr. Corby grabbed the anvil, eager to show Miss Seymour how strong he was. It took him down to his knees



SCHOOL FOR CHARM

BY CARL FRENCH



The traditional book-on-the-head method of teaching graceful walking is abandoned at the Charm School, and the girls balance Florida grapefruit instead

The girls work out on the sands with multicolored plastic beach balls. These exercises, resembling free ballet, get the kinks out of the body muscles. At right, graduates show the results of weeks of hard work at the school, as they pose in evening dress, which they carry with ease, grace and loveliness

IT ALL came about because a lovely girl who posed for a Florida publicity stunt didn't know what to do with her hands. They'd flutter and she placed them here, there, everywhere, as the cameras clicked. The director decided something must be done about it. The result was the St. Petersburg Charm School, dedicated to teaching the suntanned beauties the principles of charm, poise and pose, and to easing the tribulations of the school's sponsor, Albert A. Ady, who is St. Petersburg's director of public relations. For in return for training, the gals agreed to pose for Ady's publicity stunts and pictures.

Under such sponsorship, naturally, the school opened with a scream, amid the nervous twittering of 420 charm-seeking girls, aged seventeen to twenty-two, from 42 states and five foreign countries. All attended in bathing suits, and the classes met on the shores of Tampa Bay for ten successive week ends.

Three directors, three chaperons, a registration clerk and a personnel director took charge. They divided the class into three groups according to age, and the school launched its charm-inculcating curriculum. This was divided into three parts—poise and posture, hair-do and make-up, and photographic posing.

Poise and posture included ballet and balance, and an unorthodox bit of G.I. conditioning exercises. The girls crawled under a maze of wire, snapped to under a lusty order to "count off" and took the low hurdles, some of them with grace. They were taught how to smile without freezing into a stiff grimace and how to dress to hide bowlegs and to get more beautiful chest contours. And how to walk without bobbing about like a Mexican jumping bean.

In the latter the publicity-minded director demonstrated true genius. Some schools teach the sinuous glide by having the student balance a book on her head. Too much bobbing, and the book falls. That, reasoned the director, was out of character for Florida, which has gained little renown in book publishing. So the St. Petersburg girls walk about balancing home-grown Florida grapefruit precariously on their heads. It taught them how to walk and it advertised Florida's great citrus industry. Double play for publicity.

The hair-do and make-up experts found their greatest problem in eradicating teen-age affectations and mannerisms. And the director of photographic posing had to teach his students all the little tricks of displaying their best to the lens. Now, when a cameraman poses one of these Charm School graduates, she instinctively clicks her heel to opposite instep, bends the knee slightly, squares shapely hips and tosses a shoulder-back torso into position. Just like a professional.

At the end of the first course, everyone was happy. The girls, always beautiful, were now glamorous. Mr. Ady, once a nervous wreck, was calm and complacent. And cheesecake devotees were thrilled.

So the Charm School will open its doors again this fall, and a new class of awkward lovelies will learn how to be charming. ★★★

The obstacle course, lifted from Army conditioning exercises, puts the students through a maze of chicken wire on hands and knees. At a fast pace, too

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

MAN RUNNING

BY SELWYN JEPSON

CONTINUING A THRILLING ACCOUNT OF FLIGHT FROM THE NOOSE

The Story:

One night beautiful Charlotte Inwood, wife of wealthy Architect Joseph Inwood, rushes to the London apartment of her new lover, Jonathan Penrose. Charlotte's evening gown is streaked with blood. Frantically she tells Jonathan that her husband has found out about their affair, and that she has just murdered him.

Jonathan, desperately in love with the woman, walks the short distance to the Inwood mansion. Breaking in, he obliterates possible fingerprints and takes money and jewels from the safe in the library where the murdered man is lying. Then, further to throw suspicion away from Charlotte and onto anonymous housebreakers, he races out of the house, throwing the murder weapon, a candlestick, into the gutter.

Rounding a corner near the house, Jonathan is recognized by a man, a wine clerk. Now he knows he will have to disappear, but his resolution to protect Charlotte is strengthened. Bringing her a fresh gown, he drives her to the apartment of a man named Freddy Williams, who, she says, will take her to a night club, thus providing an alibi.

The police have discovered the murder and are looking for Jonathan; in the meantime, he checks a bag containing the bloodstained gown in a tube station. Meanwhile, in a night club, unbeknown to Jonathan, Freddy Williams, Charlotte's real lover, is registering amusement at Jonathan's noble action. "That's the first time," he tells her, "I've ever murdered a man with a candlestick."

Pursued by the police, Jonathan races down an alley and almost into the arms of Eve Gill, the "I" of the story. Eve is in London attempting to sell a valuable Rembrandt painting which her crusty old father, Commodore Gill, talked her into stealing from his wealthy sister-in-law.

Eve feels sorry for her fellow outlaw and decides to drive Jonathan to the Gill country house in Kessingland. When they arrive early the next morning, she hides him in the Commodore's boat, the Peacock, which is moored near the house. Eve goes wearily to bed.

II

THE bright sun of morning on my eyes awoke me. In his distant workshop Charlie, our man-of-all-responsibility, was banging a heavy piece of metal against another heavy piece of metal, but the clangor was muted into a musical sound by a quarter of a mile of marsh, trees and hedged gardens.

The noise which moved me, however, was the three knocks of Father's stick on the floor of his room. They meant he was ready for his breakfast; this was the first signal of his day, and there was always a briskness in it which sometimes meant merely that he was hungry, other times that he was going to attack the day with more vigor than usual.

Even on quiet days I do not spend a lot of time getting up, but this morning eight minutes covered brushing my teeth, tidying my hair, putting on a bathing suit and sandals, and picking up a short towel coat from the cupboard as I made for the stairs.

I beat the Commodore's breakfast tray by several seconds. It had barely reached the first baize door from the kitchen in the hands of the newest of Mary's tryouts from Kessingland village when I reached the Long Room on the ground floor whence Father conducts the affairs of household and estate.

The Long Room was shining with sun, its ancient oak glimmering warmly. And the Commodore, sitting up in his bunk, along the panels of the east wall, eyed me sharply.

"Ah!" he said. Usually it was "Well?" or "Go away" or "Where the hell's my leg?" The "ah" showed me—I admit to my satisfaction—that he had been worrying a little about me.

"When did *you* get home?" he inquired.

"Rather late."

"I didn't hear you."

"I didn't want to wake you."

"Very thoughtful. I wasn't asleep. You know perfectly well I—" He stopped. Not for anything would he confess that he cared what happened to me. "—perfectly well I wanted to know what he paid for it."

He knew I had failed, of course. If I had succeeded, if K. Zimmer had turned out to be all that his friends had promised, I would have waked him up to tell him so, whatever hour of the night I had come home.

His breakfast tray arrived. I took it from the girl and put it on his bed table.

"You didn't leave it with him?" he asked.

"I did not. If I had left the picture with him you wouldn't have seen it again, or any money either."

"What did he offer?"

"Nothing. He said he never pays a penny for anything before he has a market for it."

"Nonsense!" He brought down his spoon with an angry crack on the first of his four eggs. "You mishandled it! I should have gone myself. Women!"

"I can see you climbing that ladder into Aunt Harvey Gill's gallery with one leg," I said.

"I'm not talking about ladders! You went to see this brute with a straightforward proposition and foozled it!"

Straightforward was not the word I would have chosen.

"Listen," I said. "He wasn't an art dealer at all. He's a cheap crook with ideas above his station. He wanted to get hold of it without paying for it. He wanted to know all about me, and who was I 'fronting' for, and who did the 'job,' and so on—"

"I hope to God you didn't tell him."

"I did not," I said. "I told him to mind his own business. He *might* deal, he said, if things were put on a 'proper basis.' Must know who the principals were. Must have the 'goods' handy, so if a buyer came along he could show them. Mustn't be rushed—wanted a day or two to think it over. Come back at the end of the week and bring the 'goods,' to deposit with him."

"Hum," said Father. "You should have walked out on him."

"That's exactly what I did. But I'm worried. I think there is going to be an unpleasantness. Zimmer looked at me in a very funny way. He said he was of the opinion that the police were wrong in believing it was an outside job! They might be fooled by that ladder at the gallery window but he wasn't."

FATHER growled in his throat. He wished to wash out the false start with K. Zimmer and plan a new attack on the problem. "Rot. What does it matter what he thinks? The police are right. The ladder *was* the way it was done, wasn't it?"

"Yes. But it was used to make an inside job—in the sense it was family robbing family—look like an outside one. I think you had that idea."

"Don't quibble. I'll do without this Zimmer and think of some other way. Your Uncle Harvey meant me to have that picture when he died. It was a way of leaving me a bit of capital, and I shan't rest until I've fulfilled his wishes. Just because that bloody second wife of his tore up his will—"

I was sick of the story. "Father, will you please listen to me! K. Zimmer only has to ask anyone in the village at Pakenhurst a few questions about who was staying in the neighborhood that week end to spot me as having been there. It wouldn't take him more than a quarter of an hour to find where I came from."

"You mean—hum—that he would then be in a position to—ah—"

"Yes," I said, "to blackmail the picture out of us—out of you rather—and then where would you be? I've never seen a meaner-looking man."

"If he comes anywhere near here, I'll shoot him."

"Maybe. And—maybe you won't. For one thing your policeman friend Billy Bull wouldn't like it."

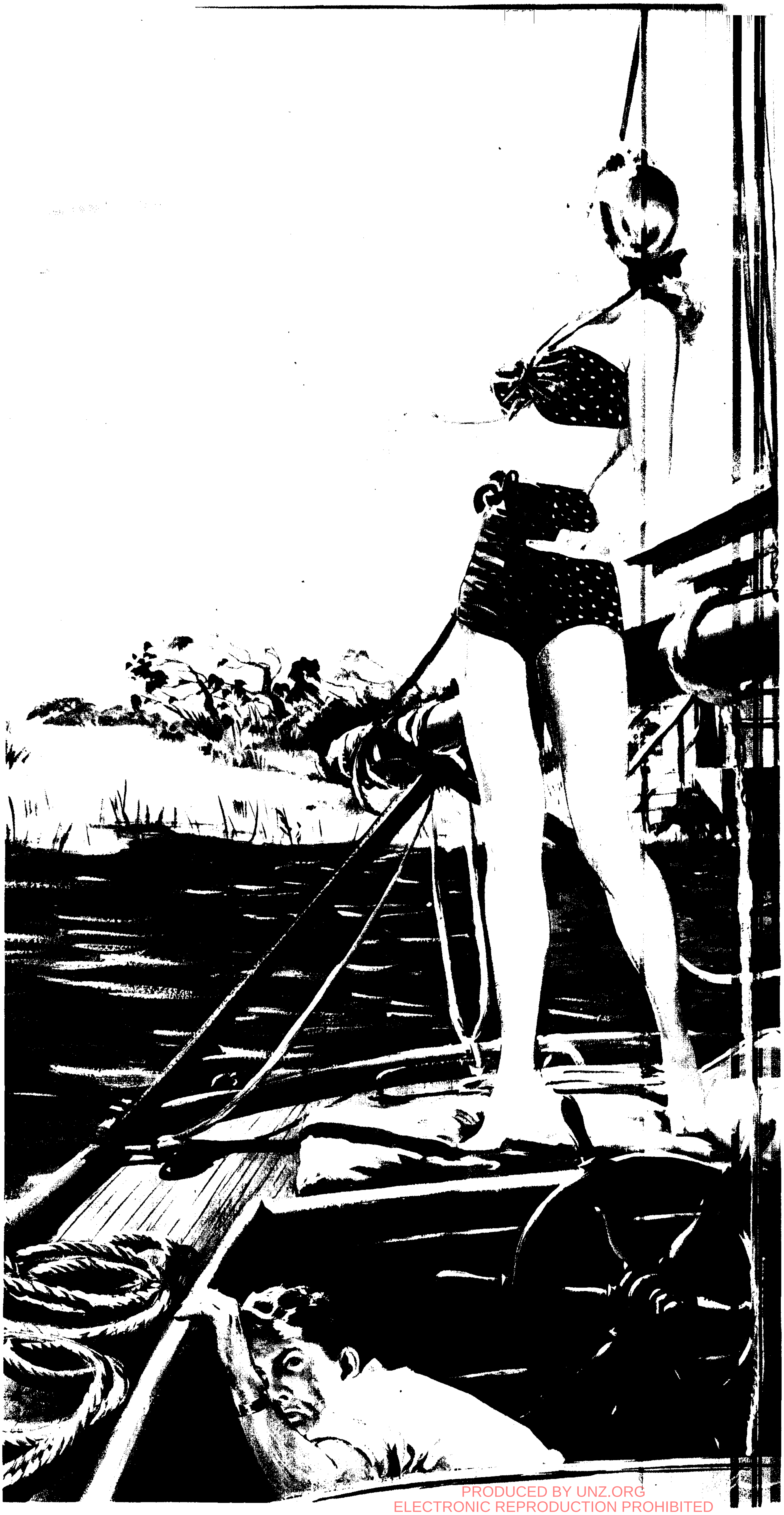
"Sink the rotter in the marsh mud—five minutes, and not a sign of him."

"All right, but don't forget his hat—it always floats." I made for the door and was outside before he realized it.

"You come back here!" he bawled in his quarter-deck voice. I know when to go back, even though I was in a lather to get to the Peacock and Jonathan.

"You know," he said energetically, "the insurance company might be persuaded into the market. With that woman's claim against them they'll want to recoup as much as they can. For instance, if they pay her twenty

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



"Drive over to Lowestoft and fix up a crew!" Father said from his bath chair. My first instinct was to argue with him but I had a second thought

thousand. Now suppose they could buy the picture at fifteen they could resell at twenty-five—they could go to a legitimate market with it—they'd only be ten thousand out of pocket. That's good business. At least it might be worse—"

I cried out in alarm that I refused to walk into any insurance company with that thing under my arm and nothing to save me from instant arrest but my parent's instructions to outsmart the managing director.

He stared at me without seeing me, and in the grip of another bright idea said with great conviction:

"We're fools. The place to sell it is abroad. France—Belgium. Or Holland. Why not Holland? That's where the fellow came from who painted it, wasn't it? Holland—"

I escaped finally from the room with the word "Holland" in my ears and with my heart in my mouth because one of the inevitable sequences in *that* plan would be to sail across the Channel in the Peacock. And it would not be easy to argue him out of it; in fact I wouldn't try, for it was the best he'd had yet. If there was one place where he had more "friends" than another, it was Amsterdam—the black-market people, in fact, who played when he felt like a little smuggling.

I went via the kitchen. Mary was making bread. I told her I was going to swim and would make my own breakfast in the Peacock afterward. For once she let me through into the larder without an argument. I began stocking the basket with a dozen eggs and a large chunk of butter. I could raid the chicken houses for more eggs later on. There was the tail end of an excellent ham; last week's bread would have to do. I nearly filled the basket and left the house by way of the dairy, scooping a pint jugful of cream off the top of one of the setting pans as I passed.

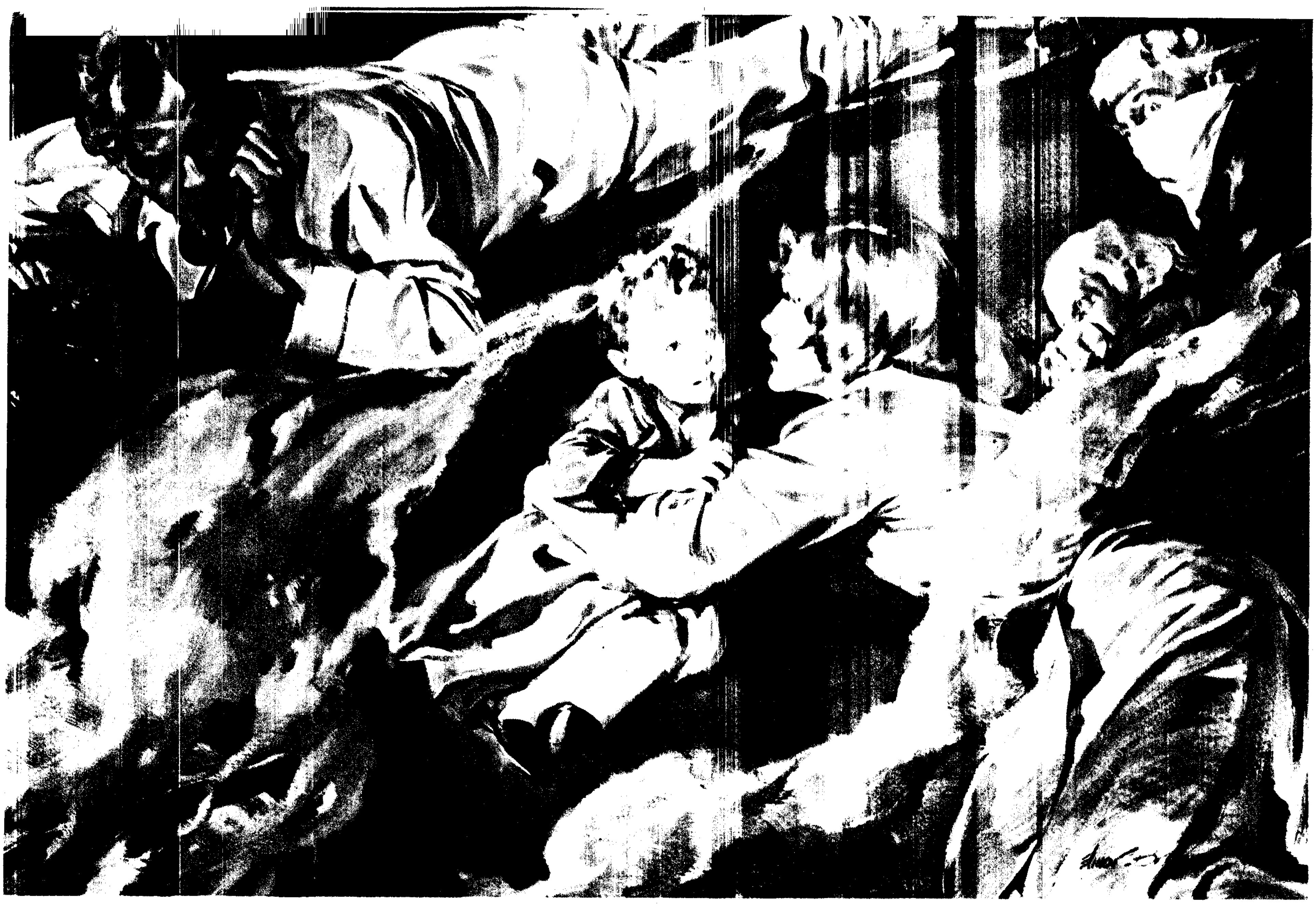
I HURRIED circumspectly through the kitchen gardens, detoured by the hothouse for a mixed picking of peaches and nectarines and made for the estuary beach along the wood path south of the house. The water blazed silvery gold through the trees and at last I came in full sight of the ketch. The Peacock sat there in the shimmering backwater, white and still like a bird resting.

I took the sculls from under the bank where I had hidden them last night, floated the praam dinghy and pulled out to the ketch. When I climbed the ladder and stood on deck listening, my heart's beating seemed audible outside me. The little ship was silent except for an occasional grumbling creak from the rigging.

Perhaps he wasn't in the cabin. Perhaps he had taken flight and fled, had swum the seventy yards to the bank and was now shivering in a ditch somewhere in the blue haze of Kessingland Marsh while he waited for the short darkness to come again to shelter his aimless flight.

No, dear God! Please let him be down there—I know so certainly that I can help him that it is like a thing already past and done, when he won't be running away because there is no need any more. . . .

(Continued on page 49)



They watched as I dialed the number. Hurry, I thought. It's getting warmer in here. The door will break soon

SIGNED BY JOE CRADLE

BY ROBERT RICHARDS

It was the best story he would ever write—and the last

MARY is a wonderful girl. They don't make many like her any more. "Call me up, Joe," she said. "Tell me about it, as soon as you know. It'll be a fine job. I'm sure of it."

If I had known what was going to happen that night, I would have. I would have called her in a hurry.

But of course I didn't suspect anything. I just closed the door, pulled off my shoes and flopped across the bed. The telephone was there, close to my ear, but I didn't touch it.

It was a fine job. It was swell—probably the best I had ever had. It paid good money, and there was a future to it. "You're all right, Joe," the sales manager told me. "We won't worry. You'll be one of our top men before the year is out."

I stared at the ceiling, rubbing both fists into my eyes. I was going to sell refrigerators. Okay. What was wrong with that? It was good dough. Plenty.

They were good refrigerators, too. None of this cheap stuff. The ice trays didn't stick; the cubes popped out.

There was something else even more important. I could jump Al Spade now. I could tell him to go bump his head on a rock.

Someone knocked on my door. I knew from the steady pounding that it had to be answered. "It's unlocked," I called. "Walk in."

It was Jerry Lawrence, the bell captain, and he was grinning. I had lived in this narrow room for almost seven years, and we were old friends. Jerry had never put the squeeze on me, even during the times when stranded strangers were hitting his hand with twenty-dollar bills.

It was the last night that either one of us would spend inside the Grafton Hotel, but we suspected nothing.

"How about the new job, Joe?"

"In the bag. I'll start on Monday."

"A good job?"

"One of the best," I said.

"There was a girl here," Jerry said. "A nice babe, Joe. She wants you to call her. She said, 'Tell him to ring me just as soon as he comes in.' "

"Did she have black hair and blue eyes?" I asked. "And a way of lifting her chin when she talked?"

"She had a way of lifting a man's blood pressure," Jerry said. "When she left, it was all that I could do to keep from running out the door."

"That's Mary," I told him. "That's Mary all over."

"Well, better give her a call, or I might beat you to it."

"I will," I answered. "Just give me time. Lots of time. I've got problems to think over."

That Al Spade. I wanted to decide just what I would say to him. It would be something mean, something that got under the skin.

Jerry Lawrence saw that I wanted to be alone and that he wouldn't be invited to taste my bourbon, no matter how long he waited. He slipped quietly outside, and closed the door.

I stared over at the telephone again. Mary was waiting on the other end of the line. Mary was sitting there, with a smile in her voice, ready to tell me that I had done the right thing. All I had to do was to pick up that pipe and get a shot in the arm. Her voice was like warm water, or Moselle wine. It steadied my nerves. After talking to Mary, I would be able to go to sleep.

I looked at my watch. It was 10 P.M. Al Spade had gone on the job. He had been working more than two hours now, bent over his desk at Trans-World Press. He was ripping copy with his stylus, I knew that. Al liked it tight and terse.

I'll call Al first, I told myself, and then I'll call Mary. After all, Al was the guy that fired me. I'll ring him up and say, "Okay, are you satisfied, Al? I'm in another racket."

I wanted to irritate Al Spade; to laugh in his face. I half reached for the telephone, but I knew that I wouldn't do it. I didn't have the guts.

Al Spade was a queer little man, with straggly black hair, who hid the glare in his eyes behind huge horn-rimmed glasses. He was Trans-World's night news manager, and he was tough.

I had gone to see Al Spade the night after my trouble. I thought perhaps that I could straighten things out. I should have known better. I should have turned around and jumped in

(Continued on page 34)

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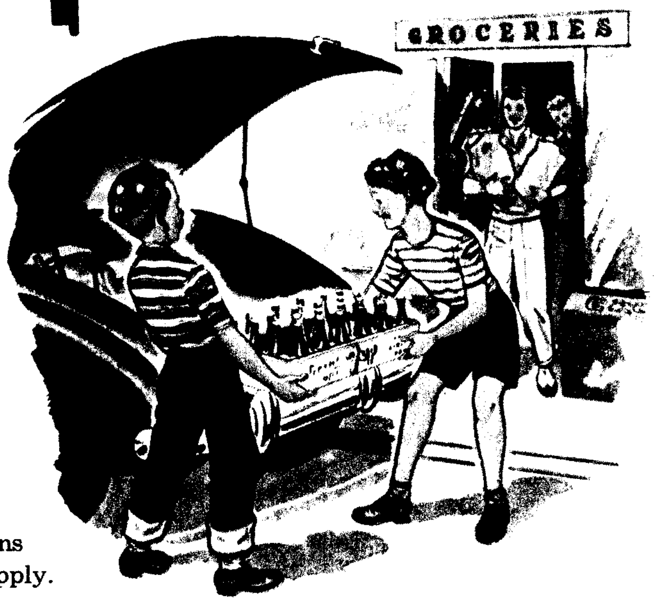
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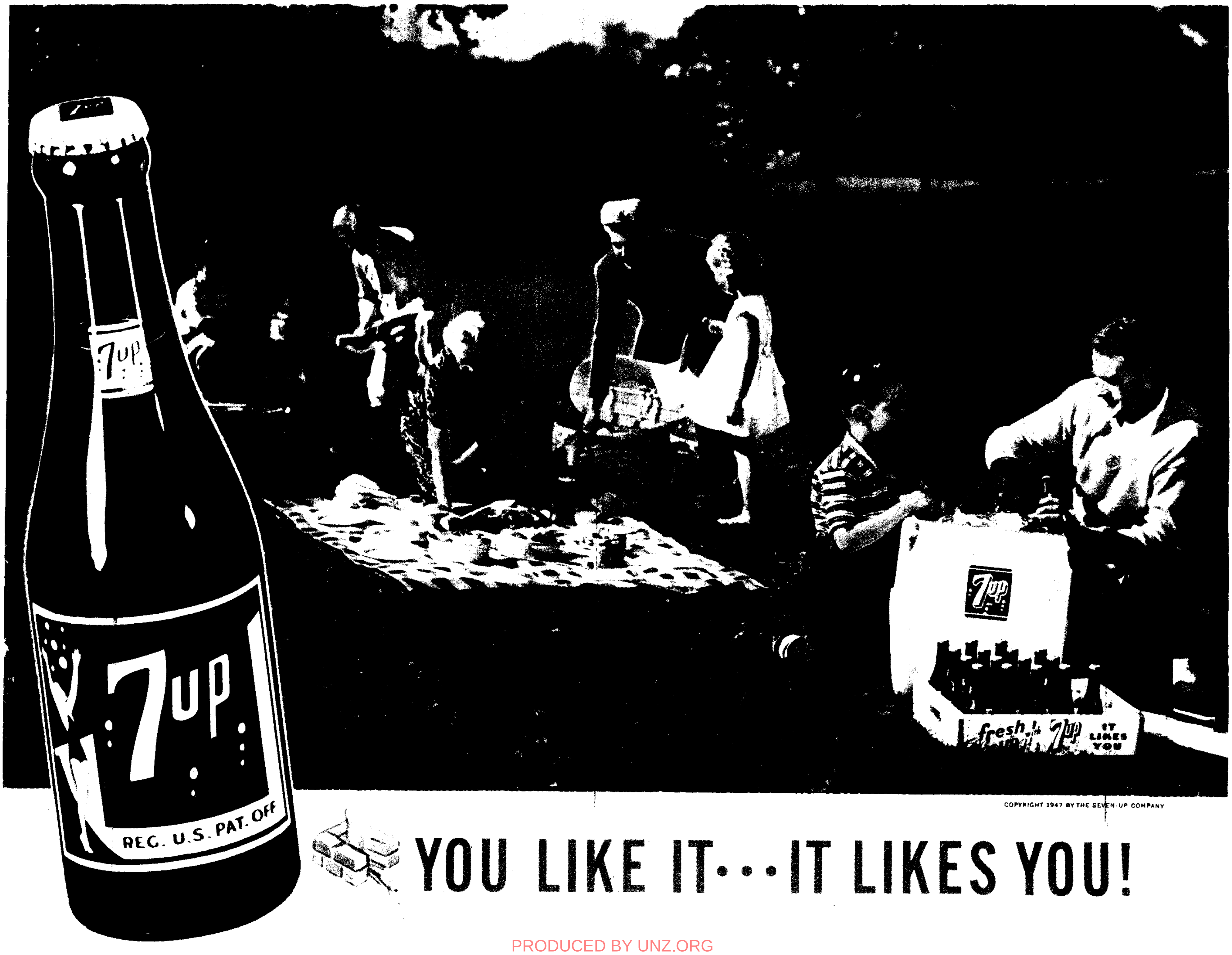
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PEACE AND QUIET

Continued from page 14

with Hulda. Seems like I remember once last summer when some city guy—"

"Listen!" Rogers said. "Are you in cahoots with the Svensons?"

"Me," the agent gasped. "Not me!"

"Didn't have time to close the deal!" Rogers said. "Didn't have time, my hind foot. You knew they wouldn't sell, so you left the dirty work to me."

"But—" the agent said.

"I just wanted to tell you I'm wise," Rogers said. "And what's more, I'll buy their land if it takes all summer. And if you open your big, fat trap to them or anybody else, I'll come to town and beat out your brains with a ball bat. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," the agent said meekly. "Maybe I didn't explain all the details."

"Goodby," Rogers said. "Go shoot yourself."

A CAR drove into the yard and large feet stomped on the grass—soul-shattering and immense in their weight. Rogers went to the porch and waited. A young towheaded giant was purposefully rounding the cabin. He possessed shoulders of unbelievable width perched on a barrel of a body, with legs like oak trees. Topping this display of the body beautiful was a round, moonlike face with a crooked nose, huge ears and blue eyes.

"Hello," the giant said. "I'm Lars Svenson. You the guy botherin' my sister?"

"I'm the guy," Rogers said.

This bland confession of guilt confused Lars Svenson. He said, "What's your name?"

"Joe Rogers. Speak your piece."

Lars noted that Rogers was only five and a half feet up but almost that wide, not in the Svenson class, but pretty well put together. Rogers' nose was crookeder than Lars'.

"Your nose," Lars said. "How'd you bust it?"

"Fight," Rogers said. "With fifteen big Swedes, all of them meaner and nastier than you, all of them former Minnesota tackles."

"Ya?" Lars said. "What happened?"

"I killed thirteen," Rogers said evenly. "Ate the last two."

"Aw," Lars grinned suddenly. "You're all right, Joe. Hulda said to whack you but I think better I apologize for her bothering you."

"Well," Rogers said. "Well! Lars, come in and have a drink."

Over two beers in the kitchen, Rogers said, "I was a little nasty myself, Lars. I'm sort of nervous and when she started shooting, I lost my temper. Then I found she had a temper of her own."

"Bad one," Lars said mildly. "Against eleven boys the only girl has to have a temper to get along. Joe, I think if you came over and apologized, she would apologize and we could be good neighbors."

"I'll do that," Rogers said. "Uh—your other brothers around here?"

"We work in this area," Lars said. "I run a resort on Gull Lake across the highway. Come over any time."

"I will," Rogers said. "I sure will."

"You bought a nice place," Lars said. "I hope you have a nice summer."

"I will," Rogers said. "But I like lots of room, Lars, and trees. Have you ever considered selling your place?"

"Yes," Lars said thoughtfully. "The only trouble is, all of us own it and have to agree before we can sell. That was in Dad's will."

"Oh," Rogers said. "Well, we can talk about it later on."

Lars finished his beer and said, "Got to go," and Rogers went outside and said, "I'm glad we didn't act like a couple of fools, Lars."

Lars grinned. "Hulda likes to dance, Joe."

"Thanks for the idea," Rogers said solemnly. "I'll look into it.". . .

When Lars drove away, Rogers made swift and cunning changes of plan, thought unhappily of Hulda Svenson, short and stocky in those dirty coveralls, and decided it was worth the time and trouble. He cut through the woods and knocked on the back door of the Svenson cabin. The door opened and Hulda looked at him and tried to frown, and Rogers grinned and then she had to grin.

"All right, Mr. Rogers. I apologize."

"It was my fault," Rogers said. "Let me apologize."

"Lars saw you, didn't he?"

"He sure did," Rogers said. "I was scared to death."

"He is big," Hulda said. "Come in, Mr. Rogers. We'd better start from scratch. My name is Hulda."

Rogers said, "Call me Joe."

Hulda brought beer and glasses and they sat in the kitchen and said, "Skoal!" and grinned at each other. Hulda wore the same coveralls and her feet were just as dirty.

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**

"No, no, Slug—allow me"

"Lars said you bought the Sorenson place," she said, "and you needed rest. I'm sorry about the shooting."

"You go ahead," Rogers said warmly. "I'll send for my guns and we can practice together."

"That would be nice," Hulda said warmly. "You'll be a good neighbor, after all."

"Uh," Rogers said. "Lars told me you enjoyed dancing."

"I do," Hulda said.

"Would you—?" Rogers began.

"I would," Hulda said.

One thing about Hulda, Rogers thought, she wasn't coy. She was studying him frankly and making up her mind; and he decided the scales were tipping his way. It was probably because he was a half pint like herself, lost in the midst of the towering Swedes.

"I like you, Joe." Hulda said. "I didn't think I would, but I do."

"I like you, too." Rogers smiled. "I know we'll get along fine."

What limits a man will drive himself to, he thought darkly, to buy a hunk of ground. Hulda was the most unappetizing female he'd seen in months. He hoped she would fix her hair and try to impersonate a woman when he took her out. Those coveralls could hide a multitude of faults in addition to the ones he could see.

"I'd better push off," Rogers said. "See you about eight tonight?"

"I'll be ready," Hulda said. "And I won't shoot this afternoon. You get some sleep.". . .

Rogers was pleasantly surprised that night, and the next five nights. Hulda in coveralls, with floppy hair and dirty feet, was one thing. Hulda dressed for dancing was another. Hulda had her hair combed and brushed in thick, shining waves around her face, which was clean and pink with natural color and only a suggestion of lipstick. And Hulda in a dress was different. The coveralls were traitors, Rogers thought, when he saw her that first night. Hulda was short, that was true, but she was slender and certainly not a keg or a splinter. And her legs were not oak trees like Lars', but rather on the order of saplings, and her feet were really small and neat in slippers.

Rogers said, "Well!"

"Let's go," Hulda said, taking his arm and going down the steps to his car. "I haven't been out for a week."

"What's the matter with the guys up here?" Rogers said. "Are they blind?"

Hulda smiled. "The coveralls fool a man, don't they?"

Rogers swallowed a grunt and nodded. "They sure do."

"Let's stop at the Rainbow first," Hulda said. "Then I'll show you around. We can drop by Lars' and meet some more of my brothers if you'd like."

"I would," Rogers said. "By all means."

Doing dirty work was so much nicer when a man had something presentable to dance with; and most of all, talk with through the long night hours. Hulda was a fine dancer and spoke authoritatively on an amazing variety of subjects. Rogers found himself enjoying the process more than was necessary, and by the fourth night was hating himself for his ulterior motives. But he didn't weaken. He would get that land and keep Hulda's friendship, he decided, if he was smart enough to pull the right strings.

By the fifth night Rogers was the possessor of pertinent information. Lars owned a big resort on Gull Lake and needed more help when the summer rush began, but the other brothers were extremely busy and Hulda seemed to think it her duty to act as watchdog in the family cabin. Lars wanted Hulda to help him at the resort and Rogers agreed silently that Hulda owed Lars a great debt and could repay it in no other way. With these facts in hand, Rogers played spider and spun his web with care.

On the sixth night Rogers attended a family party at Lars' and after several cases of beer Rogers got Lars alone for the beginning of his spadework. Rogers said, "Hulda's a nice girl, Lars. I like her a lot."

Lars grinned happily. "Hulda likes you, Joe. You make a nice couple."

Rogers changed the subject abruptly, with finesse. "I hate to see Hulda all by herself in that cabin. You sort of want her over here, don't you?"

Lars nodded. "The guests will start comin' next week, Joe. I could use Hulda." Lars sighed and drank beer.

"Well, shucks," Rogers said kindly, "I've got plenty of money, Lars. What if I bought the cabin for a fair price? Then Hulda would more or less have to come over and help you, wouldn't she?"

"Ya," Lars said, brightening. "By golly, she would, Joe." Lars frowned. "But maybe she wouldn't agree."

"Eleven of you," Rogers said slyly. "One of her. Can't you influence her?"

"That's right," Lars said. "By golly, Joe. Would you do that?"

"Name your price," Rogers said. "I can always rent your cabin, to the right people."

"Shucks," Lars said, equally cunning. "You name a price."

Rogers reflected on prices of the other properties around the lake. "Well, according to my cabin, I'd say ten thousand, Lars. Is that fair?"

"Fair?" Lars said. "That's more than fair, Joe. Do you mean it?"

"I sure do," Rogers said. "Get her to agree and I'll make out the check. Anything to help a friend, Lars."

ROGERS walked to the back door with Hulda and looked at his watch in the moonlight. "Three," Rogers said. "Time flies with you, Hulda."

"It does," Hulda agreed. "We had fun tonight, Joe."

Rogers felt strange qualms in his chest. Hulda looked beautiful in the moonlight. He said, "Tomorrow night?"

Hulda nodded dreamily. "I thought you wanted peace and quiet, Joe. Maybe you'd better rest one night."

He was suddenly aware of the fact that he had not kissed Hulda, and this was the sixth night. Rogers said, "Well, if you don't want to—"

"I didn't say that." Hulda smiled. "I was thinking about your peace and quiet."

Rogers had her hand, how he didn't know, and then he was kissing her enthusiastically and Hulda was responding in kind; and after a definite movement of the moon across the sky, Rogers stepped back and said, "Gosh! Well, good night, Hulda."

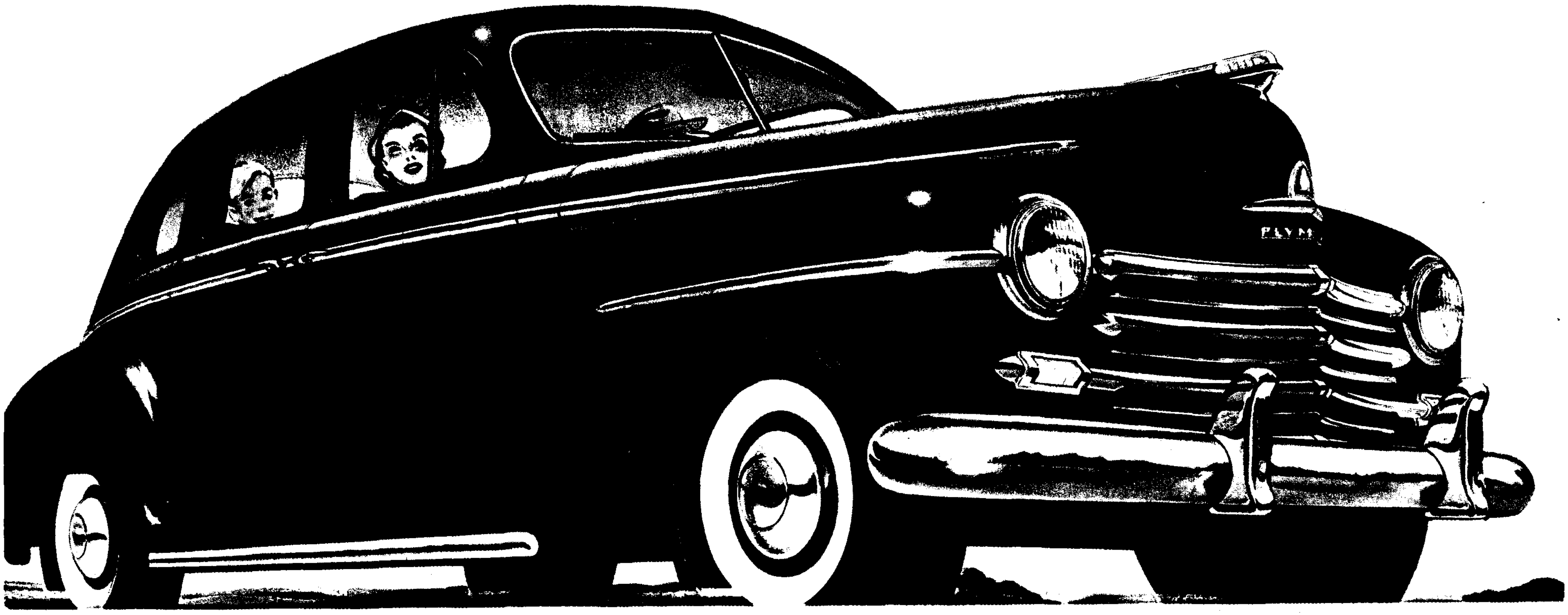
Hulda murmured, "Good night, Joe."

Rogers hit all the trees walking home. Dancing with Hulda and talking with Hulda were definite things. Kissing Hulda was something else, like running into a forest fire and a skyful of moons. Once more, Rogers thought, and he'd refuse to buy the cabin unless they included Hulda in the sale.

"No. Absolutely not," he said to himself. And then the humor of the situation hit him, and he sat in his kitchen and

IF IT'S VALUE YOU WANT

ymouth you want



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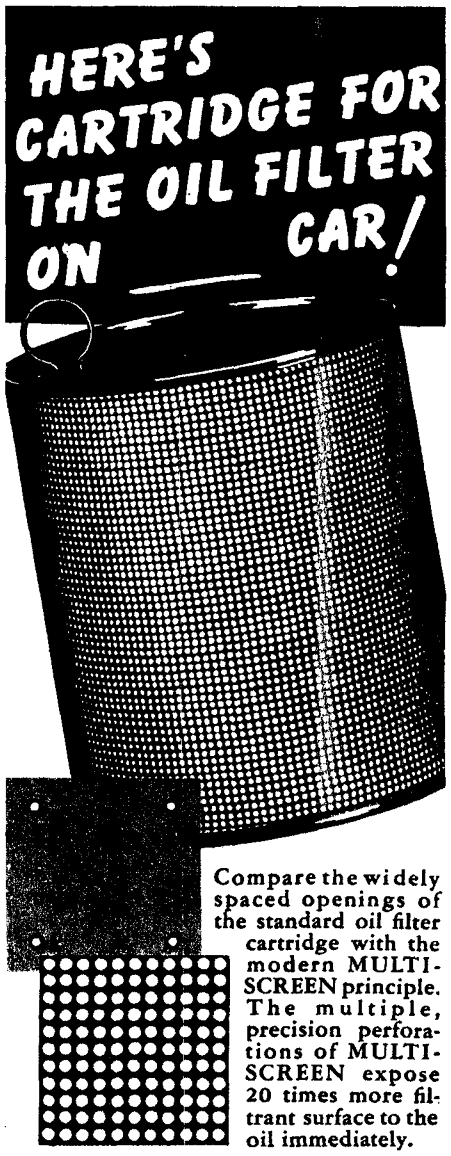
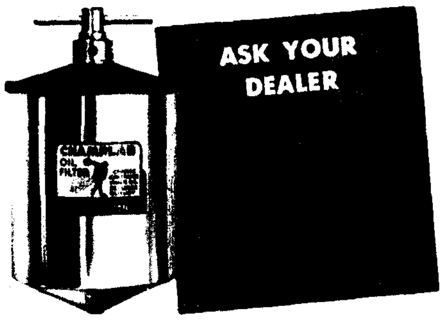

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chuckled. The trapper had fallen into his own trap. He wondered if he ought to tell Hulda a few things the next day. And then he thought, better wait. She might think, when she learns everything first, that I was kidding her just to buy the property. And besides, think of those brothers. . . .

Rogers was awakened much too early and far too abruptly by shots that seemed to come from his front door. He leaped from bed, stumbled over the nearest chair and cussed groggily, threw on his bathrobe and paddled unsteadily through the cabin and opened the door.

"What the—?" Rogers roared. "Why, Hulda. *Now, Hulda!*"

HULDA was standing spraddle-legged on his veranda with the long-barreled .22 revolver waving carelessly before her stomach. Hulda had no moonlight in her eyes, no softness in her mouth. She wore her dirty coveralls, her hair was floppy, and she was mad.

"You!" Hulda said. "You rat!"

"Hulda," Rogers said. "What's the matter?"

"What's the matter?" Hulda said. "You ask me what's the matter, you—making me fall—" Hulda sniffed and stiffened her voice: "Listen, Joe Rogers, a certain real-estate agent from Brainerd came by Lars' place after we left last night. He was a little tight. Lars mentioned something about selling you our cabin because"—Hulda laughed scornfully—"you wanted to help us out. The real-estate agent was a little mixed up, I guess, because he told us all about you, Joe Rogers."

"Hulda," Rogers said feebly, "don't jump to conclusions. Don't—"

"Why, you—" Hulda said. "I actually believe you would have married me to get our land."

"Why not?" Rogers said. "I was going to—"

"You would!" Hulda cried. "And all the time I thought you cared a *little* bit—and all you wanted was my cabin."

"Let me straighten this out," Rogers said desperately. "You've got it wrong, Hulda."

"No, I haven't," Hulda said thickly. "And let me tell you this, Joe Rogers. Don't ever come on my land again, and I wouldn't sell you a square foot of it for a million dollars if I was starving."

Hulda was close to tears. She stamped one foot on the porch and shot five times into the air. Rogers leaped two feet and came down digging for cover. "I hate you," said Hulda as she ran through the woods toward her cabin.

Rogers was awake now, wide awake. He was also mad. He went to the phone and called Brainerd, and when the real-estate agent's secretary said, "Hello," Rogers snarled, "Where's your boss?"

The secretary said nervously, "He—he had to go to Minneapolis on business this morning."

"He did, huh?" Rogers said. "All right, baby. When he gets back, tell him he could go to Australia and I'd still find him. Get your pencil ready. I want you to send some stuff out here. And I don't mean this afternoon, or tomorrow. I *mean this morning.* You ready?"

"Yes, sir," the secretary said.

Rogers muttered, "Turn me down, will she? One way to answer that. Only way. Fight fire with fire."

"I beg your pardon, sir," the secretary said timidly. "Five bundles of fire?"

"No!" Rogers roared, and started dictating. . . .

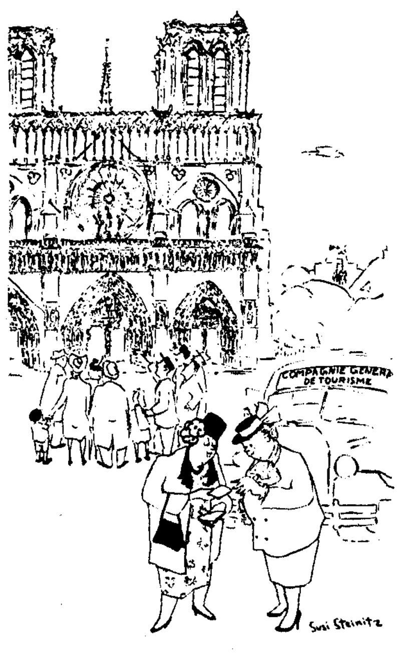
Rogers counted six carpenters and two big trucks filled with creosoted posts, the twenty-foot kind, spool after spool of barbed wire, kegs of staples, posthole diggers, and sacks of cement and plenty of sand and gravel. The carpenters placed a *dozen smoke pots on the porch, and the* foreman handed Rogers a shiny new shotgun and said, "Here's your gun, mister. Jim is bringing the shells."

"Fine," Rogers said. "Fine. Now, boys, I've got a little job. Where's that surveyor? You the one? Okay, now look, this is what I want you to do—"

At five that afternoon Rogers walked quietly through the trees and looked at a newly added piece of scenery. "Very nice," Rogers said. "Very, very nice."

The scenery was a fifteen-foot barbed-wire fence which not only ran from the water's edge to the road along the Svensons' line, but invisible to Rogers from where he stood, ran also on the south side of their property from the lake to the road. The Svenson land was cut off from the remainder of the lake with effective completeness.

Rogers tested the wind with his forefinger, estimated location and velocity, and placing a smoke pot on the ground, canted it toward the Svensons; then he pulled the tape and watched with great satisfaction as yellowish-white smoke poured from the pot and began creeping to the south. The smoke cloud spread and hung low, passed the fence and crawled sinuously toward the Svenson cabin. The cabin disappeared and Rogers heard a shriek of surprise, followed by loud cries of anger, followed by a carload of husky coughs. Smoke-pot smoke was nasty smelling and eye-irritating and made everybody want to get about fifty miles away from any breath of it.



"And this is our summer cottage in Bayside"

COLLIER'S SUSI STEINITZ

"Won't sell," Rogers said smugly. "We'll see."

Rogers returned to his cabin and waited half an hour. Then he carried another smoke pot close to the fence and got it fuming nicely. The sun was low and Rogers rummaged around his cabin and found the sawed-off thick end of an old pool cue which he hefted thoughtfully. He went to the front porch and waited He didn't wait too long; the steps pattered down his driveway and rounded the corner.

She was coughing and her face was dirty, and her breath, plus the remnants of smoke, was coming in large, greedy gulps. She planted her hands on her hips and glared at Rogers.

"Hello," Rogers said politely. "Doing road work?"

"You skunk!" she said thickly. "That smoke! What's the idea? Stop it right now. Who do you think you are? I'll—"

"Hulda," Rogers said. "Whose land are you on?"

That stopped her for a moment, but only a moment. She said, "And that fence. I can't walk along the lakeshore any more. And building another fence on our south line on the Bemis place. Wait till I tell them. You think you're smart—"

"Tut, tut," Rogers said mildly. "Peace and quiet, Hulda. Remember. Go home and shoot your revolver at your jackass. Let me play my little games."

"Listen, Rogers," Hulda said menacingly. "For the last time, if you think you can come up here and tell us what to do, and start this sort of thing, I'll get my brothers—"

"Better get 'em all," Rogers said helpfully. "Lars was here. Got eleven, haven't you?"

"I'll get 'em all," she said. "And you better have those fences down and stop this smoke in about twenty minutes—"

"Or you'll do what?" Rogers roared.

"I'll—" Hulda said. "I'll—"

"Exactly," Rogers said loudly. "You'll do nothing and like it, baby. Mess with my fence and I'll have you in jail. As for the smoke, I'll play with smoke all I please. Show me a law says I can't. I'm a retarded pyromaniac, didn't you know that? Hit the road," Rogers said firmly. "Remember you started this, Hulda."

"And I'll finish it," Hulda said. "Just wait."

Rogers gave Hulda enough time to go home Then he checked his new shotgun, opened a box of shells, got another smoke pot, and went outside. Dusk was falling. He started the smoke pot and stood behind a large pine tree. He fired the shotgun at thirty-second intervals, straight into the air. He rested on the porch until eight o'clock and then fired another twenty-five shots and set off a fresh smoke pot.

LIGHTS gleamed in the Svenson cabin. Cars filled the yard. Deep voices bellowed, surmounted by a higher, louder voice from which word fragments drifted to Rogers' ear. The gist of the higher voice's plea seemed to be: "Cut him up and throw him to the dogs!" Rogers found himself rather admiring her tenacity and spirit. At midnight he fired another twenty-five shots and retired to rest before making a fresh sortie. At one a knock sounded. Rogers flipped on the yard light, loaded the shotgun to the limit, and opened the door.

They were grouped around the steps in a chummy semicircle, eleven of them. All of them were bigger than elephants and all of them were scowling. Rogers hefted the shotgun and said, "Well?"

Lars said, "Now look here, Joe. We—"

Rogers told a small lie. He said, "I just called the sheriff. A man's house is his castle. *Something you want to tell me?*"

"Hulda told us to tell you," Lars said, and then bogged down. "Well, she said—"

"Lars," Rogers said kindly, "maybe we can strike an agreement. Hulda and I are not compatible, I fear. We'll never be compatible. There is only one remedy. Sell me your cabin for a fair price. Then you can take Hulda into the deep woods and buy her another cabin and let her shoot herself into old age."

"Nope," Lars said sadly. "Hulda won't sell."

"Very well, boys," Rogers said grandly. "Back to your battle stations. The war goes on until Hulda comes to me and apologizes."

"Now you look here—" Lars said.

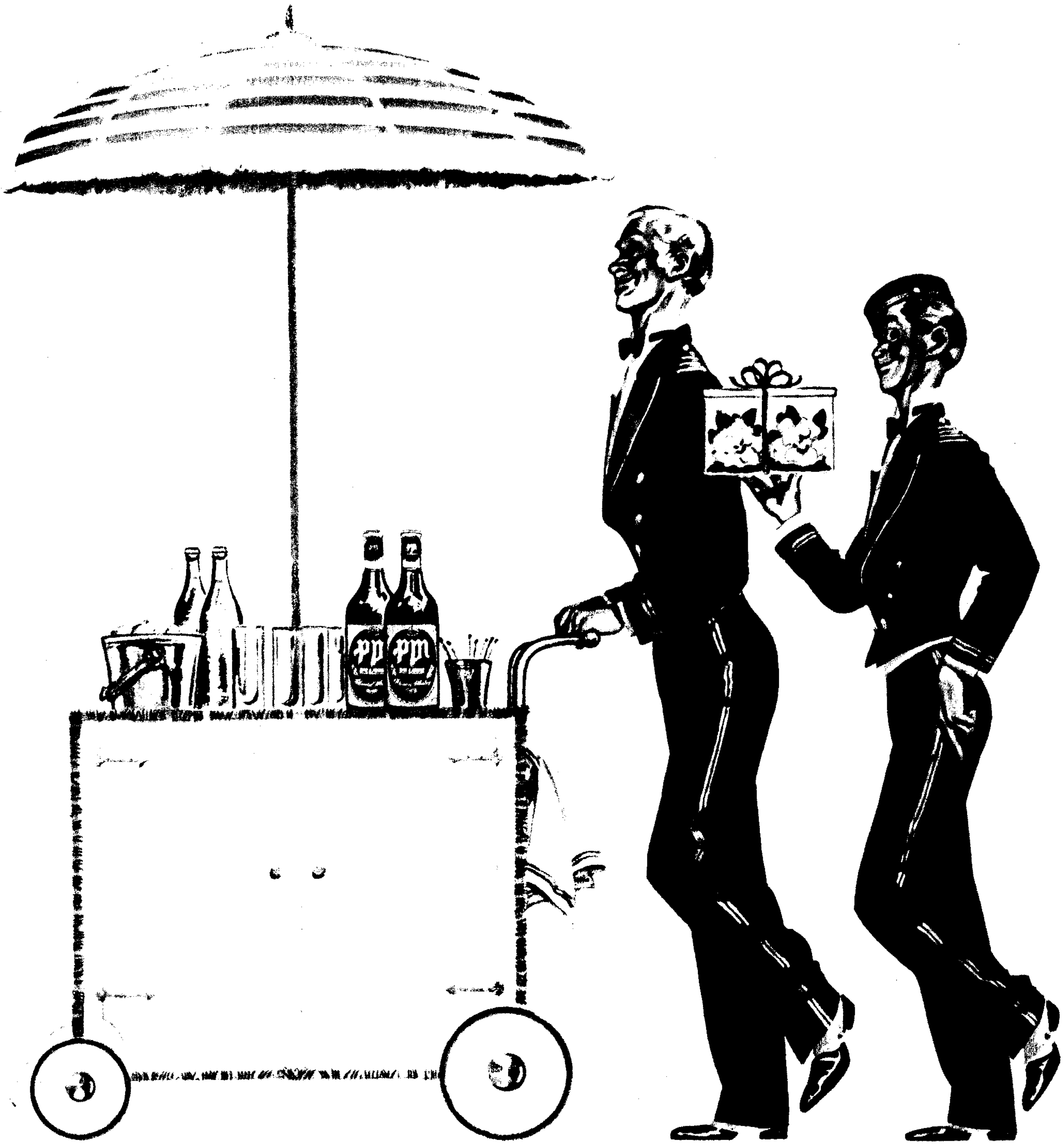
"Goodby," Rogers said tactfully.

Lars looked at his brothers. Their fists balled up, then opened. Law and order won the night. Lars said, "Go on, you guys."

They crashed away up the drive and Rogers said, "Lars, wait a minute. You got me wrong."

Lars hesitated.

"Look," Rogers said wearily. "I guess I'm kinda stupid, Lars. I want all the land around the lake, and when I started dating Hulda, I was a rat. I was trying to engineer the deal. But something went wrong, Lars. I fell in love with Hulda,



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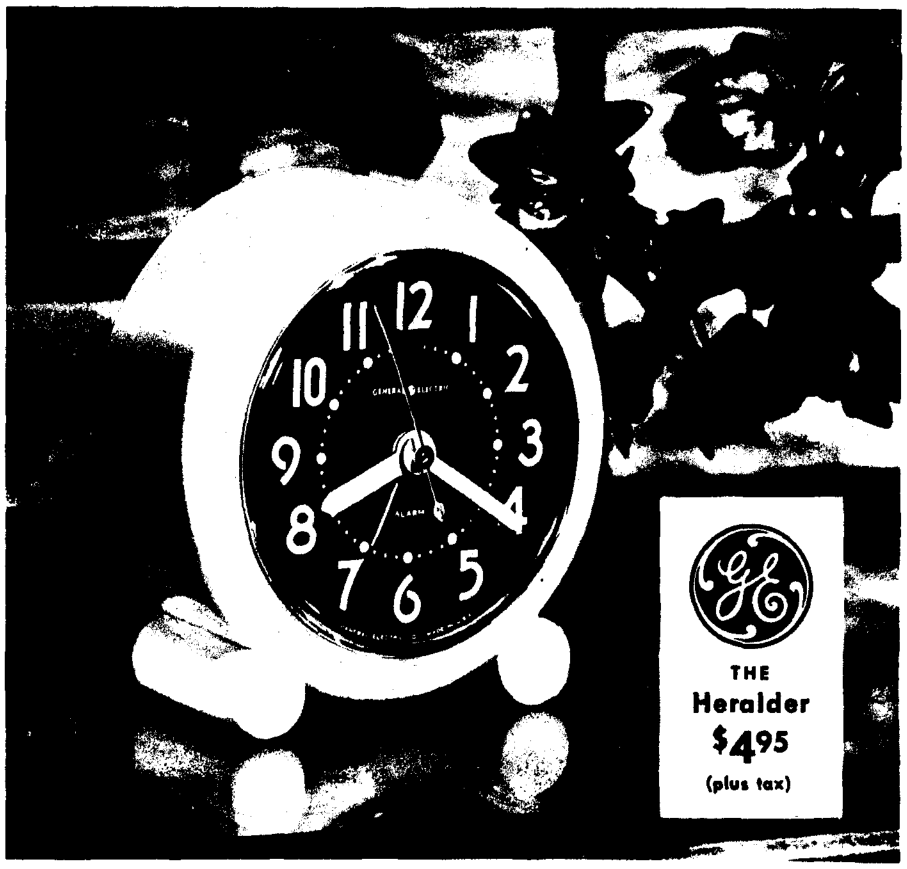

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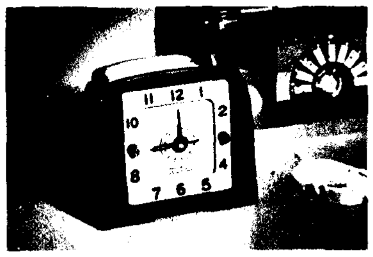

The "Tune-Alarm!" Now, thanks to General Electric, you can awake to sweet strains of music! (It also has an alarm.)

Simply plug your radio into the back of "Tune-Alarm," set radio dial to desired station and turn clock button to "automatic." The new "Tune-Alarm" banishes those early morning blues . . . replaces them with cheery radio music. $7.95, plus tax. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

and then I was afraid if I told her and we made plans, and then she found out, she'd think I was doing it just to get the land. You see?"

"Honest?" Lars said.

"Honest," Rogers said humbly.

Lars was silent, and then he said, "We should kinda watch our tempers, Joe. We're both a couple of dopes. But what can you do now?"

"I'd like to tell Hulda," Rogers said. "You don't have to sell me the land, Lars. Just go over and hide her gun, so I can tell her without getting shot."

Lars said, "All right, Joe. But I don't think it'll do much good."

"Thanks, Lars," Rogers said.

"You got any ideas?" Lars said. "Anything nice and soothing to tell her?"

"Well," Rogers said, "maybe I can drum up something. Thanks for the tip, Lars. Now get over and hide that gat. I'll give you ten minutes."

ROGERS hesitated at the corner of the Svensons' front porch for a cautious peek, and drew back in alarm. Hulda was perched on the top step, armed with a five-foot club. She was snuffling to her self, "Hide my gun, will they? I'll get him with my bare hands—if it takes all summer."

Rogers swallowed hard. "Hulda?"

Hulda bounded from the porch and came running, flailing the tree limb like a hatpin, taking a wild swipe at Rogers' head. Rogers ducked and made the best tackle of his career, catching Hulda at the ankles and upending her, then twisting around and grabbing the club and throwing it far away as Hulda crashed on top of him with shrieks and a great deal of sudden fingernail work on his neck. Rogers got a hammer lock and turned her until she lay immobile.

"Hulda," Rogers said, "I want to tell you something."

Hulda stopped screaming and went limp. Rogers was not taken in by this. He said, "I know that one, Hulda. I'm holding you just as tight."

"Go away," Hulda said. "I hate you."

"I only wanted your cabin and land," Rogers said, "so I could own all the land around this lake. I own every inch now but your property."

Hulda said, "You can't hold me all night, you—you monopolist."

"I want to build a super resort," Rogers said. "On the north end. I'm going to build camps for underprivileged boys and girls on the south end. I've got too much money, Hulda, and no way to spend it. I didn't mean to lie to you. I was going to tell you."

"Bah," Hulda said. "Bah!"

Recognized movements of advance were useless. Rogers had a happy thought. He held Hulda tighter and said timidly, "Mother."

Hulda started telling Rogers about the origin of his species.

Rogers sighed and said, "Memory."

Hulda gasped, "It's fine, you bow-legged—"

"Cellophane," Rogers said quickly. "Bellboy, melancholy, belladonna."

"Are you nuts?" Hulda said, relaxing a little.

"Ah," Rogers said. "Flamingo, wilderness."

"You *are* nuts," Hulda said.

"Tambourine," Rogers said soothingly. "Lavender."

Hulda relaxed in his arms and shook her head. She said, "Are you learning the language in terms of one word per thought?"

"You cooled off a little?" Rogers asked.

"In the face of such impassioned speechmaking," Hulda said dryly, "and a damned good hammer lock, can I do otherwise?"

"They do work, don't they?"

"What works?"

"Those ten words I just spoke to you," Rogers said happily. "They're supposed to be the most beautiful-sounding words in the English language—I read 'em someplace—and when you read or hear them, you're supposed to feel better and act like a lamb instead of a mad Swede. Do you feel like listening to reason?"

"I'll be a—" Hulda said. "You've thrown everything at me but the Rushmore Memorial. I can't stay mad. I wonder why. What was that one—lav—something. I liked that."

"Oh," Rogers said, leaping into the breech. "That was the word love."

"Love," Hulda said. "How did you say it?"

"If you'll get up and come inside," Rogers said, "and pour a beer, I'll tell you how I meant it."

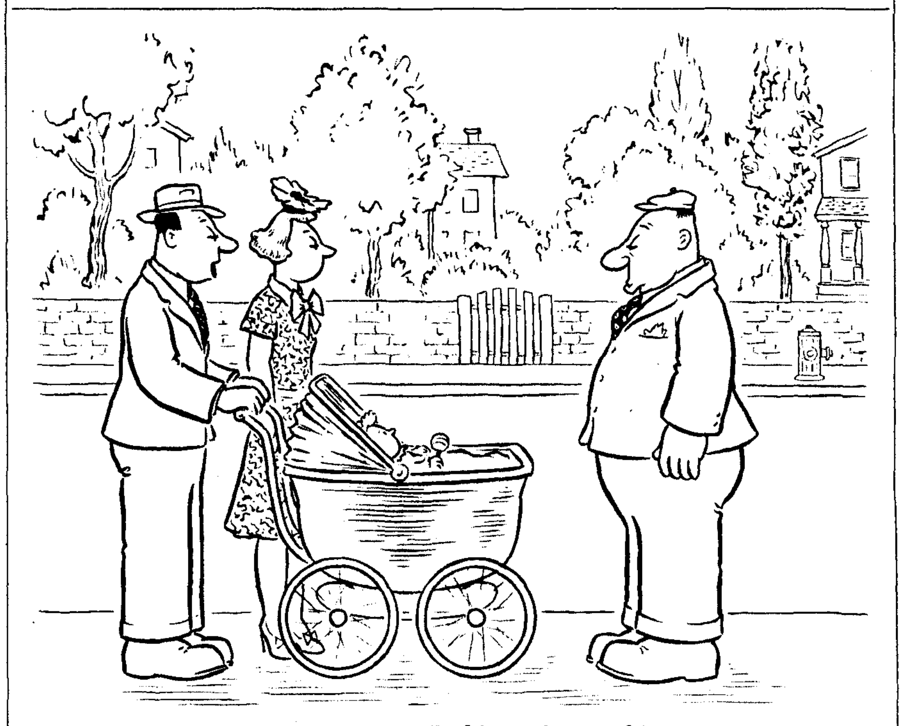
Hulda said, "Did you really mean it, about those camps for kids and everything?"

Rogers said, "Of course, I did. Hulda, sometimes you are stupid. This is no position, or place, to tell you I love you. Let's go inside, please."

Hulda smiled, a small and warm movement of her mouth. She said, "Never mind the beer."

THE END

ALFRED **by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Well, I'm sure you will think of something very nice to say, Alfred, and you can tell us next time"

"Nice idea!"
Pabst Blue Ribbon
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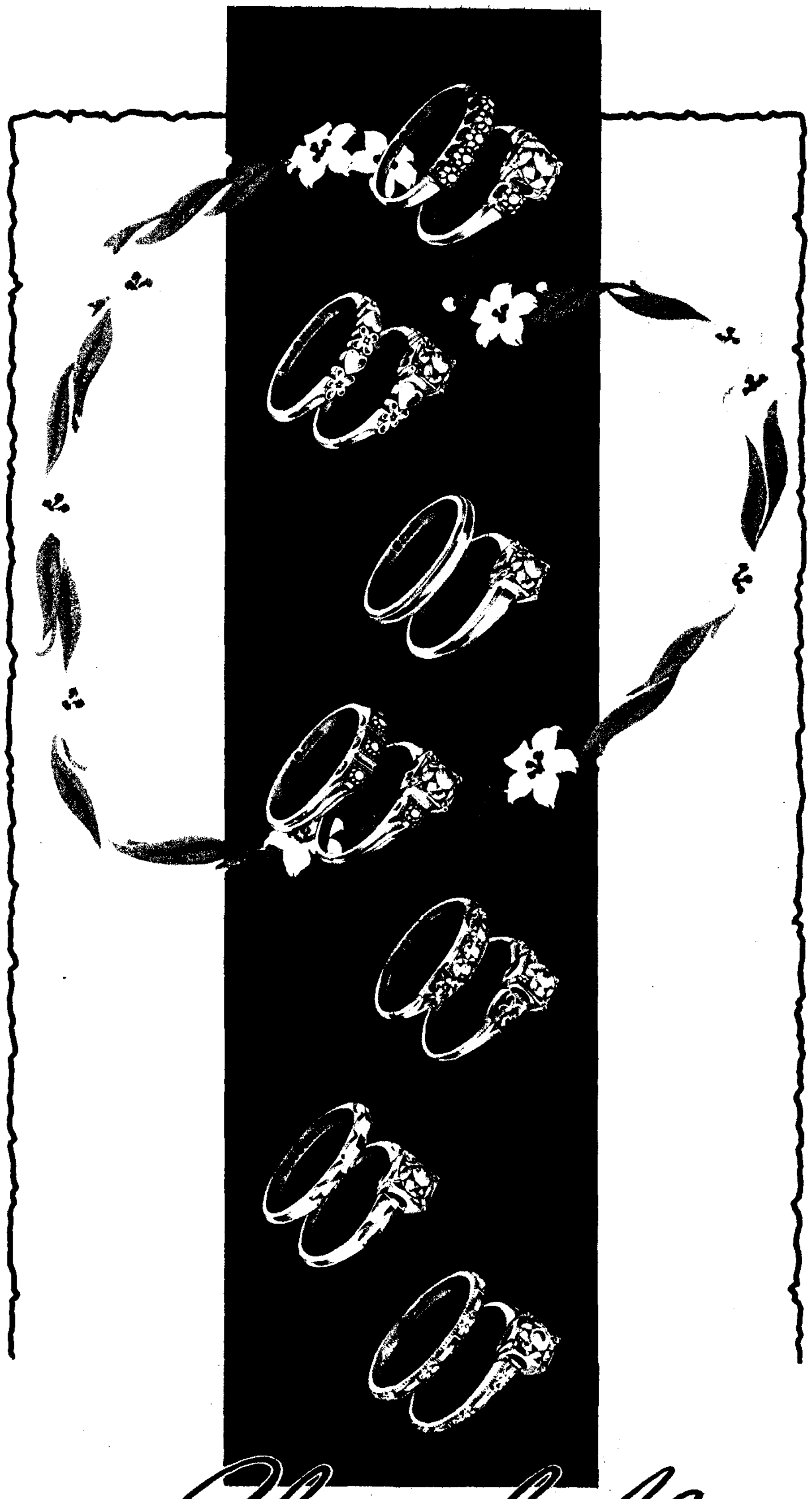

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SIGNED BY JOE CRADLE

Continued from page 26

front of a taxi, or walked across to Holland's Bar for a quick one.

I'll go up and explain it to Al, I said. That's all I need to do. What else? I'm a man, and he's a man. He won't club me. I'll just walk in and say, "All right, Al, I missed the boat last night. I was drunk. I'm sorry."

It was a foolish thing, a hopeless plan, but I did it.

I had walked into the high white building, with its smooth floors and bronze-plated walls. The elevator man stared at me. It was almost midnight and the corridors were deserted.

"Do you work here?" he asked.

"I did," I told him, my heart was doing push-ups. "It's all right. I'm going to see a friend."

That was a lie; a laugh. Al Spade was no friend of mine. I was a nobody to Al. I didn't matter. I was less than an apple core shoved under a rug.

The elevator man punched the correct button, but he scowled.

"We ain't supposed to do it," he said. "The sign says if you come up nights, you gotta work here."

"They know me upstairs," I said. "You've got nothing to worry about."

IT WAS true. I had worked for Trans-World Press just the day before. I was one of their newsmen for almost ten years. Not in this great building. Not with a desk man's stylus in my hand, or seated close to the constant noise of the teleprinters. I had covered City Hall, and sometimes the police run.

I had walked inside only on Fridays, to pick up my check, but I was part of Trans-World just the same. You remember the Higgins snatch job? Well, I got a seven-minute beat on that. If anyone but Al Spade had been on the desk, I would have been signed to the story. Al gave it to his rewrite man. To Spade, all leg men were dirt. They were just nothing.

I stepped off the elevator and looked through the open doors into the big newsroom. It was almost empty. One rewrite man sat lazily scanning the early edition of a morning tabloid. A teleprinter operator slumped against his idle machine, his head pillowed on his arms, snoring.

Al Spade was seated in the slot, editing a book of copy. He never looked up, but he knew I was coming. Don't ask me how. Maybe he's equipped with personal radar, like a bat.

I didn't get to say, "Hello, Al." My mouth was open, the words were formed, but he beat me to it.

"What d'you want me to tell you, Joe?"

"Nothing," I said, sitting against the edge of his desk. "Nothing that you don't want to tell me."

The rewrite man put aside his tabloid and stared at me. The teleprinter operator quit snoring, but kept his head on his arms. The newsroom was almost silent. I had never known it to be so quiet.

Al Spade frowned and rocked back in his chair.

"You do," he said. "You damned well do. You want me to tell you that you're sick, Joe. That you need a rest. That's what you want. That's why you came up here. Well, I won't do it."

"I'm not sick," I answered. "I've never claimed it."

"And you weren't sick last night," Al said. "You were drunk, Joe. You were in somebody's bar, under the table."

"I was," I admitted. "I don't know why. It's the first time it ever happened, Al. The cork just flew up and hit me."

"It hit us, too," Al Spade said glumly. "It bounced so hard that we were unconscious for about thirty minutes. The mayor was shot, wounded in the shoulder. So what? So I didn't know anything about it until I read the newspapers. It was on the wires, of course. The UP and the AP—someone else's wires. Trans-World didn't know anything about it."

"It was bad," I told him. "I'm not claiming that it wasn't bad, Al."

Al Spade slapped the desk with the side of his hand. "It was worse than that," he said. "As far as you're concerned, Joe, it was fatal."

The rewrite man had pretended to return to his newspaper. An office boy had nervously fumbled a wastebasket. They were both embarrassed, but I wasn't. I had expected this.

Then Al Spade got dirty. He started tossing them in, low and hard. He was out to hurt me. "I'm not sore at you, Joe," he said.

"No? And why not?"

Then Al let go. He had been waiting for this, I guess. He had been sitting there, with his eyes on the floor. Al had it all stowed away, hoarded inside him.

"I'll tell you why," he said. "I'll tell you for your own good, Joe. You're just not a press-association man. I've always known it. I've tried to tell the others, but they're hardheaded. That's why I've never signed you to a story. It's not your fault, Joe. You just haven't got it."

"I've been at it for ten years," I told him. "That's a long time."

"It's too long," Al answered. "This is for your good, Joe, like I said before. You ought to be happy that it turned out this way. Get yourself another job. Stay out of this business."

"You're telling me all this just to make me happy?" I asked. "Is that the idea, Al? You want me to smile?"

"I want you to use your head," Al Spade said. "You're smart enough, Joe. I know that. You just got caught in the wrong snowball. Get another job. Try something else."

I WANTED to hit him. I would have done it too, I would have reached over and clipped him, but then I remembered that he had ulcers. You can't slug a man with ulcers. I turned and walked away.

"How was your friend?" asked the elevator man.

"Lovely," I said. "I'm coming back tomorrow and push splinters under his nails."

I was headed for Holland's Bar, but Mary was waiting outside to intercept me.

"What's the matter, Joe? There're other jobs in the world," she said.

I guess women never understand how a man feels about a job after ten years. It's like a leg, or an arm, or the skin on your back. It isn't easy to let it go.

"I'm washed up," I told her. "I'm up to my ears, baby. Down the drain."

"That's not the way it looks from here," she said. "From here, you still look just like the man that I'm going to marry."

Mary reached up and kissed me then. We were standing in the middle of the sidewalk, outside the Trans-World Building, with people pushing past on either side. It was dark, but I should have been embarrassed. I should have turned all red, or ducked behind my topcoat collar, but I didn't. I wanted to try it again.

"Not now," Mary said, and she stepped away. "We've got to find you another job."

Then the next day we heard about this refrigerator man. Mary is secretary to a lumber company executive and he told her about it. She bought me a new tie, and took my old hat to the cleaner's. That's the kind of a girl my Mary is. I went over to see the refrigerator man. I liked him, and he liked me—I got the job.

"Call me as soon as you know," Mary

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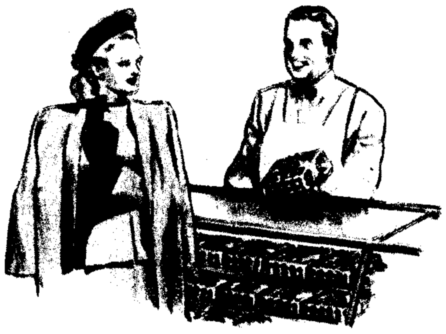

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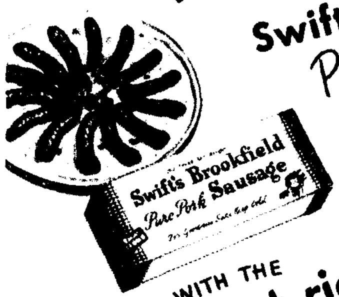
Swift's Brookfield Pure Pork Sausage

Noted for its tasty lean links and wholesome freshness. Perfect for breakfast. Ideal for a main meal dish in a jiffy!

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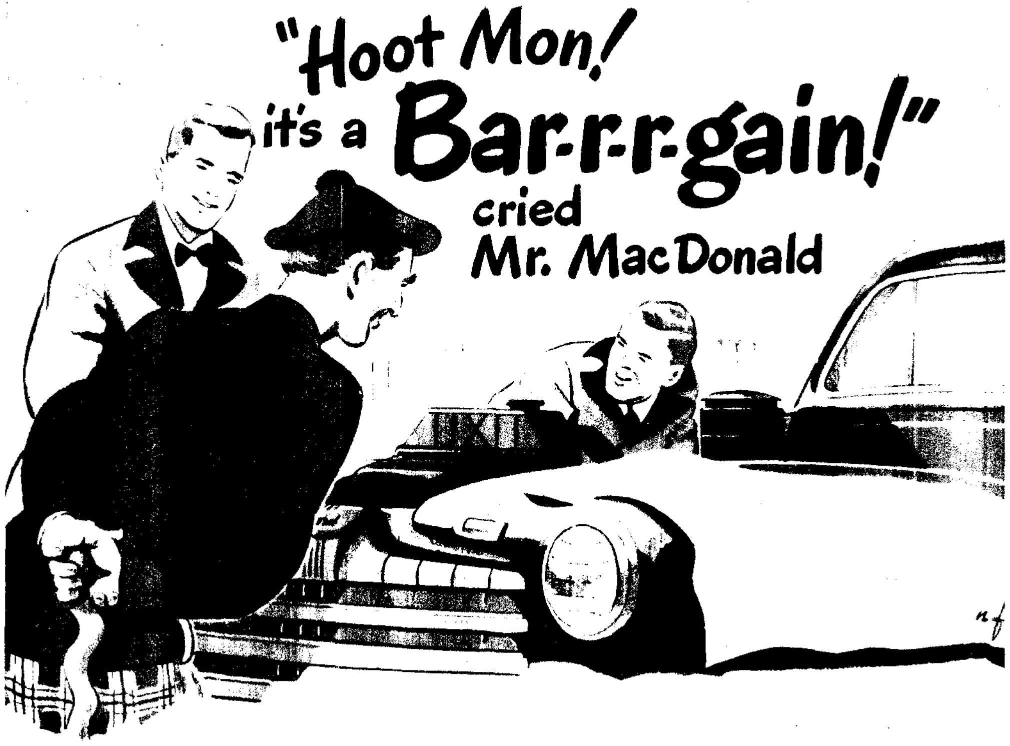
There's taste delight in every succulent bite of these plump, juicy frankfurts. And to bring them to you at peak flavor and make identification easy—they're now packed in cellophane—sealed and branded with the name Swift's Premium. Highlight your dinner menu with these luscious links tonight! They're so easy to prepare, you can serve 'em at a moment's notice. Get Swift's Premium Franks *protected* in the *new* flavor-saver cellophane package!

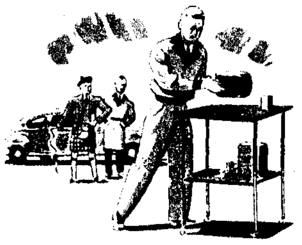

"Hoot Mon! it's a Bar-r-r-gain!" cried Mr. MacDonald

FORD-TRAINED MECHANICS...

"M'For-r-rd's engine needs toonin', Laddie," Mr. MacDonald told the Ford Man, "but the job must be worth m'while!"

"Then you've come to the right place!" said the Ford Man. "We have Ford-Trained Mechanics who know your Ford like a book. The job'll be done *right*—so you should have no additional expenses later on!"

FACTORY-APPROVED METHODS...



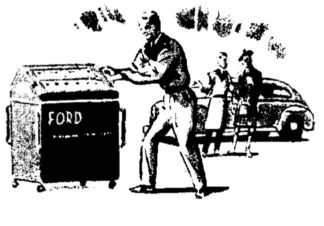
"But the job must be done fast," said Mr. MacDonald. "Labor's dear these days, y'know!"

"You'll get speed, too!" promised the Ford Man. "Factory-Approved Methods take care of that! Our men know the best and fastest ways to go about the job. Now, that's a real saving, isn't it, sir? Time means money, y'know!"

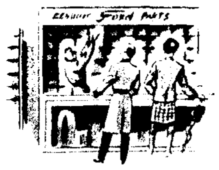
SPECIAL FORD EQUIPMENT...

"Aye, you're makin' sense!" replied the Scotsman. "But how can ye be cer-r-rtain the work will hold up?"

"Ah! Step right this way, sir," said the Ford Man. "Here's some of our Special Ford Equipment—designed especially for Fords. We use it to check that the work is done completely, and right! In the long run that saves you money!"



GENUINE FORD PARTS...



"Now, before I buy, I'll have ye know I want the best parts put in m'Bonny Ford!" warned Mr. MacDonald.

"Oh, come now!" laughed the Ford Man. "Certainly you've heard of Genuine Ford Parts! They're what *we* use. They save you money three ways: They're *made right* . . . *fit* right . . . and last *longer*. That's money in your pocket for a long time to come! Do we get the job now?"

"Hoot, Mon!" cried Mr. MacDonald. "It's a bar-r-rgain! I'm ready to agree wi 'ye . . ."

Moral
There's no place like HOME for Ford Service
your Ford dealer knows your Ford best!

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

had said. "No matter how late it is, Joe, be sure to call."

I looked at the telephone and then back at the ceiling. I didn't call her, but I didn't call Al Spade either.

I wanted more time; I had things to think over.

The telephone rang, but I didn't pick it up. I jumped away, as if it had fingers and could touch me. It was Mary. I knew it was Mary, but I couldn't talk to her. I didn't want to talk to anyone. I would wait until morning.

I walked into the bathroom and closed the door. The telephone kept ringing, as if determined to bring me back, but I refused to go. I would talk to Mary tomorrow. I pulled off my clothes and twisted the hot-water tap of the shower.

I stood beneath the needle spray, and the heat felt good. It almost relaxed me. After a few minutes, the telephone stopped ringing. Mary had given up.

I returned to bed then. I slipped into a pair of pajamas and crawled beneath the covers. Normally, I'm an uneasy sleeper. I lie in bed with one eye open. But that night I felt as if my head were tied to the pillow. I fell asleep as if I had been drugged.

EVEN now I don't know what it was awakened me. It wasn't a scream, I'm certain of that. It wasn't any noise at all. It was just a feeling. I opened my eyes and stared around. Something was wrong. I knew it.

I climbed out of bed and switched on the light. Then I smelled smoke, and sensed the heat. I heard a woman suddenly sobbing.

"She went to sleep with a cigarette," I *told myself.*

It was nothing too serious. Nothing to get all worked up about.

Then someone in the corridor, almost outside my door, screamed: "Fire! The whole hotel is afire."

It was a soprano voice, thin and frantic.

The voice was wrong. It had to be. This was the Grafton. A modern hotel in a modern city. It was fireproof. There was a sign, with neon letters at least ten feet high, that said so. I knew, because I used to read it when I was walking home from work. On a clear night, it was legible from five blocks away. The sign said: ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF.

I ran to the door and pressed my hand against it. The wood was still cool to my touch. It meant that I could open the door in safety. I pushed it away from me several inches, and stared through the crack. Smoke was curling up the stair well, near the elevators. A corridor door had been left ajar, and I could see the orange flames, silently and patiently forcing their way out. In another moment they would be feeding on the bright rug that ran the length of the hall.

A woman stood beside the elevators, watching the flames. She kept pushing at the down button, as if she fully expected the cars to come. There was a small, curly-haired boy in her arms. He looked at me with his great, dark eyes but he wasn't crying. He was too stunned to cry.

An old woman and man leaned against the elevators' iron grilling. They apparently had run down from the floor above, and both were gasping.

"We can't make it," the old man said, but he wasn't excited. He just sounded exhausted. "We're trapped, Laura. There's no fire escape."

"Come with me," I called.

Even now, I don't know why. There was no reason. There was very little that I could offer. I had no idea of what might be done to save them. I think that I spoke because of the look in their eyes; I couldn't bear it.

"Come on in here!"

The old couple turned, like sheep in a pasture, as if they had been trained for this moment, and hurried inside my door. Perhaps they believed, although they must have known that it was impossible, that I had discovered a fire escape.

The curly-haired child whimpered then, but his mother did not move. She would not even look at me. She simply stood there, pushing at the down button.

"They'll come," she told the boy. "They must come."

I walked over and gripped her arm. I stepped quickly because the heat was already working its way up through the floor. "Are you mad?" I asked. "Those elevators aren't running. They can't be. You've got to come with me!"

"And be trapped?" Her blue eyes were wild, like a rabbit's caught in the middle of a country road, and her voice unsteady. It's odd, but I can't recall her face now. I can't see her features at all. I see only her eyes. They quivered as she spoke.

"No," she said. "I won't be trapped."

"You'll suffocate within a few minutes, if you stay here," I told her. "Your son will die."

She reached past me, pushed at the down button again. I took her arm and forced her around. I started walking toward my door. She came without protesting. The boy began openly sobbing. He pushed his face deep into his mother's neck. The shock had worn off, and he was afraid.

When they were inside, I closed the door and hurriedly ripped the sheets from my bed. There was no established plan. I worked almost without thinking. I wanted to keep out the flames as long as possible.

The old man had recaptured his nerve. "May I help?" he asked.

Together, we tore the sheets into long uneven strips. I soaked these in the bathtub, while the frightened women watched. The boy had stopped crying, and sat cross-legged on the floor.

"It's simple," I told them, trying to keep my voice calm. "I'm going to stuff these rags into the cracks of the door."

I opened the door long enough to jam it tight with the sodden cloth. There was no transom to worry about. I felt the thick wood with my hand. It was getting warm. The fire was gaining in the hall.

THEN I crossed the room and opened the two windows that looked out into the street. Down below, a crowd was just beginning to gather. Some of the watchers waved and shouted. It made me feel better just to know that they were there, although it was obvious that they couldn't help us.

"Lie down on the floor," I ordered those in the room. "We're only six stories up, and they may get a ladder to us. I think they will. Lie face down, and keep your nerve. It'll be a long time before the flames break into us. Lie down and hope."

The blue-eyed woman began to weep. She stretched out on the floor, with her shoulders shaking. She was young. She couldn't have been past thirty. She was pretty too, in a quiet kind of way.

I touched her softly on the back. "Go ahead and cry," I said. "It won't upset us."

The boy refused to lie beside his mother, but remained on the floor with his thin legs crossed. He sat staring solemnly at the thick-skinned door.

The old woman was tough, and she had her wits about her. She lay beside her husband. "We'll be all right, Henry," she said. "Don't you worry."

"Lie quietly," I told them. "Don't move around."

Then I saw the telephone, still on the table beside the bed. Al Spade, I thought. I must call Spade. He may not know about this.

It wasn't my worry now. I knew that. It would be better to remain motionless, with my nose in the rug. Less oxygen was consumed that way.

But I couldn't do it; I couldn't leave the telephone alone. Ten years is too long. It was a habit. I crawled over, while the others watched me. Even the blue-eyed woman looked up to see what I would do. I took down the receiver, placing it to my ear. It was still alive, there was the familiar hum.

It was an outside line and didn't go through the hotel's switchboard. Because of my job, I had always paid extra for an outside line.

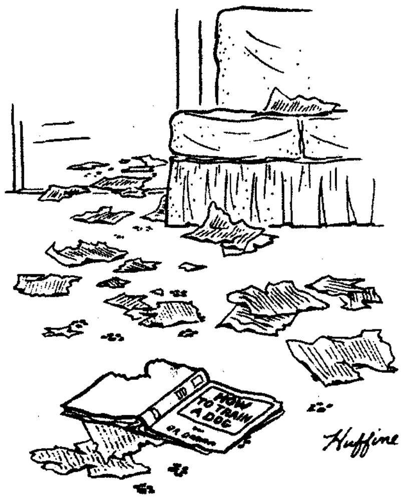
I dialed Trans-World's number. I could hear the ringing. Hurry, I thought. It's getting warmer in here. The door will break in a few minutes. It'll split up the middle. God! Hurry up!

Then a voice answered. A cool, impersonal voice. It was Spade. "All right," he said.

"This is Cradle," I told him. "I'm back at the Grafton, Al. I live here. It's burning. The entire hotel is in flames."

"You're hitting it again, Joe," Al Spade said. "You're tight, and I'm busy. Bother somebody else. Go call up your girl. That place is fireproof, and both of us know it. It wouldn't burn if you used a blow torch on the house detective."

"It's burning," I told him. "The whole building is going up, Al!"


HOW TO TRAIN A DOG
Huffine

COLLIER'S DAVID HUFFINE

"Go to bed," he said. "Get away from me, Joe."

Al Spade hung up then. He banged down the receiver and the noise of it popped in my ear. I should have known it was no use.

"To hell with him," I said. I crawled back to my spot near the window and lay on the floor. The crackling noises were growing louder outside in the corridor.

"How much longer?" the blue-eyed woman asked.

"I don't know," I told her, "but it'll be longer than you think. We've still got time."

"Sounds like pine logs in a grate," the old man said.

I thought about Mary, and I was ashamed. I wished now that I had called her before I had gone to bed. She would have been happy to hear about the job. She would be crying now, when they told her. I hated to think of Mary crying.

Then the noises started. They were worse than the fire. They were little sounds at first, but they grew louder. They were all around us. The sounds of people dying.

Something white flashed past our window.

I couldn't be certain, I barely had time to turn my head, but it looked as if it were a body falling.

"What was that?" asked the boy.

It was the first time that he had spoken aloud. He stood up and watched the windows.

"Nothing," I told him. "Nothing at all."

I pushed my face down into the thin rug again. It was musty, but cool. Then the telephone rang.

"It's Mary," I told myself. "What'll I do? What'll I say?"

I crawled back beside the bed and reached for the telephone.

It was Al Spade. His voice trembled. "Are you in there, Joe?"

"If I wasn't," I said, "could I answer this phone?"

"We just heard about it," Al said. "The alarm was late. I'm sorry about what I said. I was a fool, boy."

"Never mind," I told him. "Give me dictation."

"Don't be an idiot," Al said. "You scram out of there, but fast."

"Sure," I said. "I'm a bird, Al. Or a helicopter. I'll jump from the window and float."

"You mean you're trapped? You can't get out?"

"Would I be here if I could run?" I snapped back.

"But you still want to give us some notes?"

It was a good story; a big story. Stunned though he was, Al Spade would never pass it up.

"No notes," I told him. "This is my baby, Al, all the way. I'll dictate."

"All right," Al said. "I'll put a man on."

I was scared, I was all weak inside, but I did it just the same. I lay there on the floor, with the rough carpet scratching my chest, with my mouth drying up by the minute, but I described what was happening inside the Grafton Hotel. I told them how five of us were crouched in one tiny room, just waiting to die. And I told about the other things, the sounds, the heat and our reactions to them.

Al Spade was listening on an extension. "It's great, Joe," he kept mumbling. "Lord, what a job! It'll be the best thing that Trans-World ever moved on its wires."

WHEN it was over, I was tired. I wanted to close my eyes. "You get out of there," Al said. "There must be some way, Joe."

There wasn't, not unless the ladders came, and both of us knew it.

"You signing me to that story?" I asked.

"I am," he answered. "I'm reading the lead now. By Joe Cradle, it says."

I hung up then. I didn't want to talk any longer. The boy was sobbing again; his mother couldn't keep him quiet. . . .

We were luckier than some of the others. They finally got a ladder up, and the firemen pulled us out.

I knew most of the firemen, and they were good to me. They patted me on the back. "You're all right, Joe," they said. "You're about the only guy in there who used his head."

The mayor, wounded shoulder and all, was watching the fire. He walked over and shook hands. He said, "We're proud of you, Joe."

I was proud of myself. I felt all swelled up and light inside. I ran to a public telephone booth and dialed Mary's number. I had to tell her about it.

But when she got on the line, I forgot everything else.

"I did a good job, Mary," I told her. "What d'you know? Al Spade just told me I did a good job—he's giving me a by-line."

Mary's voice was glum for a moment. "Now you'll never want to sell refrigerators," she said.

But Mary was wrong, and Al Spade was right. I always knew that Al was right when he said that I wasn't cut out to be a newsman. One scoop wasn't enough to turn the trick. . . .

Mary and I have been married more than a year now. When they mark up those refrigerator sales, I'm always near the top.

You probably think that I'm bragging. Well, it's like my new boss says. I guess I've got something to brag about.

THE END

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LIFE WITH MR. POWELL

BY JIM MARSHALL

This is Father to the life, as portrayed by William Powell in the movie version of Broadway's stage hit

At age fifty-five the well-groomed old screen smoothie departs from type to play the lead role in Life with Father

ALTHOUGH the Oscars for the best pictures and so forth of 1946 have barely had time to gather dust on their winners' mantels, the wise boys and girls in Hollywood already have picked a winner or two for 1947. One winner, they say, will be Life with Father—and another is almost sure to be William Powell, who stars in it. The picture was made last year on the Warner lot, and Mr. Powell is now back on his home grounds at Metro.

Also he has his hair back to normal, after being a redhead for several months while the show was being filmed. Mrs. Powell campaigned for some weeks to have her husband retain his red hair permanently. He refused, on the ground it would make him look like Van Johnson.

Powell racked along for years at Metro, making about fifty pictures and becoming known as The Thin Man. Five years ago he asked Metro to buy Life with Father for him, and was turned down. Then Warners paid half a million for the rights, plus a percentage of the box office. Powell asked to be lent to Warners, and was.

Powell is the son of Horatio W. and Nettie Powell, both Pennsylvanians. His father was an accountant and Bill was born July 29, 1892, in Pittsburgh. He first saw the light of day fifteen years later, when his parents moved to Kansas City.

His first contacts with the stage were made at the old Bijou Theater in Pittsburgh. The Powell boy haunted the gallery and fell in love with a succession of musical-comedy stars. It had always been understood at home that he was to become a lawyer, and he almost got a split personality trying to decide whether to become an actor or an attorney.

In 1907 the family moved to Kansas City, where young Bill started in high school, won the role of chief love interest in a school play, fell in love with his leading lady and told the family, he never, never could become a lawyer. His father thought differently, and he was kept at his studies, headed for the University of Kansas and condemned to four years of college, plus three years of law courses.

Contemplating this appalling future, he fell in love again and decided to revolt. He got a job with the Kansas City telephone company at $50 a month and started saving for an acting course in New York. He needed $700 for this, and the girl agreed to wait a few months. After five months, however, the boy discovered he not only had no savings but owed his old man $50.

A long but successful letter to a wealthy aunt finally won him a $700 check, and he enrolled for the acting course in New York, his parents forecasting that no good would come of it. After six months of training—during which he and his Kansas City sweetheart forgot each other—he got a bit part in Rex Beach's The Ne'er Do Well. Starting salary was $18 a week, and when the show folded, shortly after, he was getting $40 and writing "I-told-you-so, Dear Parents" letters home.

Throughout his early stage career Bill played the hard way—which was the only way.

"I remember one company I played with," he said, "that possessed only one silk hat, though several members in the cast appeared in toppers.

"As the hero of the piece, I always bowed myself off at the left stage, stuck the silk hat beyond the vision of the audience and stood there, stalling for time. In the meantime, the hat had been snatched out of my hidden hand by a stage hand, who raced backstage to the opposite side just in time to thrust it into the villain's hand. The villain then stalked into the scene in the same silk hat I had worn a minute before.

"Also, we had a 'crossover beard.' It was used in plays where it was impossible for a player to dart around backstage to reach the opposite side for another entrance. We usually had to play several different roles. I had to play the juvenile and also the juvenile's father. I would make my exit on the left side of the stage. I had to get over to the right side immediately, to enter as the father, yet I would not have time to run around the scenes backstage.

"Out of the audience's sight, on the left side, was a rack of all sorts of beards that could be snapped on by wire hooks over the

(Continued on page 73)

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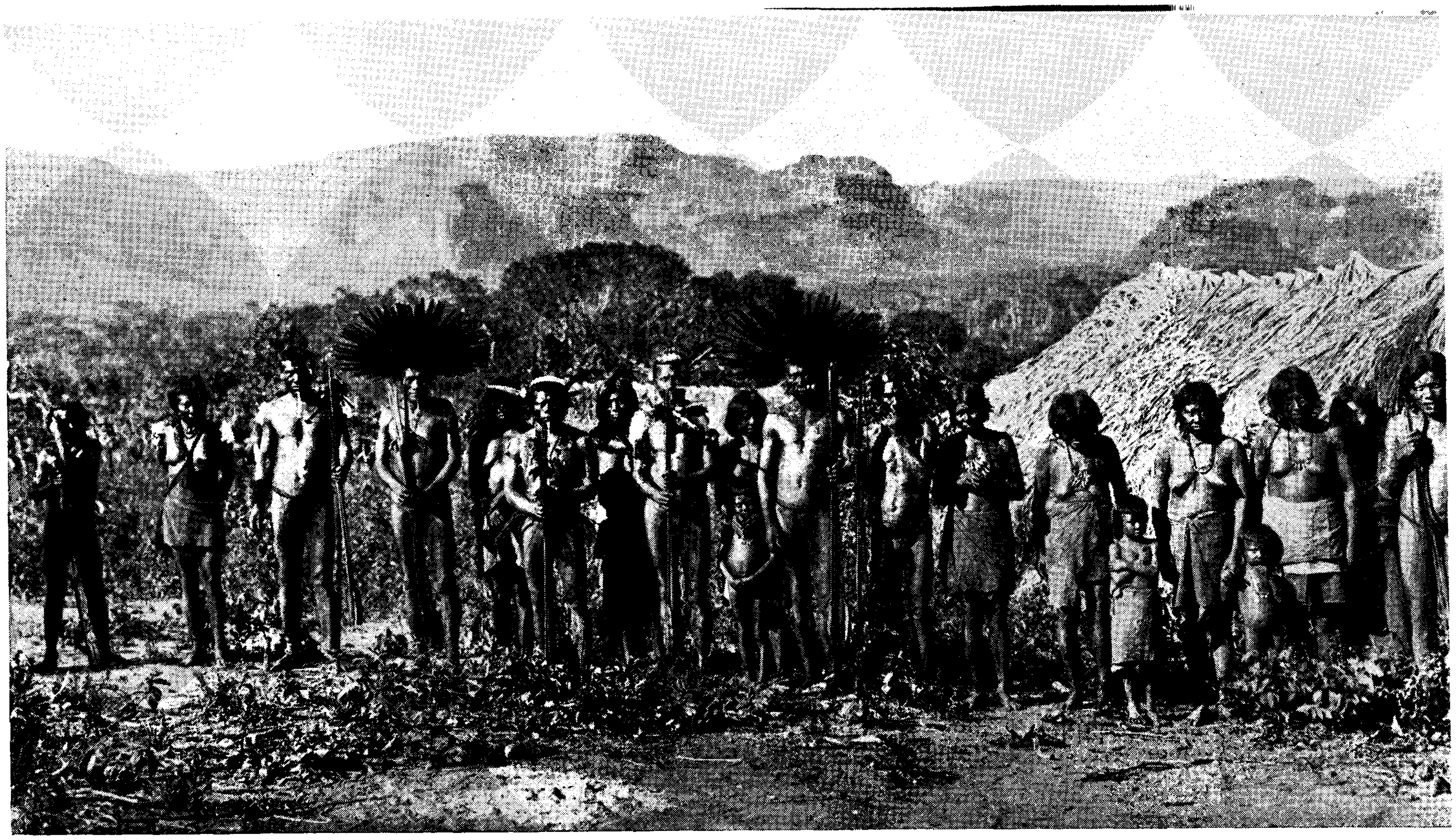

Unlike some of the neighboring Indian tribes, the Bororos are friendly to visitors from outside and, though usually shy, willingly pose for the photographer

AT HOME WITH THE JUNGLE GIANTS

A veteran explorer calls on the primitive Indians of Brazil's Mato Grosso and witnesses their weird tribal customs. It's a trip through a land of nightmares

BY SASHA SIEMEL

AS TOLD TO GORDON SCHENDEL

Make-up time for two Bororo belles, who paint themselves with daubs of yellow and black for a tribal ceremony. Fish oil and charcoal are the cosmetics

AMONG the Bororo Indians of Brazil's Mato Grosso *it* is the man, not the woman, who suffers the pains of childbirth!

I witnessed this biological impossibility while visiting the tribe several years ago with my wife and a native helper, Rosando. The Bororo village—a collection of single-family conical straw huts grouped about the large community hall, which also serves as a dormitory for bachelor youths—was hidden in deep jungle on the bank of the San Lorenzo River. We were welcomed by its dignified, if naked, chief—clad only in his headdress of red, blue and yellow macaw feathers, a necklace of gleaming tiger teeth, and a head-to-toe red paint job—and as we dismounted from our horses we heard agonized moans and shrieks coming from a dilapidated straw hut. Indians rimmed the doorway, staring inside.

Noticing our immediate interest, the chief led us to the hut.

Just inside lay a male Indian in a hammock, writhing and jerking convulsively, and screaming at intervals; he was obviously in almost unbearable pain. The Indians standing about stared at him dolefully, murmuring and shaking their heads in sympathy. I could see no wound on the naked man. I asked the chief, employing a groping phrase or two of my limited Bororo, what was wrong. He replied in Bororo, and Rosando, at my side, interpreted:

"The chief says, 'The man is having a baby.'"

At that moment there was a slight commotion behind us. Three women had just come out of the thick jungle, one carrying a baby. The group of Indians instantly broke into smiles and a hubbub of obviously congratulatory expressions, all directed at the *man in the hammock*, the baby's father. In the meantime the mother timidly approached her husband, silently exhibited the naked infant, a boy, then disappeared into the dark interior of the hut. There was an excited babble of laughter, and many pressed gifts on the new father. He, accepting them as his due, lay back in his hammock, now quiet, but exhausted and pale from the ordeal.

No one had paid the slightest attention to the baby's mother!

A half hour later I saw her, with her newborn infant tied to her back, silently serving supper to her husband, who lay in his hammock, luxuriously convalescing.

I later learned that when a Bororo woman feels childbirth near, she informs her husband, then slinks quietly out of the village to have her baby, unattended, in the underbrush. Later a couple of village women bring her and the baby back.

In justice to Bororo males, I must add the reason for their bizarre act: They believe they are making childbirth easier for their wives by thus bearing the pains for them.

The Bororos are giants, most of them over six feet tall. Their women frequently are beautiful. They have a high level of primitive culture. And ethnologically they are a curiosity, because—unlike the score or more of other Mato Grosso tribes — the Bororos have jealously kept both their ancient culture and their blood strain

(Continued on page 46)

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RELAX! YOU MAY NOT BE NUTS

Continued from page 19

degree, there are several good rules of thumb.

If your worries and fits of temper and spells of depression come occasionally and then disappear, you probably have not too much to worry about. Especially is this true if you know why you hit these low spots; if there's a good reason behind them. After all, a guy whose girl has just jilted him or whose business has just failed has plenty of cause to feel down in the dumps.

But suppose you get these "spells" more and more frequently? Suppose you find yourself flying off the handle at little things, and then can't understand why you blew your top, once it is all over? Suppose you catch yourself taking offense needlessly or staying away from people or kicking your wife in the shins because she trumped your ace? If you're going that way, brother, then maybe you ought to see a doctor.

Imaginary Symptoms of Neuroses

Not necessarily a psychiatrist, however. In the first place, there aren't enough to go around. And in the second place, their labors have been complicated by the enormous number of perfectly normal people who think they recognize the symptoms of neuroses in themselves.

Sometimes the results are just plain silly . . . as when scores of two-beer-limit drinkers saw The Lost Weekend and came tearing into hospitals, calling themselves full-fledged alcoholics and begging for the cure.

Sometimes it is much more serious. In a Middle Western high school within the last year, it was found that an entire clique of young girls had been indulging in sexual adventures. Shocked parents demanded the prosecution of the young men who had led their daughters astray. But when school officials investigated, they found that it was the girls who had been the aggressors. One young lady suavely explained she had heard that psychiatrists advised that "a little sex is the best cure for your repressions."

Reputable psychiatrists, it should be quickly stated, don't give such advice. Yet this is one of the commoner public misconceptions that the good doctors have done all too little to disprove.

A rather beautiful young lady recently pitched herself into oblivion from one of our taller buildings. She left a note saying, "I'm too much like my mother to make a fit wife for any man."

Without question, she *was* a case for a psychiatrist. Normal people, by definition, don't commit suicide. But instead of getting guidance and insight from a competent professional, she picked up a whale of a lot of misinformation and brooded upon it.

Between such extremes lies a host of people who have been encouraged to complicate every simple problem of life by attacking it with psychiatric weapons. (These people differ vastly from those whose problems are deep and basic—such as those described in Collier's recent article on the Southard School, Spare the Child, August 2, 1947.) There is, for example, the mother of fresh little Johnny, aged six and about as naughty as any healthy six-year-old is capable of being. What Johnny probably needs is an occasional light spanking and a lot of loving and attention.

But Mama, whose name is legion, is too busy watching Johnny's reflexes to supply either need. Half the time she has her nose buried in tomes on child guidance. The rest of the time, when her energetic offspring finally manages to get her attention by slinging the Sunday china through the windows, she is desperately wondering whether to apply the methods described in Chapter Six or to follow the outline of Chapter Eight. After a few years of "psychoanalyzing" both herself and her little incubus, Johnny's Mama realizes that she has a full-fledged "problem child" on her hands.

When Mama doesn't haul Johnny off to a psychiatrist, she often goes herself. The head of one expensive private mental hospital has developed a neat formula for handling such cases. As soon as he can determine that they suffer from no deep-seated mental or physical complaint, he accepts them for treatment on the theory that the best thing for both mother and child is a short period of separation. Mama is then given an intensive course in how to handle her little darling. As soon as she has unlearned her collection of fancy and conflicting theories and learned what nature is reputed to teach most mothers via instinct, she is discharged and returned to her family.

For every amateur psychiatrist who "analyzes" himself into a breakdown, there is another who goes around seeking others as victims. These carriers, the Typhoid Marys of amateur psychiatry, are even more dangerous.

Consider, for example, the young lady psychologist (not a psychiatrist, mind you, but a psychologist) in a New York school. When an eight-year-old boy was reported by his aging and overworked teacher as "unmanageable" and "maladjusted," his case was sent to the psychologist. This young lady, steeped in her reading of Freud, proceeded to search for the cause of the lad's trouble. When she found that the kid cut the heads off paper dolls, she thought she had something. When, under her constant prodding, the obliging youngster confessed that his grandfather had cut the heads off several people, she *knew* she had something. "Obviously," she concluded, "the lad was burdened with guilt."

The kid's parents were called in and told that they had a "problem child." They immediately started running their vastly amused little brat around a course of psychiatric clinics. At the three-quarter-mile post, a sensible psychiatrist finally broke through the parents' anxieties to reveal that there was nothing very much wrong with their child except a perfectly normal impulse to tell a good story, and even stretch the truth a bit if it pleased his audience.

Dangers in Psychiatric Jargon

Almost every physician can certify to the dangers, the far from imaginary dangers, that arise when patients have swallowed a mess of psychiatric jargon they cannot digest. Many severe diseases first show themselves through symptoms such as headaches, stomach pains, nervousness, dizziness, nausea or insomnia. The normal patient avoids rushing to the doctor every time he notes a symptom. But continued attacks usually bring him around for a checkup.

Increasingly, however, physicians are coming across cases which have ignored these clear danger signs despite long persistence, simply because they have heard that they are the common physical complaints of neurotics who really have nothing "organically" wrong with them. When such people finally discover that *their* troubles are very real indeed, their disease may have advanced far enough to require prolonged treatment or an otherwise unnecessary operation.

At the opposite pole are the patients who have been so thoroughly sold on the deep significance of their slightest neurotic traits that they refuse to believe that they are only slightly off the beam. Such

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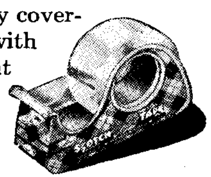

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people wander from doctor to doctor, seeking attention. Unable to get to a psychiatrist, many of them end up in the hands of quacks—unscrupulous faith healers, advocates of strange semireligious cults and all that host of others, on the illicit border line of medicine, who are far more interested in probing the patient's pocketbook than his mind.

Often the psychiatric scare-campaign takes the form of astronomical statistics. The Mental Health Bulletin, for example, solemnly warns us that "13 per cent of all children between five and fifteen will develop behavior difficulties requiring professional assistance.

"Over one third of all children under five years of age," it tells us, "are presenting behavior problems which, if not noted and corrected, will lead to personal or family dilemmas."

The Research Council on Problems of Alcohol informs us that "2,250,000 Americans drink to excess. Seven hundred and fifty thousand," it adds, "are alcoholic addicts."

Dr. Daniel Blain, chief of the Neuropsychiatric Division of the Veterans Administration, recently stated in Mental Hygiene that "8,000,000 Americans are suffering from some form of mental disease or personality disorder."

Well, are we really riding to bedlam on a national wave of neuroses? Are we all going nuts or heading for a crack-up at an accelerated rate?

Relax, brother . . . there is good reason to doubt it.

Let's see what lurks behind some of the swell statistics that are being fed to us. The psychiatric fraternity, which seldom agrees on anything, has been almost unanimous in playing up the mental disturbances discovered through the draft and those which occurred among soldiers and sailors during the war. Dr. William C. Menninger, for example, recently addressed the American College of Physicians. Commenting on the Army's experience, he said: "It surely reflects . . . that our way of living had not prepared many American youths for such demands. It probably indicates a *critical* state of affairs of the American family. It presents a *major challenge* to American medicine . . ."

So stated—and under the headline "Challenge Seen in Neurotic Ills"—Dr. Menninger's words seemed shocking indeed. Yet the same Dr. Menninger, three years ago, testifying before a Senate committee about the psychiatric discharges from the Army, was careful to interpret these figures in infinitely more temperate terms. "Many of these individuals," he then said, "are in better health than when they entered the Army, a great majority are symptom-free, and few have required further hospital care. It is safe to assume that a high percentage of the individuals discharged from the Army for neuropsychiatric causes are working in civilian life and that, individually and collectively, they are essentially no different from other members of community life."

Psychiatrists shout about the 1,750,000 men rejected for service on psychiatric grounds—a figure six times higher in World War II than in the first World War. But they seldom add an explanation that the draft cut far deeper in this war than in the last, affecting older age groups and tearing husbands from families. Nor do they seem to make much allowance for the fact that most of the men drafted in the first war never were screened by psychiatrists at all.

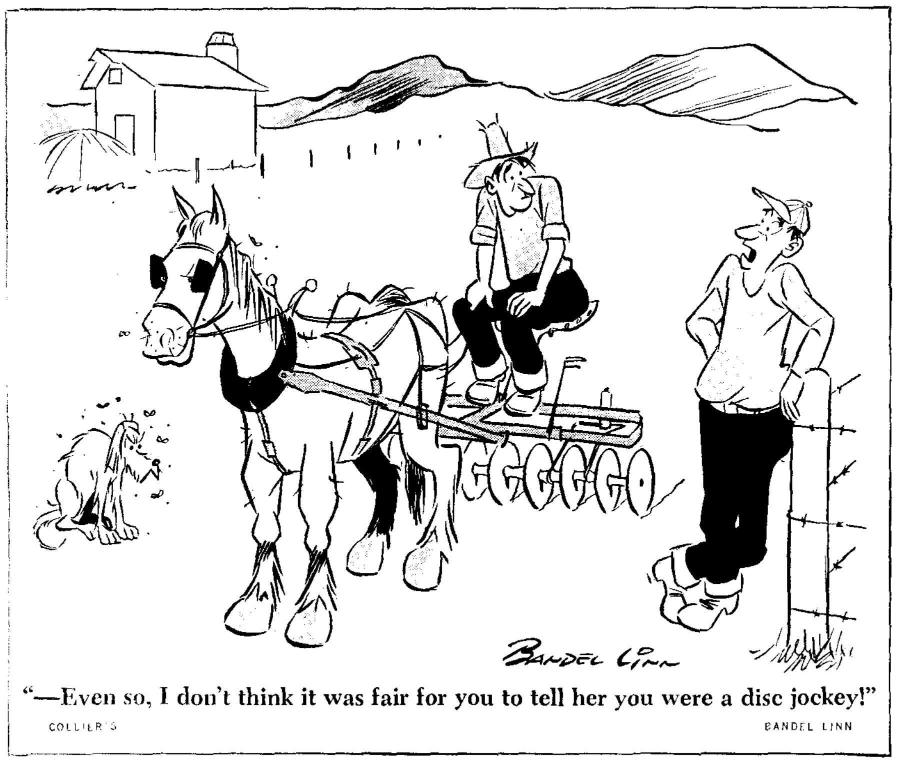
They Don't Tell the Whole Story

Like grim prophets of doom they bring forth the shocking news that 327,000 soldiers and sailors were discharged during the war for psychiatric reasons. But one looks in vain for the further explanation that this was only about 2 per cent of the armed forces or that some men were in combat for periods longer than the entire span of America's active participation in World War I.

When consideration is given to these factors, the scare-figure of "8,000,000 mentally diseased Americans" begins to seem just a mite less frightening. For that gigantic total is not the result of a careful census. It is derived simply by extension of the draft statistics to the entire population.

Included in it are millions who hold down jobs, marry, raise children and live to a ripe old age without ever going off the reservation. They may all suffer from "personality disorders," they may be neurotic, overtimid, overbold, occasionally depressed, undersexed, oversexed or badly inhibited. But the vast majority of them will never end up in a padded cell.

If all of these people—including you and me, Dear Reader—could get some psychiatric attention, there is not the slightest doubt that many of them would be far happier, far more effective in their jobs and far less irritating to themselves and their families and friends and neighbors. But the realities of simple arithmetic make that impossible. In all America, there are only about 4,000 psychiatrists. Nearly 2,500 of them are holding down jobs in mental institutions. That leaves only 1,500 certified psychiatric special-



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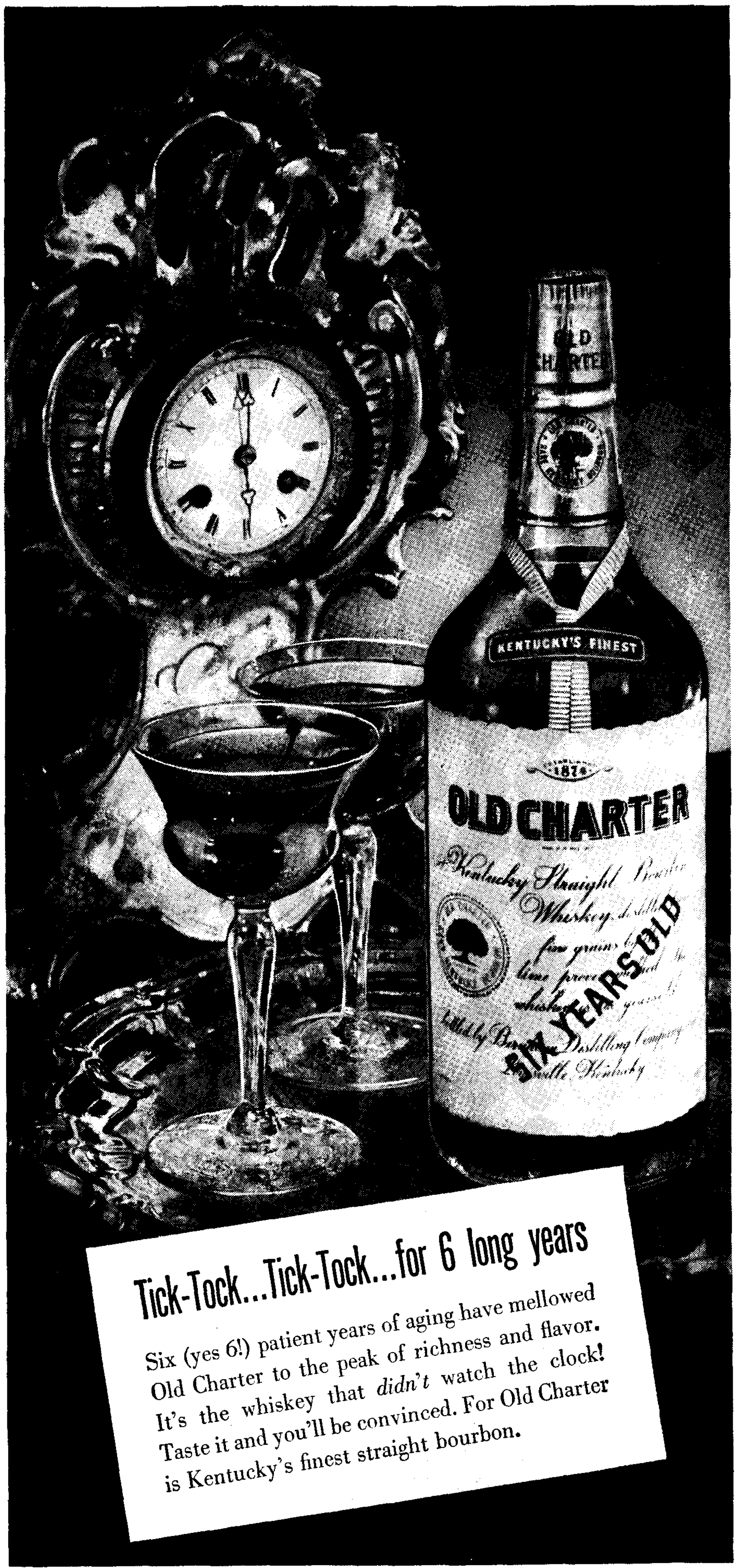

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ists available for some 140,000,000 of the rest of us. Obviously, the psychiatric specialists cannot even *see* all of us, much less *cure* us if we need a cure.

It is true that there are 600,000 patients in mental hospitals—and there would be more if these hospitals were not too overcrowded to accept them. Yet a substantial and growing proportion of these patients are suffering from the diseases of old age—senile dementia and hardening of the arteries. A good part of the apparent increase in our mental hospital population is due to the fact that more people live longer nowadays—long enough to develop degenerative diseases of old age. Careful studies, especially in the Massachusetts State Hospitals, indicate that, except for the aged, there has been little if any increase in severe mental disease in the last forty years.

But when we leave the psychotics and turn to the people with emotional disturbances, the neurotics, what do we find? Once again, the figures can be made to give almost any answer you are looking for. If you spend your lifetime as psychiatrists do, interviewing and treating disturbed people, you tend to get a very special and very dismal view. You emphasize the 8,000,000 you *think* are sick. You tend to forget the 133,000,000 who never come to your attention.

As Dr. Burlingame has put it, "It's about time we told people that at least 90 per cent of them—maybe more—are within the normal zone. Sure they worry. Sure they have bad dreams, think evil thoughts, get pie-eyed now and then. But show me the man who doesn't have these troubles—ever—and you will be showing me a real candidate for psychiatric treatment."

It is precisely because so many of the symptoms of emotional illness are also the symptoms of physical illness that the scare campaign to emphasize our mental ills is so dangerous. Here is a list of sixteen most common complaints of neurotic veterans, compiled by Dr. Maurice H. Greenhill of Durham, North Carolina:

Weakness
Depression
Irritability
Sensitivity to noise
Dizziness
Excessive perspiration
Dislike of crowds
Fatigability
Restlessness
Anxiety dreams
Loss of appetite
Palpitation
Tremor
Insomnia
Nausea
Backache

All of these symptoms may be signs of neurosis, of deep-seated emotional maladjustment. But they may also be the warning signals of physical disease.

So take it easy, brother! Chances are you're not headed for a breakdown. Even if you are, remember that there are not too many places in this country where you can see a psychiatrist.

But can a doctor, an ordinary M.D., help you? That depends on the doctor. There are still some doctors who hate emotionally disturbed patients; who brush them off as "cranks," hypochondriacs or nuisances. But these are increasingly in the minority. There is good reason to think that mild cases of neurosis can get just as good a break (sometimes a better one) from a general practitioner.

Dr. Denker Proves His Point

This was demonstrated recently, much to the chagrin of some psychiatrists, in a study by Dr. Peter J. Denker, neuropsychiatrist at New York's great Bellevue Hospital. Dr. Denker carefully dug up all the reports he could find on the results achieved in treating neuroses by psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, here and abroad. In several thousand cases, he found specialists claiming a recovery or improvement rate of between 60 per cent and 70 per cent.

Then Dr. Denker went to the files of the Equitable Life Assurance Society and took 500 consecutive cases of people who were receiving insurance compensation because they were incapacitated by a neurosis and were unable to work. These were not border-line cases. All of them had been ill and totally incapacitated for work for at least three months before their claims were allowed, and all of them were treated by *general practitioners.*

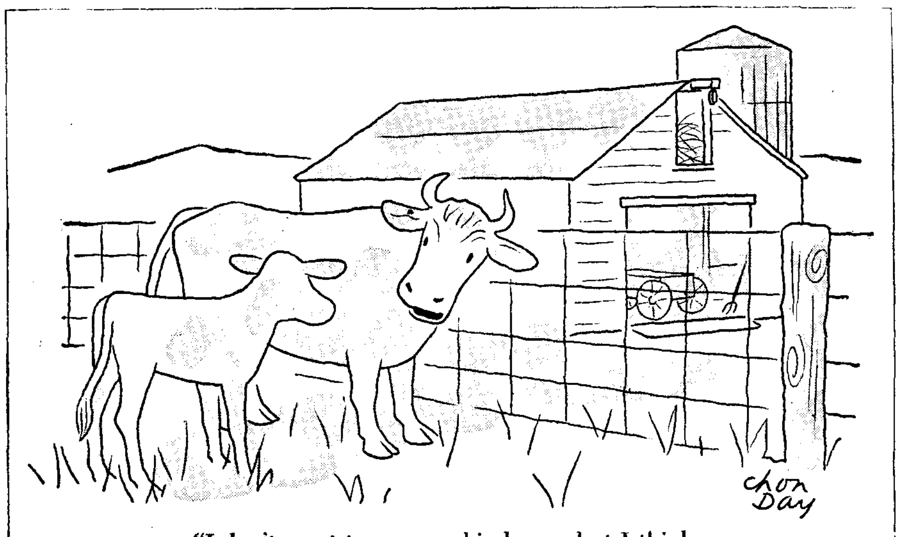
Surprisingly enough, Dr. Denker found that 44.6 per cent of these patients were able to give up their insurance compensation and return to work within one year. Another 27 per cent achieved apparent cure in between one and two years. Thus general practitioners were able to restore to normal life 71.6 per cent of these 500 emotionally sick people. Only 10 per cent remained on the sick roll after five years.

Such figures do not mean, of course, that there is no need for psychiatrists. Far from it. We need thousands more than we now have. And any general practitioner worth his salt will know when he has done his best for a neurotic and when he must, if he only can, turn his patient over to a specialist. But Dr. Denker's figures do show that simple psychotherapy, reassurance and treatment by a "family doctor" can often work wonders.

So relax, brother. Don't let the fancy figures scare you.

The odds are all in favor of your remaining just as normal as any of us can remain in a pretty wacky world. And if you do catch yourself heading for a breakdown, talk it over with your family doctor before you buy yourself a one-way ticket to the nearest loony bin.

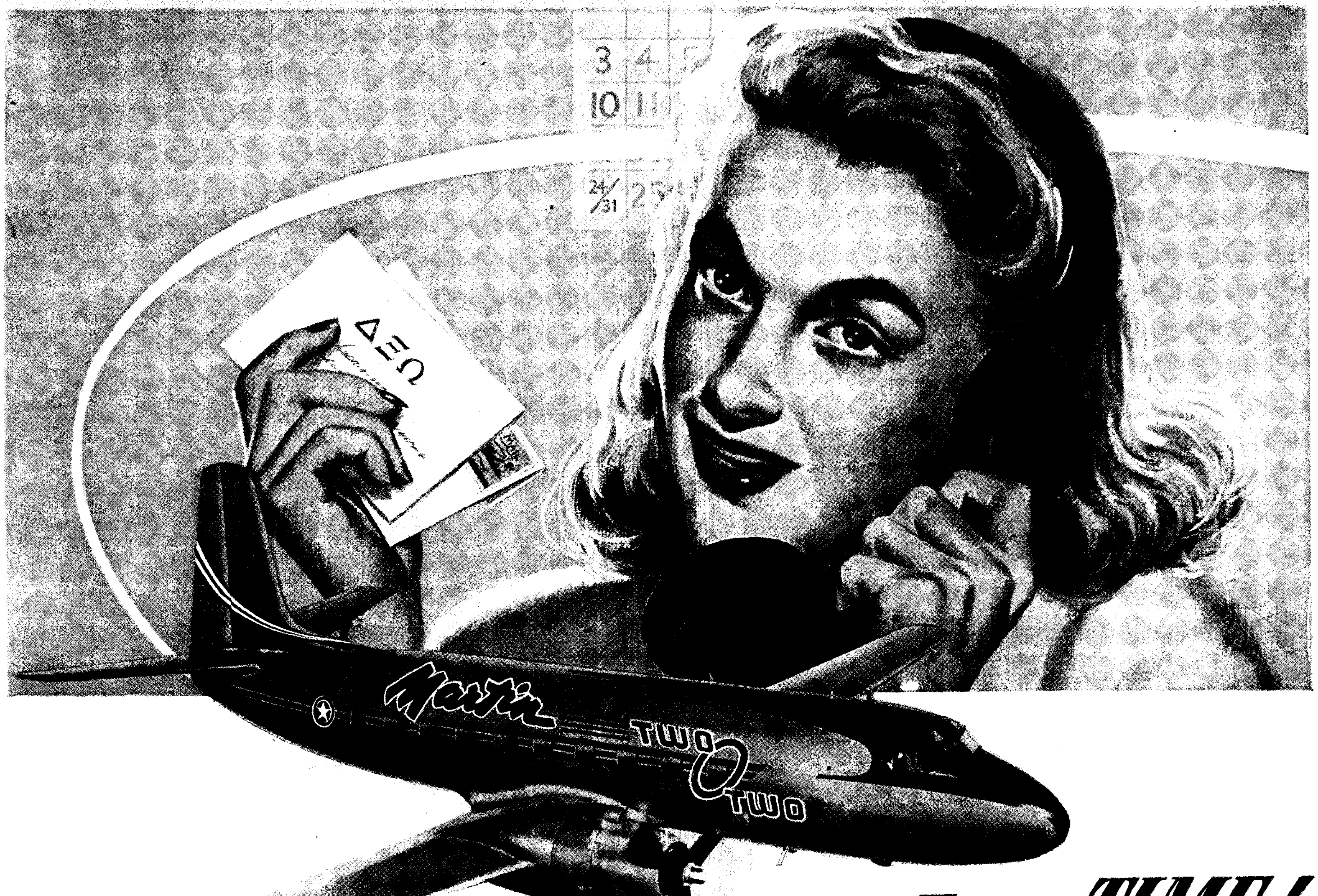
THE END



"I don't want to seem unkind, son, but I think it's time you started to nibble a little grass"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

"I'D LOVE TO GO . . . BUT HAVE I ENOUGH TIME?"



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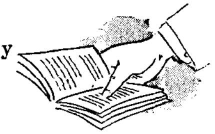

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AT HOME WITH THE JUNGLE GIANTS

Continued from page 40

untainted by the white man. Shy of meeting white men, they nevertheless are friendly to the rare visitor, in contrast to the Chavantes and Yanayguas, who waylay and murder strangers.

But their fantastic tribal customs would convince a visitor from the civilized world that he had stepped into the land of nightmares!

The Bororos probably number no more than 2,000, scattered in a couple of dozen villages. Nomadic hunters, living on wild animals and fish killed with bows and arrows, plus wild fruits and roots, they construct their villages with no idea of permanence. When they have exhausted the game in the vicinity, they leave and seek an untouched part of the jungle, usually building on a riverbank. They make no attempt to grow food. They do keep dogs for hunting.

Conventional Native "Costume"

The Bororos daily daub themselves a uniform red from head to foot with the pulp of a wild fruit called *urucum,* both for decoration and for protection against insects. They cut their straight black hair in a long bob with bangs. They pluck out all other hair on their bodies, including their eyelashes. Each has his lower lip and the septum of his nose pierced for insertion of monkey-bone ornaments.

They consider themselves neither nude nor immodest. Once they have undergone the tribal initiation rites at puberty—rites not unlike a fraternity "hell week"—the girls don a two-inch square of cloth, suspended apron fashion from a string around the waist. And the boys wear a *ba,* a small strip of reed formed into a funnel; a "full-dress" *ba,* for ceremonial occasions, has a two-inch "flag" attached.

The two important men in a Bororo village are the chief and the medicine man. The chief is usually the largest and strongest male and the bravest hunter; he keeps his position only so long as he retains his physical superiority. The medicine man, however, is invariably the shrewdest person in the village.

The medicine man attends seriously ill members of the tribe and predicts the exact time when his "incurable" patients will die. To maintain his professional reputation, he then commits murder—and does so many times during his lifetime.

I witnessed one typical instance. The patient was a husky male Bororo, about twenty-five, who contracted pneumonia on a hunting trip.

With the sick man's family and friends, I watched the medicine man's first "treatment." A grotesque figure—his face painted black, gleaming white bones in his nose and lower lip; his feather headdress and skirt of loose palm fronds waving—the medicine man shook his gourd rattles and contorted about the sick man, who squatted glumly on the hut's earthen floor, his chin on his knees. The medicine man shouted and wailed at the evil spirits that had invaded the sick man's body, and blew in his patient's ears and spat in his face to force them to loosen their tenacious hold.

After nearly an hour of this, without any visible improvement in his patient, the medicine man halted his performance and came out of the hut. Dramatically he looked around into the circle of awed, waiting faces clustered about the doorway. Then he raised his left hand toward the sky:

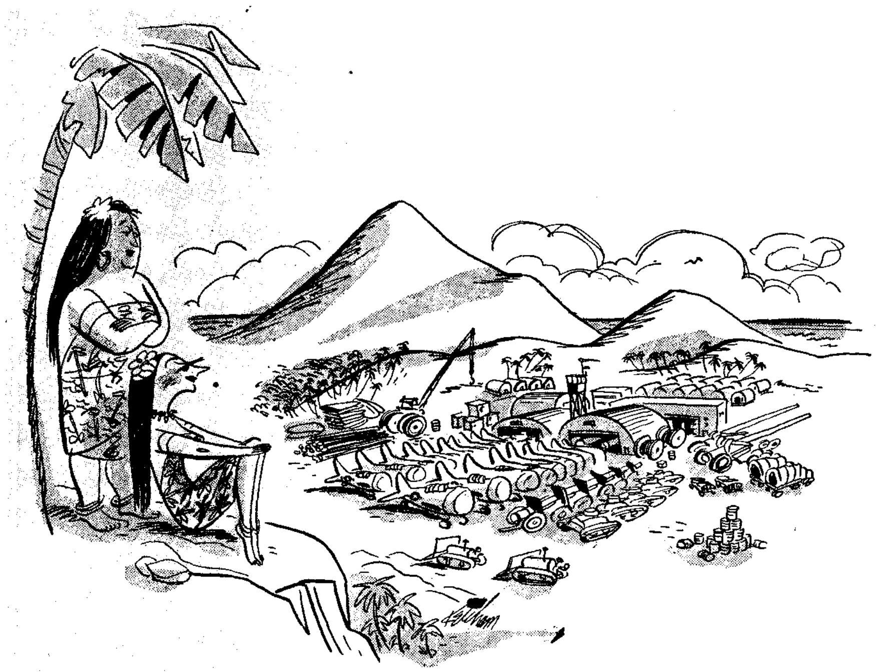
"*Meri, meri, meri . . .*" he counted on his fingers. "Three suns he will see. Then he will die!"

There was a gasp from the sick man's wife, and then a low, howling moan. The others looked frightened.

The medicine man savored for a long moment the fear of the unknown which he had inspired. Then he strode brusquely through the group and disappeared into his own hut.

At sunset on the third day, the sick man, though flat on his back, was still alive. When the medicine man arrived, he was in the hut only a moment before the sick man's wife and children filed out, at his orders. In the fast-fading twilight, I made my way behind the hut and worked a small opening in the thatched straw—enough to see into the dim interior.

The medicine man muttered something and quickly squatted astride the man's chest. He slipped a rope under the man's back, tied it across his chest, and inserted a short stick under the knot. Then, raising his voice to shout at the stubborn evil spirit—and, incidentally, to drown out sounds of the sick man's cries—he quickly tightened the rope by turning the stick, tourniquet fashion. In a few minutes the medicine man came out of the hut and in a loud voice summoned his patient's relatives.



"We look at things differently, I suppose. You can't forget that curly-haired sergeant, and I can't help thinking of those poor old American taxpayers"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

In an oratorical manner, the medicine man informed the gaping relatives that he had struggled mightily to oust the evil spirit; that he finally had succeeded in driving it out. However, just as he had predicted—and at this point the old rascal fairly oozed triumphant self-satisfaction—the sick man had lived to see only three more suns. He was now dead.

Executions are the province of the medicine man. He alone decides whether a baby is too weak to grow up into a strong Bororo, and he carries out his own decisions. A mother who gives birth to a child before her preceding child can walk must hand over the newborn to the medicine man to kill.

One baby, plus the entire family's household goods, is all she can carry when the tribe travels.

The medicine man uses spectacular trickery (and psychology) to effect his "cures." I once watched one treating a Bororo for a "pain in the knee," which was probably rheumatism. He first pranced around the patient, yelling and making menacing faces at the ailing knee in order to exorcise the evil spirit within. Then he squatted and applied his mouth to the knee. After vigorously sucking at it for minutes, he rose and spat out a mouthful of ants.

"See!" he exclaimed, as he exhibited the insects. "That's what made your knee ache. I got them out!"

The medicine man's cure for snake bite consisted of similar mumbo jumbo. And most of his snake-bite patients recovered. But this is due entirely to the law of averages. Only one out of four snakes that bite is poisonous, and only one quarter of the poisonous snakes discharge a dose large enough to be lethal.

The medicine man's racket naturally is well paid. No game brought in from the hunt can be eaten until he exorcises it of its evil spirit—in return for which he always selects the choicest cut for himself.

Bororos do not believe in any Happy Hunting Ground. Life after death for them is an unhappy, forced wandering about with the *bope,* or evil spirits, a wandering in which they successively inhabit the bodies of frogs, snakes and alligators, eventually progressing to become deer, the legendary ancestors of the tribe.

On one of my visits, I saw the funeral of the chief's son. The death, as usual, had occurred during the medicine man's final visit (and at the predicted hour). The funeral ceremonies extended over eight days.

Immediately after the medicine man had announced the boy's death and left, the parents and their relatives and friends grouped themselves about the corpse, and the wake began. To the accompaniment of wailing, snorting of wooden bass flutes and barking of calabash trumpets, the child's father—his hair cut close to his head to show his bereavement—recited his dead son's virtues, and the mother slashed herself with a sharpened mussel shell and smeared her body with her own blood, while women relatives jerked her hair out, a few strands at a time.

At sunset, the noisy wake stopped, and the corpse was wrapped in a palm leaf mat and carried to the public playground. There it was buried shallowly, under 10 inches of earth.

Each evening at sunset, for a week the dead boy's family chanted beside the little mound and poured water over the grave. The grisly purpose of this watering was to hasten decay and loosen the flesh.

On the morning of the seventh day, the *bope* were summoned with shrill blasts of a bamboo whistle. The medicine man, in a horrendous painted mask, with ten male assistants went through a vigorous stamping dance, symbolically inviting the *bope* to show themselves.

As the dance progressed, five of the assistants withdrew and, dropping on all fours, imitated the lunging and the grunts of a tapir—thus becoming representatives of the *bope.*

The medicine man and the five other dancers now began, with much waving of arms and shouting, to drive the five *bope* back to force them to resurrect the corpse. And the *bope,* snorting and lunging about on all fours, reluctantly backed up toward the village. Then, at a sudden signal, the *bope* capitulated—the medicine man's other aides turned into horses by dropping on all fours, and the now eager *bope* jumped on their backs and galloped back to the chief's son's grave. They quickly dismounted, squatted about the little mound, and clawed at it with their hands—for only a moment, however, as it was merely symbolical.

While the dead boy's parents and relatives, together with the rest of the tribe, watched silently, the medicine man built a large fire and flung into it all of the deceased's belongings, so that his unhappy spirit in company with the *bope* could not return to haunt the family. Then, with more incantations, the medicine man placed his palm-leaf skirt and cloak on the boy's grave, and left.

Early the next morning before the village had awakened, the five Indians who represented the *bope* dug up the decaying corpse, scraped off all the flesh (to be disposed of by vultures) and washed and dearticulated the skeleton. Then they placed the bones in a little heap in the center of the village playground, topping them with the skull, and retired quietly, for the tribe always maintains pretense that it doesn't know the identify of these five *bope.*

Rites Over a Prince's Bones

When the village awoke to find the bones all prepared, the dead boy's mother and her women relatives daubed their bodies with a black paste of charcoal and fish oil, and the men painted their faces with black arabesques and their bodies red. They squatted in a circle about the dead boy's bones, placed a colorful feather headdress on the skull, and began the all-day *bakororo,* or funeral sing. They halted at sunset.

In the dark, the medicine man and his ten black-faced aides scooped the child's bones into a little basket and, jumping into five canoes, paddled silently up the river into a quiet lagoon walled by dark jungle growth. They maneuvered four canoes into a rough circle surrounding the fifth. Then one man in each canoe raised an *aige,* or bull-roarer, the sacred noisemaker used only for burials.

Unwinding these—a bull-roarer is a thin-edged, two-foot stick attached by two yards of rope to a longer stick used as a handle—the Indians, at a signal from the medicine man, simultaneously flung the edged sticks in the air and, by means of the handle sticks, began slowly swinging them about their heads. At first, the rotating blades made a deep roaring sound; then, as they whirled faster, the roaring became high-pitched. While one man whirled his stick so the notes were of a deep, ominously guttural bass, another achieved a higher, more angry note, a third became shrill and demanding, and the fourth altered his tempo rapidly, so the voice of his whirling blade changed from a somber bass to a shrill scream and back again.

The men started wailing again, at first in a lamenting tone, then their voices

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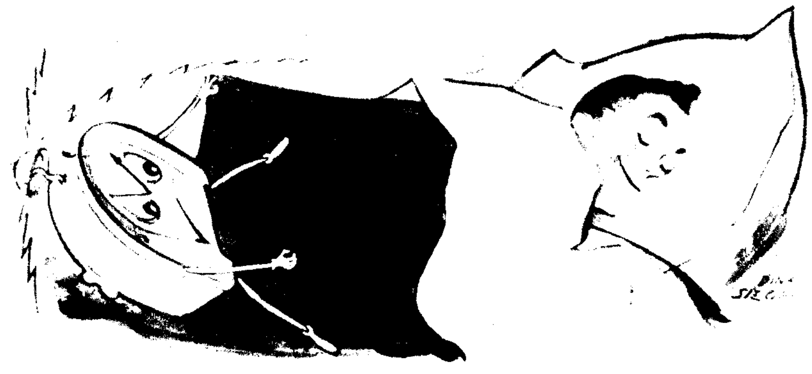

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rose and became angry, menacing, the tempo of their chant speeded, and the bull-throated moaning and the shrill screams of their whirling *aige* became more demanding, more threatening. And in the midst of this, the masked medicine man suddenly stood up in his canoe. Lifting the basket containing the boy's bones high in his hands, with a final scream of defiance at the waiting *bope,* he hurled it into the black water.

I have visited several Bororo tribes and always have been impressed with the craftsmanship the men display in making their weapons, ornaments and tools. They are painstaking. Using a chipped mussel shell for scraping and leaves of the *lixeira* tree, which are like sandpaper, for polishing, they will devote two days to making a single arrow. They decorate their bows with colorful feathers, fur and inlaid mother-of-pearl. Their six-foot arrows have bone or hardwood heads, and they use several types—one with a device making it whistle in flight.

Women Skilled in Domestic Crafts

The women weave the cloth that is used for hammocks, their own little aprons, the shawl-like slings in which they carry their babies, and the base for the tribe's beautiful feather cloaks; and the women also do all the other work, including digging for roots, securing wild fruit, berries and palm hearts, collecting firewood and, of course, anything else necessary for the personal comfort of their lords and masters.

Bororo girls are betrothed early, often when only eight years old, although they do not marry until several years later. When a youth decides upon his bride to be, he calls on her parents with a gift and discusses the matter. If the parents consent, the couple become engaged. Whenever the young man wants to set up housekeeping, he calls again with another gift, and the girl's parents deliver her to his hut.

However, neither girls nor boys are required to remain chaste until marriage. And Bororo fathers have no compunctions about selling an unmarried daughter's virtue to a visiting prospector or cowboy. But if the girl should present the tribe with a blue-eyed or kinky-haired baby, the medicine man quickly disposes of it.

The average family has no more than three or four children, due to the high infant mortality rate and the tribe's ruthless custom of infanticide, eliminating the weak and the imperfect as well as the racially impure. However, Bororo parents are kind to their children, and a Bororo male is proud of his fatherhood and always ready to point out his sons.

I once witnessed a naming ceremony for a baby boy. (Girls aren't named; they are considered merely adjuncts of the men.)

Before dawn, the parents, their relatives and friends prepared the youngster, just able to toddle, by daubing him from head to foot with a resinous pitch, then coating him thickly with small, soft red and white breast feathers of egret and macaw.

Just at sunrise, the medicine man took the birdlike little toddler and sat him down facing the sun, with a circle formed by the Indians. Then he pierced the little boy's lower lip with a sharp, bone-pointed instrument decorated with bright feathers. Then he intoned, softly:

"*Piadudu . . . Piadudu . . .* I name you 'Hummingbird' . . ."

And the entire company, in a soft, gentle chant, repeated after him the name the medicine man had chosen:

"*. . . Piadudu . . . Piadudu . . .*"

One of the odd sights of a Bororo village is the domesticated macaws, the noisy, four-foot parrots whose brilliant plumage seems exotic even in the jungle. The Bororos keep these birds not for eggs or meat, but for their feathers, which they use in headdresses and beautiful, finely woven feather cloaks. And as a result the squawking macaws run about as naked as the Indians, and as ugly as only plucked, long-necked birds can be.

The Bororos are expert hunters, although their only weapons are bows and arrows. Infinitely patient in stalking game, they often creep up to within ten feet of their quarry. They will wait for hours on a riverbank until a big fish swims close enough to be impaled with an arrow.

I attended a big celebration one night in honor of the slaying of a tiger. While the women barbecued the carcass over a big fire, the men stayed their hunger with palm beer. (When the heart is carved out of the clustered leaves at the top of a palm, the sweet sap collects in the cavity and ferments. The Bororos' method of imbibing is athletic: They shinny up the tree with a hollow reed, dip this in the liquid, and suck up as much palm beer as they want, then slide down the tree.) I also passed around a bottle of rum, so by the time we started to eat, all the men were feeling happy.

Everyone sliced a chunk of meat from the carcass and gorged himself on it and palm hearts, cassava-root cakes, and fruit.

The chief arose suddenly from the squatting circle around the fire. In a sonorous voice he began reciting the important events of the hunt. Then he called on the other hunters, and each gave his full-blown version of the hunt, inflating the part he and his dogs had played, of course. The women and children listened, awed, standing silently in the background. Afterward, the squatting men all rose for the dance.

The musicians assembled before the community hall—with bass flutes, calabash trumpets and an odd-looking ocarinalike instrument of mussel shells.

Dramatic Action in Tiger Dance

The opening of the dance was signaled by an Indian who suddenly ran into the village from the edge of the jungle, realistically imitating the tiger's mating call on an enormous trumpet. As he blasted forth his spine-prickling roar, a second Indian plunged into the firelight, wearing the skin of a large tiger and a mask made of the tiger's head.

Then, while the trumpeter continued roaring, the Indian in the tiger skin loped and ran in sudden breathless rushes, and wove about in sinuous, graceful movements that were an astonishingly credible imitation of a tiger. The performance was climaxed by a re-enactment of the afternoon's hunt, in which the man in the tiger skin repeatedly charged his invisible enemies, and bit at the "arrows" shot into him, and finally "died."

Abruptly the big bass flutes began to snort, the calabash trumpets barked, and the Indians with ocarinas bent to their shrill-voiced shells.

Twoscore painted and befeathered Bororo men, with gourd rattles in both hands and anklets and bracelets of rattling seed pods, began a slow, rhythmic circling about the fire—stamping, moving crab fashion from heel to toe, swaying from side to side—at the same time chanting in a weird, stirring tempo. Abruptly the women, outside the circle, began dancing an accompaniment, linking arms, striding forward six steps toward the circling men, then backing up. The Indian in the tiger skin, within the circle, still pranced and roared and charged.

After watching for an hour or two, I wearily sought my hammock on the edge of the village and crawled under my mosquito netting. I woke up momentarily near dawn. The big bass flutes were still snorting, the ocarinas were shrilling, and the barks of the calabashes were hoarsely staccato.

THE END

MAN RUNNING

Continued from page 25

It was a belief as real as the bright day in which I stood—as if the present were also the future, and with this feeling came also a conviction of ultimate rightness and safety.

I went softly down the companion ladder to the main cabin door, opened it gingerly.

He was sleeping under a rug on the settee-bunk with an arm crooked so that his hand was under the side of his head. His breathing was easy and quiet. Last night I had not seen his face except vaguely.

Now I could look at him.

I expect other women have noticed that a man asleep reveals more of himself than at most other times; the strength or the weakness of him, the intelligence or the stupidity, the fundamental goodness or badness is there to see if you are enough aware of him in relation to yourself.

I liked what I saw. For one thing he was not at all a paragon; he would be a frightful brute if you were not careful. I don't think there is much sense in the theories of strong lines in jaws, and broad foreheads, wide-set eyes and all the other accepted marks of the man who weakens the knees of women. This one had a rather large nose with two thin white lines where the bone was close under the skin. His eyes, I thought, were probably blue, or gray. He was long in body and lean. The only exceptional point in his case was that, as I say, I liked the look of him, and this had not happened before. Not to the same extent.

I SUPPOSE my standing there reached into his sleep for he stirred, made a sound in his throat, somewhere between a sigh and a groan, and moved his mouth. I debated whether to close the door and start getting breakfast or stay here to be with him when he awoke. He would not be returning to a pleasant consciousness. I would stay.

I was confused by the fact that in his view of me he was still a stranger, while in mine of him he had ceased to be one rather unnaturally early; which was the sort of thing I suppose I would have to put up with now that I had a secret heart.

I realized suddenly that his eyes were open and that the haze of first-waking was clearing. Then they focused on me, and the skin between his eyebrows wrinkled in a faint frown. His lips moved and spoke a name. But it came out of his sleeping and was not mine.

"No," I said as amiably as I could. "I'm Eve Gill."

Then the shock of full consciousness struck him. Memory with fear, all the dreadfulness of the night before flooded his mind, his face, his eyes. He moved violently, throwing off the rug and sat there in shirt and trousers looking very rumpled but not at all unappetizing.

"You're the girl—" he began and broke off to look at me. He was seeing me, of course, only as a factor in the situation, which irritated me almost as much as being called by someone else's name.

Then he was in a hurry wanting to know what had been happening while he wasted time in sleeping like that.

"Nothing at all in this part of the country," I told him, "but I wouldn't like to say the same about the parts you left."

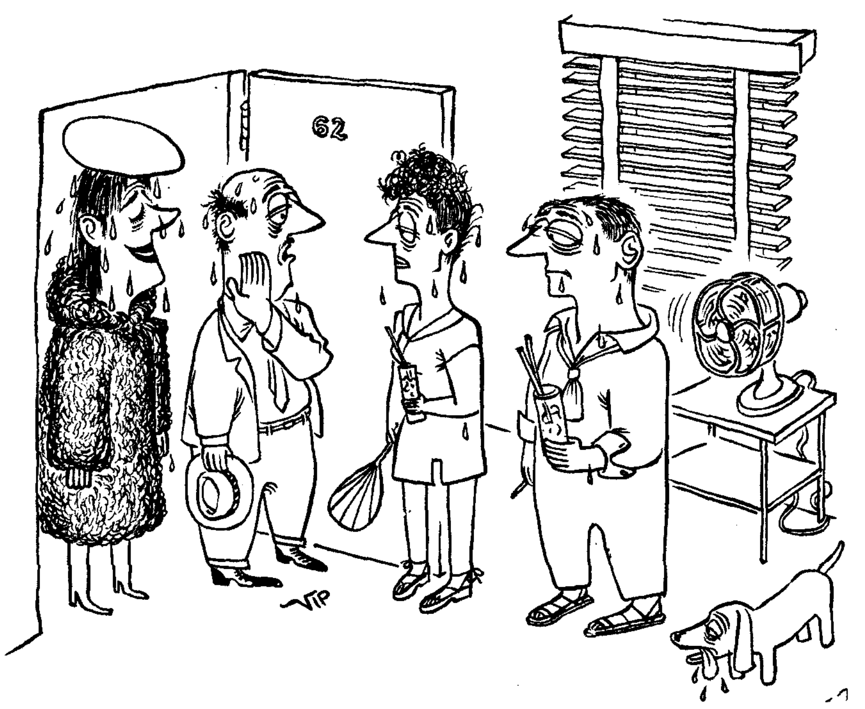
"The papers—" he looked around the cabin a little wildly.

"Don't reach the house until after ten. It's now twenty to nine. We won't talk until we've had breakfast," I said. "You'll find a bathroom through there. There's a razor and so on in the cupboard over the basin. Can you shave in cold water—or would you like to wait until I've heated some? It doesn't take a minute—"

"Cold is fine, thank you." He was pulling himself together, deciding to take up life again in the best way he could, with attention to ordinary things. It was the right thing to do, of course, but there were people who would have taken longer to make a start at it. He had backbone, even if his feet ran a shade too readily.

I left him then, and went to the galley where I was grateful for our rule that the Peacock's dry food stores must be kept up even in harbor. I made coffee, omelets, and large slices of toast for the honey, the salty heather honey our bees find in the wild flowers of the marshes, and without which I cannot feel the day has begun properly.

When I took the tray to the cabin Jonathan had finished in the bathroom, and looked better already. I was able to see him as he must have appeared before last night: a man of good background, ability and assurance in whatever his job might be, who dressed well but without too much attention to the affinities between tie and socks or shade of shirt in relation to suit, matters about



COLLIER'S "Psst! Comment on the new coat" VIRGIL PARTCH

"Let's not mix our Geology with–er–ah–girls!"

NICK: Girls? Bu-bu-but, *Sir!* I wasn't doing anything wrong.

PROF: Perhaps not, my boy. But Nancy and er—that Jean devoted *my* lecture on Mesozoic Tectonics to observing you and discussing you—audibly. And favorably, I might add.

NICK: Ah—those kids! They talk-talk-talk-talk.

PROF: Quite so, Nick. But I dislike my discourses on Basalt structures to be broken by hoarse confidences anent your "good looks"—as they *were.* They admired your shirt collar, too.

NICK: This? Why, it's just an Arrow Collar, Professor. All the smart dressers wear 'em because they're the best lookers.

PROF: Is that so, now? But—er—as I was saying: I was discussing igneous Basalt . . . You know, Nick, that IS a striking shirt, if I may say so. That waist, for instance . . .

NICK: Yeah! That's the Arrow "Mitoga" trade-mark design. Follows your body's lines, see? Another thing about Arrows, Sir: they tote that Sanforized label. Means "fabric shrinkage held to 1%."

PROF: Does it, *really?* Nick, perhaps one day would er—indicate the establishment where one purchases these fine shirts. What? You'll take me there *yourself?* GOOD! Thank you, my boy! Perhaps my girls will then pay a little attention to my lectures—

NICK: "Pay attention!" Professor, they'll CLIMB ON YOUR DESK! That's a promise!

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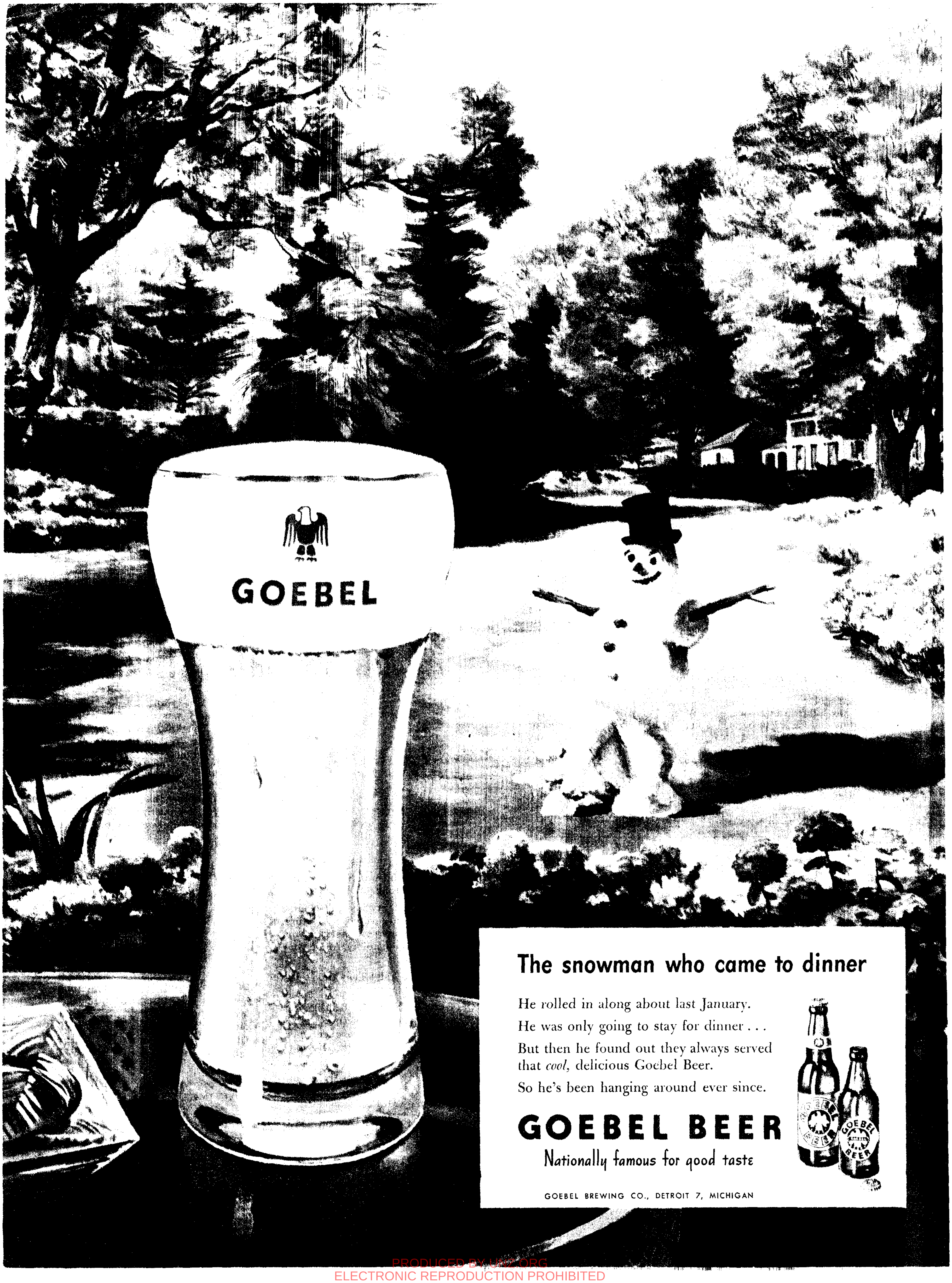

The snowman who came to dinner

He rolled in along about last January.
He was only going to stay for dinner . . .
But then he found out they always served that *cool,* delicious Goebel Beer.
So he's been hanging around ever since.

GOEBEL BEER

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which some men show considerable passion.

He brightened at the sight of food.

"My God, I'm hungry!" he said, and I realized it was the first entirely natural, spontaneous, everyday thing I had as yet heard him say.

His eyes flickered over me with some awareness, I thought, of me as a person, even if only as the provider of the food he wanted so badly. I felt, without need, as though my legs were rather noticeably the salient feature of me. There were yards of them, the towel coat being just about as short as the bathing suit, which could not, I suppose, have been shorter.

We ate. To my great pleasure he noticed the honey's peculiar and particular flavor, which alone would have been enough to put him in the very small group of people for whom I feel affection.

I told him about the bees and the marshes, about the house, about Father, Mary, Charlie, the village, the backwater, the Peacock, and altogether generally about life as it went on in this quiet corner of Suffolk. I did not dilate, however, on the Commodore's occasional outbursts of mild crime beyond saying that the influences of his early days in South America now and again created excitement for us, but I could see Jonathan was remembering The Old Woman in a Shawl, and found it difficult to reconcile the circumstances in which he had found me with those with which he was now presented.

BillO'Malley
COLLIER'S

However tacitly determined we were to avoid the shadow which darkened even the sunshine which filled the cabin, its existence could not be denied much longer, and I thought it best to turn to it deliberately.

"Now about you," I said. "If you feel you can talk about things, please won't you? I think you know you are as safe here as you can be, and that I am going to help you. It would do you good."

He looked at me with haunted eyes.

"What *can* you do, except in the most temporary sense? I *must* get on, out of the country if I can. Every minute I stay here, stay with you, you are more and more involved."

"I'm not frightened. Wouldn't it take a lot of proving? I would say you asked for a lift, that I offered you a job and you took it."

"What job? You mean to do with that Rembrandt? That would be as bad a trouble for you."

"Rembrandt nothing! This ketch has to have a man to look after it. You know a bit about boats, don't you? Everybody does—"

"Actually I do. I've sailed a bit. Nothing as big as this." He looked at me uncertainly.

"All right. It's like this. You asked me for a job and I had one going. They would have to believe it. The name you are calling yourself as far as I am concerned is, let's say, Singer—Alfred Singer. If you don't like Alfred—"

"It'll do," he said. "Go on."

"So however much the police describe you in the papers, and they can't publish a picture since there isn't one, how am I or anyone else to recognize you? Descriptions like that fit thousands of people. What motive could I have in sheltering you?"

He thought a moment, frowning.

"I wish I really knew what it was," he said, more to himself than to me.

My motive was the last thing in the world I wished to discuss with him, so I said briefly, "Let's stop moiling over *my* side of this. I told you last night we need help over this picture affair."

We ate nectarines. I could see what was in his mind now. It became too much for him to hold, and the words came out:

"I hope to God she's all right."

I said as casually as possible, "Why not talk about last night a bit? It won't hurt me and it may help you—getting it off your chest."

He looked at me; he was obviously by nature a reticent man.

But it was too late to distrust me.

"You see," he said, "she's all alone now. I've had to clear out and leave her to it. I'd meant to keep close, in the background, and see her through the worst of it. He wouldn't let her have any friends—his damnable jealousy was always taking care of that. *His* friends won't care what they do to her. And she's sensitive, terribly sensitive. . . ."

Selecting another nectarine, and again casually without looking at him, I suggested he should begin at the beginning.

After another pause he did so and, once started, the whole story came tumbling into words. The cabin, which until then had held only the two of us, filled with the presence of Charlotte Inwood and his absorbing interest in her, his devotion. I felt suddenly far away from him, as though the table between us widened swiftly like a vast plain, making me smaller and smaller in his consciousness.

I listened with all my ears, not daring to interrupt with questions lest I break the preoccupation in his recent past which enabled him to talk so unreservedly. He was so sure their love affair had not been noticed by anyone; he clung to this as the one straw to save her from the flood of their disaster even though he drowned for lack of one for himself.

"So you see," he finished, "how shockingly difficult things may turn out for her. Although I can't see *how*, they *may* find some evidence of my knowing her. As things are I might have been doing so badly as an architect that I had to knock someone on the head for what he had on him—or in his safe. And being an architect I might logically have chosen a millionaire building contractor. That will be the police explanation."

"Are you—I mean were you doing badly as an architect?" I asked.

"Not very well. I've only been out of the army a few months—and I'm a free lance in a world of combines and government industry."

"I don't know you very well, of course, but wouldn't murder for profit be rather out of character? And apart from that, don't architects have a good deal to do with builders? I'm trying to reassure you about Charlotte. Won't the police be inclined to look first for a business connection between you and Inwood? He doesn't sound a pleasant type. You may have quarreled with him—"

"He was a perfect swine," Jonathan said. "He was asking to be murdered by someone."

"There you are. That will come out and I'm sure they'll decide there was a business connection. The chief point is, of course, that lack of motive isn't likely to be bothering them when there's such direct evidence against you—the wine merchant seeing you. It's when they can't *see* who did it that they look around for a motive which will lead them to the criminal."

"I see the point. You seem to know a lot about these things."

"Naturally," I said in my gun moll's voice.

"Oh, yes—" He looked at me, puzzled again because he could not reconcile me with a life of crime.

"Another thing," I went on. "If this Freddy Williams man is really a friend of hers, and he seems to be if she can rely on him to the extent of asking him not to give away the fact that she wasn't with him *all* the evening—well, she isn't quite alone. He'll see her through."

THIS thought, which should have pleased him, did not. I can't say I expected that it would; but I couldn't resist putting it forward. I was beginning even then to feel that Charlotte was not quite the helpless clinging vine he liked to think she was, and I suppose I was watching out for every opportunity to undermine his feelings for her. After all, I already knew I hated her worse than poison.

There was an interruption; the flat *phut-phut* sound of Father's motor-driven bath chair, which became louder as it neared the beach, meant he wanted me for something. I told Jonathan to keep quiet where he was. Father couldn't come any closer than the beach unless I fetched him in the dinghy.

I went on deck. The bath chair stopped at the end of the path, before the pebbled slope down to the water. He only wanted to say something. He said it in his best quarter-deck voice:

"Take the Daimler and drive over to Lowestoft and fix up a crew! I want to cross tomorrow or next day!"

My first instinct was to argue, but I had a second thought; this was really exactly what I wanted. I waved acknowledgment; he started up the little engine and *phut-phutted* back to the house, and I went below again.

"By tonight," I told Jonathan, "you'll be an accredited member of this ship's crew, and by the day after tomorrow, if not before, you'll be somewhere off the coast of Holland. On Saturday, when we're in Amsterdam, I'll find you somewhere to live. You can then jump ship. You'll have enough money to look around for a job and start a new life."

His reaction to the plan did not surprise me. He looked blank. Theoretically it solved his problem, if it came off. But on the other hand when faced with it he did not want to put himself out of

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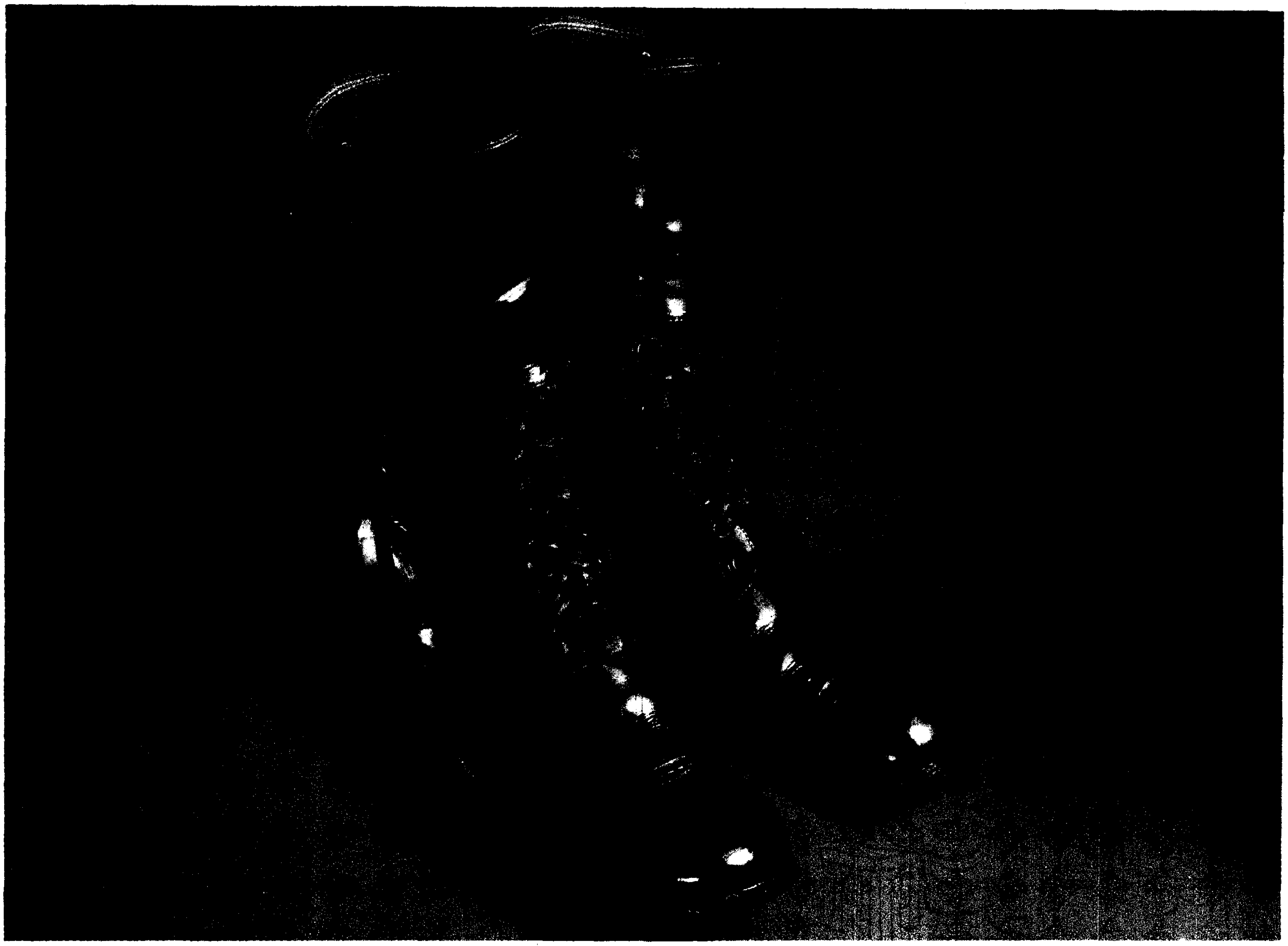

Can you fill them?

You're walking in proud shoes
when you try these on for size—
the boots that hit the beach at Leyte
and took the Rhine in stride.
Scarred by Pacific coral,
stained with the mud of France,
they got a cleaning and a polishing
before they swung high, wide and handsome
down Fifth Avenue.
Museum pieces? Not these shoes.
They're not in a glass case
for people to stare at.
They still have work to do.
If you're man enough to fill them
you'll travel far.
You'll know the value of good comrades,
discover what it takes to be a leader,
learn how to handle new machines
and—more important—men.
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to people groping for it.
You'll help to keep your country
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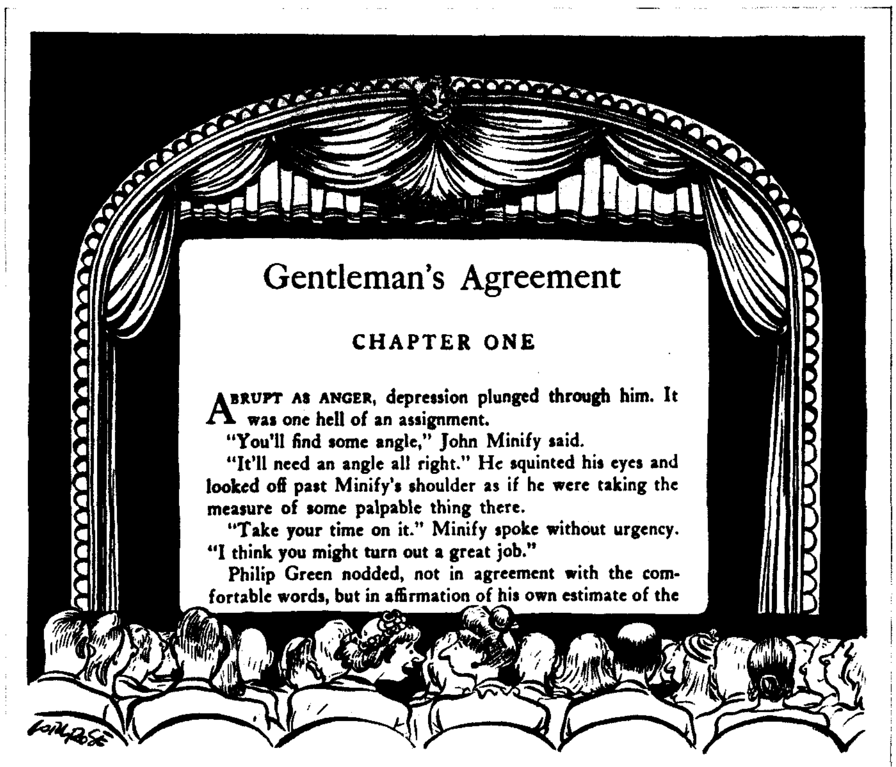
touch with what was happening. She was pulling hard at his heart.

I had an unkind impulse to slap him, but overcame it. I prepared to leave, promising to be back before teatime. . . .

I changed into a blue linen suit, got out the Daimler and drove to Lowestoft to find Father his crew. The Daimler is rather enormous for a two-seater but it is nice to think in. You feel as though its forty horses are galloping along in front of you on silent hoofs, drawing you after them on a floating cushion which has nothing to do with the road. Thoughts surge quietly after them, objective and impersonal.

I thought about Jonathan's story and the more I did the more awful it seemed. And I could not help feeling that the unfortunate infatuated idiot now brushing up his small ship navigation with the help of the Peacock's bookshelf was altogether too good for this world, but that did not mean he should leave it by way of a rope around his neck for a murder he had not done. For at worst that was what would happen to him; at best he would be utterly ruined as Jonathan Penrose, architect.



Gentleman's Agreement

CHAPTER ONE

ABRUPT AS ANGER, depression plunged through him. It was one hell of an assignment.

"You'll find some angle," John Minify said.

"It'll need an angle all right." He squinted his eyes and looked off past Minify's shoulder as if he were taking the measure of some palpable thing there.

"Take your time on it." Minify spoke without urgency. "I think you might turn out a great job."

Philip Green nodded, not in agreement with the comfortable words, but in affirmation of his own estimate of the

"Well, for once, they've followed the book exactly as it was written"

COLLIER'S CARL ROSE

What would be his reward, if he lived to earn one? Would he be able to link up with his Charlotte again when they stopped looking for him, to live with her in the fulfillment of their mutual love? It did not seem to me to be that kind of story, for the good reason that Charlotte, as I saw her, was not that kind of girl. Somehow I could not see her in the first place as marrying Mr. Joseph Inwood for the sort of motives generally found in a lady who counts the world well lost for love. Indeed, I went so far as to think she would cling to the world and its earthy things with everything she had in her and that, for all she would care, her White Knight could feed his gallant heart to the worms of disillusion.

Lowestoft was putting forth its best smell of tar, bloater, rope and dead seaweed under the encouraging sun. I left the car in the yard of the Red Lion, and then set out to find Mafeking Bostock in his black cottage on the North Quay.

Mafeking knows us well; there is nothing he wouldn't do for us if he's in the mood. I found him at home. In darned blue jersey and striped city trousers of great antiquity he was sitting on a bench by his doorway, splicing a rope. He was tugging at the loose ends of rope as though his life depended on them. I did not interrupt, although I knew that the splicing was part of the act he put on to convince people, including himself, that he was a man of the sea. He sported bright red, dangling mustaches and a grating voice as dry as the oakum he had never hammered beneath a caulking iron (though one suspected he had spent a considerable period of his early life picking it).

"Mafeking," I said presently. "Father wants another crew. A week's trip."

"I thought your old man had settled down for a bit."

"You know him."

"Yes, I know him. Of course I can dig up something. . . ."

My view that Mafeking Bostock was the right person to go to at this moment was confirmed as the conversation proceeded. He carried most of it, and himself away with it, becoming increasingly ready to admit that when it came to looking for the man who really wielded power in the town and harbor of Lowestoft, you need look no farther than the bench on which he was sitting.

Before he could pause and remind himself that man is like to vanity, I put the suggestion, heart in mouth, that if he could provide me with a seaman's papers for which the rightful owner had no further use, it would enable me to raise one member of the needed crew myself, leaving only two to him. He accepted the idea at once, with a wave of the hand which implied that nothing was easier. In point of fact, of course, nothing is usually more difficult.

Twenty minutes later I had a neat little packet in my handbag which would go most of the way toward establishing Jonathan as John Hobhouse, of 12 Station Villas, Hailsham, who had spent the last twelve years, including the war, on various ships of various lines and companies, mostly in Pacific waters. Judging by the dates in his certificate, his home, if indeed it had not long ago ceased to be that, could not have seen anything of him for years. I wondered where he was now, that he had been able to part with these precious documents.

The remaining two men would report to the Peacock at Kessingland this afternoon, which did not give Mafeking much time to pick out a couple of victims who, being sufficiently in his toils by blackmail or debt or whatever other lever came to his hand, would serve on the ketch without curiosity and leave her without troubling their memories about where she had been.

Afterward I went shopping for John Hobhouse. The chandler's shop in the harbor district had all he needed for the moment: secondhand but very clean dungarees, a heavy woolen jersey and so on.

I stowed it all out of the way at the back of the Daimler, and bethought me of my own needs. Miss Vandelte had not made me any underclothes for ages.

It was this almost chance notion to go to see her which I like to think brought about another turning point in the story; this and again the fluke of circumstance that Sophie, Countess of Inderswick, had not yet sent for her new nightdress.

I knew it must be Sophie's the moment I saw it on its puffy silk hanger, cascading its white satin against the purple flowers of Miss Vandelte's workroom wallpaper.

Sophie was the only girl I knew who went to Miss Vandelte and was both rich enough and shameless enough to have a nightdress like that, with the lace in the places where the lace was.

While I looked at it, thinking the sort of thoughts which it started off, I came naturally enough to Charlotte again. Charlotte in her white dress, her ruined white dress. Stepping out of it in Jonathan's flat, and Jonathan remembering to bring her another one. . . .

The purple flowers on Miss Vandelte's wallpaper were swimming together in the queerest way.

No woman, and Charlotte was a woman whatever else she might be, would have failed to notice the state of her frock, no matter how frightened and upset she might be, and she would have done something about it at once; she would never have left the house in it.

And after all had she been so upset? Hadn't she thought up the burglar idea and been aware of her need for an alibi *before* she reached Jonathan?

IN SHORT, she had not been consistent, and I could explain it in one way only. She had continued to wear the frock on purpose.

Why?

Because, by appearing like that at Jonathan's door, not only distraught but bloodstained, she had deliberately shocked him into acceptance of anything she wanted him to believe.

I did not know why. But it was a question to which the answer might possibly produce quite a different picture from that which Jonathan believed to be true.

At the very best it suggested one most important likelihood: that Charlotte had not banged down the candlestick on Joseph's skull with as great an innocence of intention as she had led Jonathan so readily to think.

The wallpaper refocused.

"You were saying, Miss Gill?" I heard the dressmaker's voice.

"Look, Miss Vandelte. Would you be very shocked if I said I wanted two complete sets of everything in black. *Black,* with pink here and there if you feel your conscience pricking you?"

"But with pink it is *much* worse," cried Miss Vandelte happily. "But you are so young for black. And for the country, with your light frocks, and summer just beginning."

"I think I shall be spending the next few weeks in London. I've a sort of feeling I'm going to have to be quite sophisticated and move around among people where that sort of thing would be expected of me—" *Yes,* I would go myself personally to London even if only to take a look at Charlotte. I might find what I expected to find; what I wanted to find.

The bank was within two minutes of closing but I got inside before they shut the door and had them transfer five hundred pounds to my credit at their Piccadilly branch.

I drove home faster than I had ever driven.

After leaving the main road I turned

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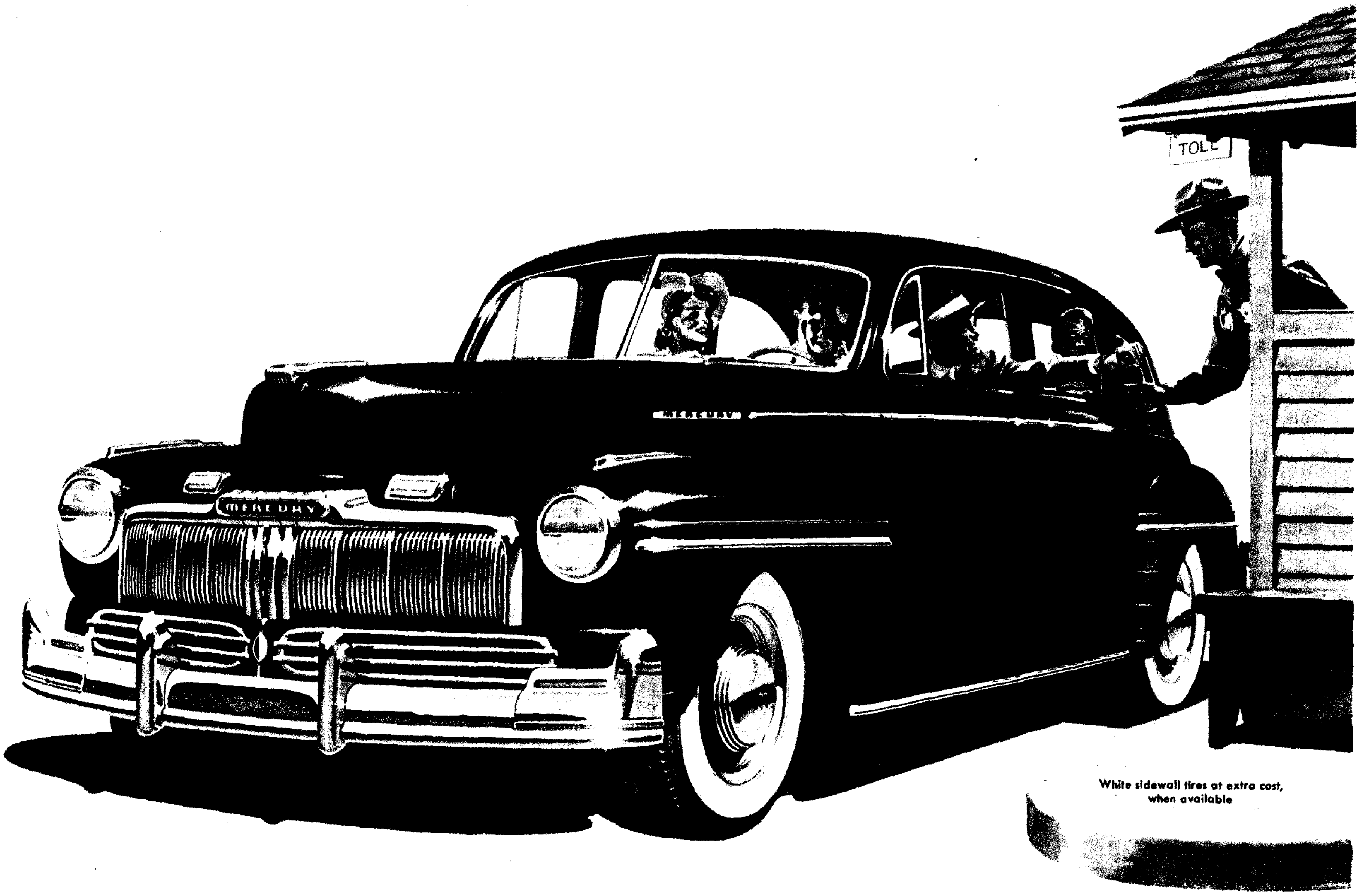

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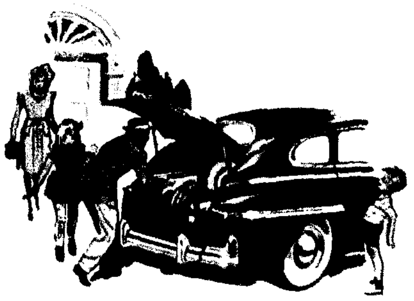

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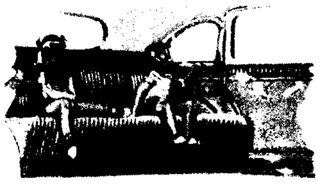

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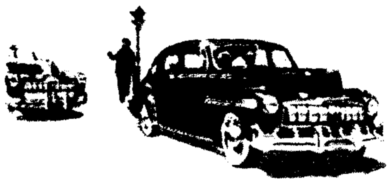

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off "our" road by a short cut along a sun-baked marsh track which brought me to the estuary a hundred yards from the beach off which the Peacock lay. Here I was out of sight of the house and was able safely in three trips to carry Jonathan's new kit from the car to the dinghy. I sculled out to the ketch.

He was glad to see me, and surprised, I think, to find how far I had managed to go in establishing him as a seaman. He was impressed by the John Hobhouse identity papers, which were of course most important. The clothes fitted him, almost. He showed signs of cheerfulness.

I had a sense of urgency. I wanted more and more to get to London without delay. But first I had to have as much information as possible from him about the scene he had left, while on my side I put him as much as possible into the picture here. I told him about Charles, who would be sailing as engineer, completing the crew with the two further hands who would be arriving this afternoon; he must say, if asked why he had appeared on board so soon himself, that I had found him with Mafeking Bostock when I came looking for men.

He realized suddenly that all this would result in being out of touch with me, and that meant with the situation in London. Alarm came into his voice:

"If I jump ship at Amsterdam, how can we communicate? You're the only person—the only link I can use."

"You can write," I said. "Eve Gill, Kessingland, Suffolk. If John Hobhouse sends me his address on a post card, I can send him the English papers and a chatty letter now and then. It would be perfectly safe."

"That would be fine," and he added rhetorically, "If only you could see Charlotte."

I did not comment; my intention to see Charlotte was a matter entirely for myself. He said again that he still did not know why I was doing all this for him.

"You forget we made a bargain," I said, brushing off the question.

THE memory I took with me was of a tall, lean man with sun shining on his head from the skylight, and troubled eyes watching me, doubtful even to suspicion. Perhaps it was the swaying of the dinghy when I sculled across to the dock, but for the first time in my life I understood that one's heart can really have a sinking feeling.

I spent five minutes with the Commodore, chiefly to make sure he did not include me in his plans for Holland.

"The crew is fixed up. Bostock had one man on the spot, so I brought him back with me. The other two will report this afternoon. I'll look after things here while you are away."

"What things?"

"Aunt Harvey Gill, for one. If we both disappeared on a trip at the same time so soon after the picture was stolen—"

"It was not *stolen!*" he scowled at me.

"That's what she calls it—and no doubt so do the police."

"Reminds me. Billy Bull rang up this morning."

My throat tightened. Billy Bull is superintendent of the East Suffolk Constabulary.

My father has sharp eyes. "What's the matter? Think I'm frightened of Billy Bull?"

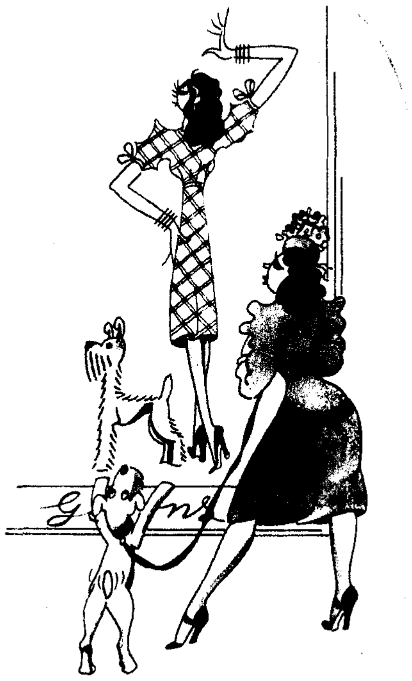
"No," I said, and did not add that I was, and with more reason than he suspected.

"Billy wants to shoot snipe next Wednesday. I said he was welcome, although he might have to look after himself. But if you are going to be here, you can at least give him breakfast."

I nodded and went upstairs to pack. Although I went at it slowly, even to making a list of the things I would need as essentials, it took less than an hour. I had to kill time until Father was on board the ketch. I decided on a small black hat dominated by a soft but sophisticated black ostrich feather, a hat which sometimes I felt had set me back too many guineas; at other times I did not, and this was one of them, for it was the kind of hat which might bolster up the ego when things were getting it down, a not unlikely situation as I imagined the problems with which I was tangling myself.

A hammering echoed from Charlie's workshop next to his cottage, and I remembered that he would be one of Jonathan's companions on the Peacock. I could spare the time to walk over there.

Charlie, whom no one ever calls Beddington, which is his surname, is a queer one according to the village, which does not understand him. He is an educated man, but taciturn even among the Suffolk people, who as a rule do not care for conversation. Also, he is twice the size of the biggest of his brawny tribe. When I was little he was like a mountain to me, and although I am now grown up and five feet six and a half inches tall, I have to stand well back when I am talking to him if I want to look him in the eye without risking my neck. And he is thick the way an oak tree is thick. His other characteristics of note are an inventive genius, continuously devoted to useless ends of a mechanical nature, and a tenacity of purpose in anything to which he puts his hand, which most people end by calling damned obstinacy. He is on the Commodore's pay roll as "Chief Engineer," largely because both of them like to know the other is around, enjoying a great but silent admiration for each other. For me, I like to believe that Charlie will do anything in the world for me, and to start Charlie on something is rather like taking the brake off a steam roller at the top of a hill. You know it will get to the bottom all right, but you also know that the brake isn't going to be any good if it meets something on the way.



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Have slenderer fannykins.

—Richard Armour

He was squatting without his shirt like an animated bronze in the doorway of the workshop, bashing a sheet of iron with a five-pound hammer, forcing it by sheer strength into a shape it had no wish to be. Pieces of disintegrated tractor were heaped around him. Leaning against the bench was the canvas bag he always takes with him on the Peacock.

I had to shout his name above the din before he realized I was there.

"I'm not going to Amsterdam," I said, "but you'll have all the help you'll need without me. Crew of three. I've just put one of them aboard. He knows a bit about engines and small ships, and is generally intelligent."

"Bostock's men?"

"Yes. Hobhouse—the one I mentioned—is likely to be the best of the three, a cut above the others. He'll want to be friendly."

"Aren't I always?" he asked defensively.

"Well, he's an educated man."

"Which means that he'll assume the police are looking for me as well as him."

I HADN'T meant anything so awkwardly likely. But Charlie is very shrewd; it's no good trying to fool him.

"Maybe," I said, "but he'd never let you know he was assuming anything about you."

"You fancy this bloke?" Charlie lammed the hammer down on the piece of iron, not maliciously but to disguise his interest, which is constant, in my relationships with his sex.

"I like the look of him. He might do as a permanent member of the establishment. That is, if Father doesn't take against him for some reason. I'm going to London for a few days, but you need not mention that to Father. In case of emergency you can reach me through Aunt Florence."

He nodded, and I went back to the house a little comforted by the thought that I had probably succeeded in putting Jonathan under Charlie's faithful wing. It eased the tension a bit, and I realized it was nearly two o'clock and that I was hungry. I ate salad and cheese from a tray by the fish pool, feeding choice bits to a carp named Albert, the pool's elderly inhabitant.

The old house and the older wood, the flat marshlands and the wide hazy sky, this was my place and most of me. Far away to the south, London sprawled, man-made in another world, slowly building again where man had laid it in ruin; dirty, dangerous, nothing to do with me or my people, but where I had chosen to fight my very private war. I did not know the ground nor the hazards. I felt unarmed and unprepared for their unknown elements, and the more so when I had to sit still like this and could contemplate them.

I finished lunch, and took the tray back to Mary. I spent twenty minutes checking over the Daimler, filled the tank, and the time was still only three minutes past three. I was getting desperate, and began to toy with the notion that I would start now and chance trouble with Father.

I took a firm grip on the impulse and went up to my own room. I did my hair and put on the black hat and felt stronger and a little more patient.

At ten past three the motor of Father's chair started up. I ran to the end of the corridor where the window looks down on the courtyard. Father, accompanied by the two maids and Fred the handy man, all loaded with gear and equipment and odds and ends he would need for the voyage, was on his way to the beach. On his knees was a flat brown paper parcel about the size of Rembrandt's portrait of The Old Woman in a Shawl. . . .

At four thirty-one I swung the Daimler around the sharp corner of the turnpike on to the main London road and put my foot down hard.

I stopped at Saxmundham a little before five, to buy the noon editions of the three London evening papers. I could see the headlines from ten feet away. Joseph Inwood may have had only a little fame in the financial columns on the in-

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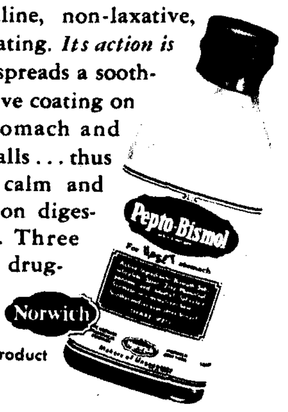

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side when he was alive, but he had certainly made the front pages with the manner of his dying.

I went back to the car and digested the three versions of the same story. There were not many differences between them, the reporters having had little time to work up the details, the "personal angles" on the people involved, and to do any investigating of their own. At this early stage, for instance, the chief actor in the drama, Joseph Inwood himself, was seen only through the reference books. Attempts to interview the widow and the deputy chairman of the Inwood Corporation had failed up to the time of going to press, which must have been around noon.

All three accounts also agreed in saying that Mrs. Inwood was prostrate with grief and under doctor's orders.

IN ALL of the stories was a paragraph stating that the police were anxious to interview a Mr. Jonathan Irwin Penrose, who had disappeared last night from his home not far from the scene of the crime; his car had been discovered abandoned early this morning near Hyde Park Gate. "Although an intensive search is being made by the police throughout the London area no trace of him has been reported up to the time of going to press. Home counties' police forces have been furnished with Penrose's full description, which is as follows. . . ."

The only bright thing I could find anywhere in this unhappy story shone out of it here, in the description of Jonathan. There was not a single one of his features which I could recognize, except that he was above average height and that his hair was dark brown.

The "final night" editions were in time for me to buy them at Colchester at a little after six. They added what is called "color" to the story. Charlotte Inwood was now "the beautiful Mrs. Inwood, well known in café society, whose patronage of the arts has been the inspiration of many struggling writers, artists and musicians"; and, in another: "The fashionable world has long accorded the handsome Mrs. Inwood the well-deserved title of 'Mayfair's best-dressed woman.'" But apparently no one had succeeded in seeing her since she had become a widow. Joseph came in for a number of wreaths designed in the best cliché manner for departed money men: " a powerful figure in the city" . . . "will be long remembered for his spectacular rise to fortune in the great building combine to which he gave his name" . . . and, "a businessman whose wide interests, both at home and in the colonies, made him an almost legendary figure". . . . "Certain industrials showed weakness, notably a marking down to 53/6 as against yesterday's price of 55/9 for Inwood Corporation's Ordinary A shares. This was attributed to the sudden death of the chairman. . . ."

Nowhere, as far as I could see, was Joseph Inwood referred to as a human being. None of it solved my problem; indeed, the complexity of the world to which these people belonged seemed worse than ever.

The search for Penrose, said all three papers, had been intensified, and now embraced the whole country; ports, sea and air, were being watched. The police were keeping the wine merchant's clerk away from the press. The case was simple; the young man's eyewitness evidence of the wanted man's flight from the scene, including the jettisoning of the murder weapon, the candlestick, was circumstantial but sufficient. Superintendent Jupp, "the man who solved the Doverside murders," was in charge of the investigation.

On the wider road below Colchester I kept up a high average as far as the London outskirts at Woodford. It took me half an hour by the northern route into town to reach Kensington and, after two inquiries, found Cary Gardens at exactly half past seven.

I parked the car near the Brompton Road end, locked it and made an unobtrusive approach on foot. I could see which was the "murder house," as the reporters called it, from a comfortable distance. Normally it would be a quiet road, the big houses respectably and solidly aware that they were sheltering the best people. But this evening things were different with Number 4. People clustered around it, staring with expressionless faces. Five or six cars were drawn up at the curb, there were two policemen on the steps, and two more dealt with a steady stream of sight-seers.

The journalists were easy to identify. The police let them hang around the door, and most of them dangled dead cigarettes from their mouths; three had cameras hung around their necks, and all had tired but patient faces.

I crossed the road and joined the group of people who stood by the gardens where they were moved on less often. They stared at the house and discussed the murder. I was as much on the outside as they were but it was worse for me, worse even than for the waiting newspapermen who had their livings to make, for, in all this crowd, against the police, in the face of the whole country's certainty that Jonathan had killed the man who had lived in that house, I stood alone, the only one who knew enough of the truth to try to save him.

I knew Charlotte had killed her husband. I knew quite well, when I faced it, what I had to do. I had to make the police give up their Jonathan theory and think about her. That was all—except, of course, if I wanted Jonathan for myself I must never let Jonathan find out what I had done—if I wanted him for myself. If I wanted him? Did I? If I didn't, why was I standing on this pavement in front of Number 4 Cary Gardens?

I expect I could have gone on thinking round and round that question for some time, but it was just then the front door opened and four men came out. At the same moment the police car nearest the house moved up the few yards which brought it opposite the door, and the four men, about whom I had no time to notice much, because the reporters surrounded them instantly, started to climb into the car.

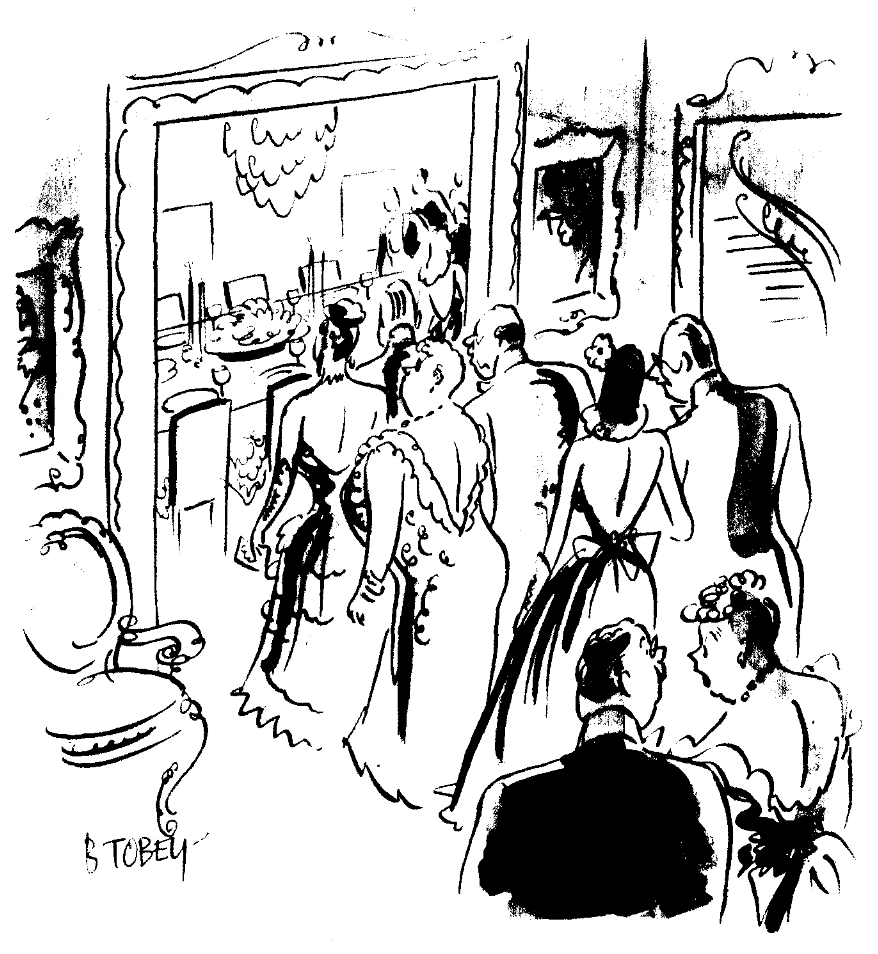
The reporters were being insistent. One of the four appeared to be saying a few reluctant words. Notebooks flapped open; they were not going to be allowed to get away easily.

I ran to the Daimler. The four, or at least some of them, were Scotland Yard higher-ups, and, as I saw it, they would have to get out of that car again sometime, somewhere, and while obviously I had no chance of getting near any of them in this crowd, I might have one at the other end of whatever journey they were making, probably to Scotland Yard; my main thought at the moment was the police and how to get close enough to put an idea into their heads, and it instinctively set me off in the main direction of these difficult and exclusive men.

BY THIS time I was in the Daimler, which, mercifully, was headed down the street the same way as their car, and when it pulled away from Number 4 there was only a gap of fifty yards between us. I closed it sharply, confident that no one had taken any notice of my dash away from the house instead of toward it. Or at least the detectives had not, and they were all that mattered.

We turned into Fulham Road, and drove sedately westward. There was plenty of traffic, without being too much, and I could safely keep a van and another car between them and me. I began wondering more anxiously about the likely difficulties at Scotland Yard. I had to find or create a way into the present situation which did not connect me personally with it. I must not have any visible or invisible and detectable link with Jonathan.

I felt a hot wave of panic and despair sweep over me, and I think it was at that particular moment I realized fully and completely, for the first time, how difficult this job was going to be. It was a peculiarly vivid and unforgettable real-



"Be a dear, Spencer, and keep Russia out of it until the coffee"

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ization which even now I can still feel.

In the same way, I remember the next few seconds, when the panic wave subsided as suddenly as it had risen because the police car most unexpectedly turned into Sloane Avenue and stopped twenty yards or so down it. This caught me unawares, and I almost stopped too. I drove past them, leisurely. One man got out. I watched in the mirror as he touched his hat, and the police car drove on. Now I could stop, which I did on the opposite side. One of them alone in Sloane Avenue was a gift from heaven compared to any or all of them in some unbreachable Scotland Yard fastness. I let the police car go, switched off the engine and took a very deep breath, a luxurious in and out relaxing of tension. I had not the faintest idea what was going to happen next, but I did not feel as I had felt a moment before, that I would be quite helpless.

I DID not even have to move in my seat to watch him in the mirror. He was an ordinary man, in an ordinary dark blue suit, with a blue shirt and dark tie.

He was looking at his wrist watch and making up his mind about something. He started to walk. I let him reach the corner of Fulham Road, and then started up, picking him up again on the far side of Fulham Road. He was walking the way the police car had come, and I wondered a little if he had remembered something he had forgotten to do, or just thought to do, at the Inwoods' house?

But I was wrong, happily and thankfully wrong.

He went into the saloon bar of the Four Feathers. He went straight into it, not doubtfully after a look at the pub to make sure which door he wanted, but like a man who knew the place because he had been there before. I knew him better than ever. He lived at Sloane Avenue House, and this was his "local." A man in a pub at the end of his day's work was even better than a man alone in Sloane Avenue.

I took off my hat, for hats are not worn—particularly black-feathered nonsenses like this one—by habitués of pubs. I put it carefully on the seat by the side of me and slid out of the car.

He also had taken off his hat. He was at the bar, with a pint of beer, and the tables and sofas were three-quarters occupied. It was a warm evening.

There was not quite room for me on his left, but when I edged into the space, it widened and I was in; I was next to him. He glanced at me casually, and I did not look at him except so cornerwise that he could not have seen. He was about forty. He had a round, ordinary face, of the sort you would say people would not look at twice, which I thought was probably an advantage to him, for he could then more easily look twice at them. Against this, of course, was the possibility that among the people who did not look at him twice were the younger and prettier ones of my sex and things might be dullish for him in that sort of way. A disadvantage to him in his off-duty hours and indeed almost a danger, if it happened that one of such a kind wanted to get at him for her own purposes.

He was now looking at me for the second time, which was, no doubt, according to the book. But within four seconds, as I was ordering myself a glass of cider, there was a third time, and I kept my profile exactly in his line of sight.

I drank a little cider. He drank some beer. I fished a cigarette from the case in my handbag. It is, I'm afraid, a gold cigarette case with my initials in the corner in sapphires—very small sapphires. He reached into his pocket for his lighter.

Bending over the flame, I thanked him with my eyes.

"Lovely case," he said.

I trilled prettily. "Won't you have a cigarette?"

"Thanks, no." He seemed to search for something further to say.

"Since I've imposed to this extent," I plunged in, "*could* you tell me of a decent place to eat around here? I'm just in from the country, and my aunt seems to be out."

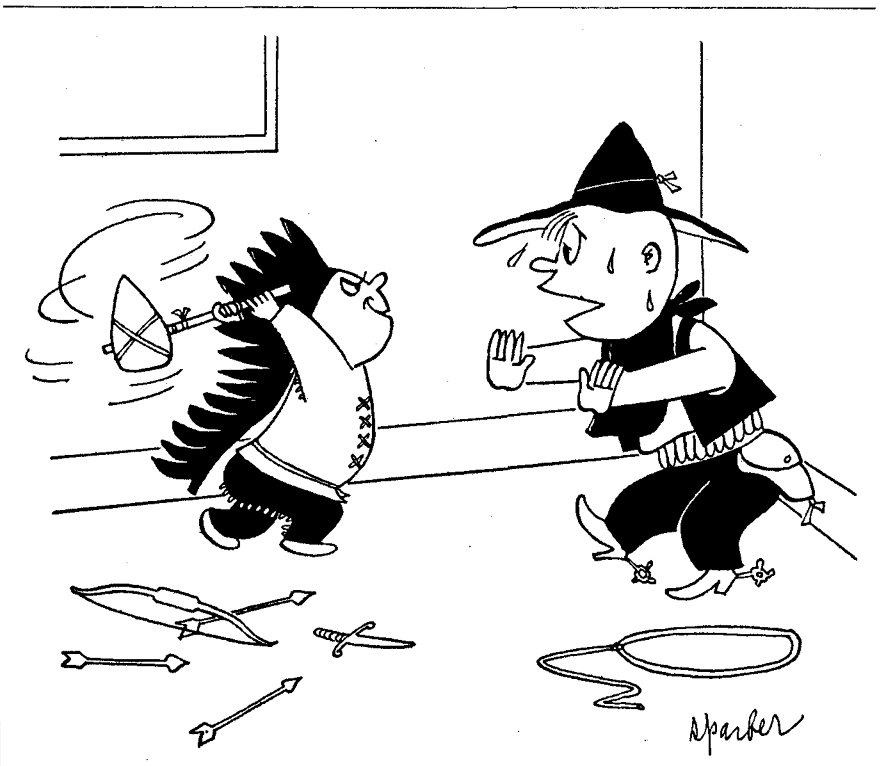
He hesitated, then took the plunge.

"I'm going to Carletta's, if you'd like to try it. It's Italian, and they give you a good escalop."

I hesitated the proper moment before I said yes, thank you, you're very kind.

Then he said that he had been waiting for the newspaperman who generally looked in about now, but there would be one on the corner by Carletta's.

Of course he wanted an evening paper to see what it said about the Inwood case, and in its last edition at that, and I should have known it. I said I was not so hungry that I couldn't finish my cider and wait till the newspaperman came, and added that I knew enough about the male inhabitants of London to understand his need to see an evening paper.



TIMMY

by HOWARD SPARBER

"No, Hanky, you don't understand—the cowboy always wins"

COLLIER'S

After a moment or so the newspaperman came and sold several copies of the Standard. My detective bought one, glanced briefly at the headlines and, folding it neatly, put it away in his outside pocket. I caught a glimpse of the story on the right-hand side of the front page before he put it away.

"Shall we go?" he said. "It's only a short walk."

"I've got a car outside. I think we'd better take it."

His eyes widened a little at the sight of the Daimler, and I went around to the driver's seat while he opened the door on the pavement side.

As we settled and I turned the ignition key, he shifted, saying timidly that he thought he had sat on something.

"Oh, my God!" I said. "You beastly man!"

It is true I had brought that extravagant black hat with me in order that at a vital moment some gentleman might fall for my charms in it, but I had intended that he should use his eyes for the purpose.

He realized acutely what he had done, and I smothered my agony with the comforting thought that even in death it had probably achieved its object. No man who has sat on your hat can ever again regard you dispassionately. No, the poor thing had not died in vain.

I patted his hand lightly and told him that honestly it was as old as the hills and I only wore it for driving to keep the sun out of my eyes. I hoped he could not diagnose its ruins sufficiently to see it had never known a brim. . . .

I sat opposite him at a small table in Carletta's and allowed him to question me with simple curiosity about myself and what I did to occupy myself. This went on for nearly the whole length of the meal, with various depressions into superficial byways. I let him do it at the risk of allowing him to think that I was being a bit too ready, as a nice girl, to talk about myself to an almost complete stranger, but it was a risk worth the gain of having him thus put himself in a position where I could ask him questions if I wanted to. And I was going to want to.

In the meantime he filled out his view of me with clarifying details. It must have made quite an unusual picture, both pleasing and provocative, for it looked as though I had somehow escaped discovery by the vulpine, less-ordinary-looking males who seemed to abound in the neighborhood whenever he met a young woman who was not entirely repulsive to the eye. He deduced that I was a successful farmer's daughter who still preferred trees to houses, sheep to miniature poodles, cider to gin, Brahms to boogie-woogie. And finally, he discovered that I was aware of how a man thought and felt about little things, which, of course, is the sort of discovery to make a man realize sooner or later that you are the pearl he has been looking for ever since he was born. This was when I said, as he put sugar in his coffee:

"I know you are dying to look at your paper. If it hadn't been for me, you would have been able to read it all through dinner."

"I wouldn't dream of it . . ."

"Please, I'd like you to."

He hesitated, looked pleased and pulled out the Standard. I occupied myself with my powder compact, to show that he was really free of me, and he unfolded the paper. He read the story carefully. Twice he frowned.

"Has something gone wrong?" I asked.

He was just a little far away as he answered. "No, not wrong, but I realize now how these people will turn a guess into a fact if it makes the story go the way they want it to."

"You're being very mysterious. What is the particular instance?" And I moved the paper a little so that I could read the headlines; looked at them rather than at him, adding: "Is it to do with this murder here? You knew this man, Joseph Inwood?"

"I only met him this morning, I'm afraid."

"But—he was dead then. Oh, I see! You—you're working on the case."

He nodded, watching me a little doubtfully, as though he feared that I would either lose interest in him because he was a dull thing like a policeman, or, worse still, overwhelm him with an excited cry of "Do tell me!" To his relief I did neither, but said in an ordinary, conversational sort of way that it looked like a big case and it must be worrying for a detective having to deal with one.

"Worrisome and a responsibility, but it's only a big case in the sense that Inwood was an influential man. Actually, it's simply a straightforward robbery with violence which happened to turn out murder. There aren't any what I call 'social and domestic angles,' which can complicate a case into a nightmare for people like me. Mind you," he added quickly, "I'm not in charge. Jupp's in charge. I'm only his second, a mere inspector."

I picked up the paper, saying: "May I read about it?"

"Of course you may," he said. "It's a public newspaper."

"I promise not to ask anything about it," I said, and wondered how such a barefaced improbability escaped his notice. I read the story quickly. It was longer than the earlier editions, and had such paragraphs as:

> "At a detectives' conference this afternoon several statements were considered, in particular one made by a man who knows Jonathan Penrose well, a fellow architect. He is expected to be able to throw light on the desperate state of mind in which Penrose is believed to have been in lately, owing to his failure to make a success of the profession to which he returned after war service."

I seized on this last one. "It can't be often that a man like this Penrose turns to burglary to keep himself out of financial trouble."

He shrugged a shoulder.

"The war taught a lot of unlikely people some unlikely tricks."

"Burglary?"

"I mean the use of physical violence to solve difficulty, as a method of survival."

"But an architect . . ."

"Why less than a solicitor or a dentist?"

"An architect always seems nearer to the artist type—creative and less physical in his approach to things."

HE DID not seem convinced. I asked him how many murderers for gain, or robbers with violence, he had come across in the artistic groups.

He admitted there was something in what I said, and added that this was the exception to prove my rule.

"I've got a feeling there may be a twist in this case, all the same." I frowned at the newspaper the way he had. "It sounds so improbable. Didn't Inwood yell, or ring for the butler, or throw chairs or something? What was he killed with?" I asked innocently, for this detail was not in the papers.

"A candlestick," he said, and I noticed a slowing of his voice as his thoughts quickened.

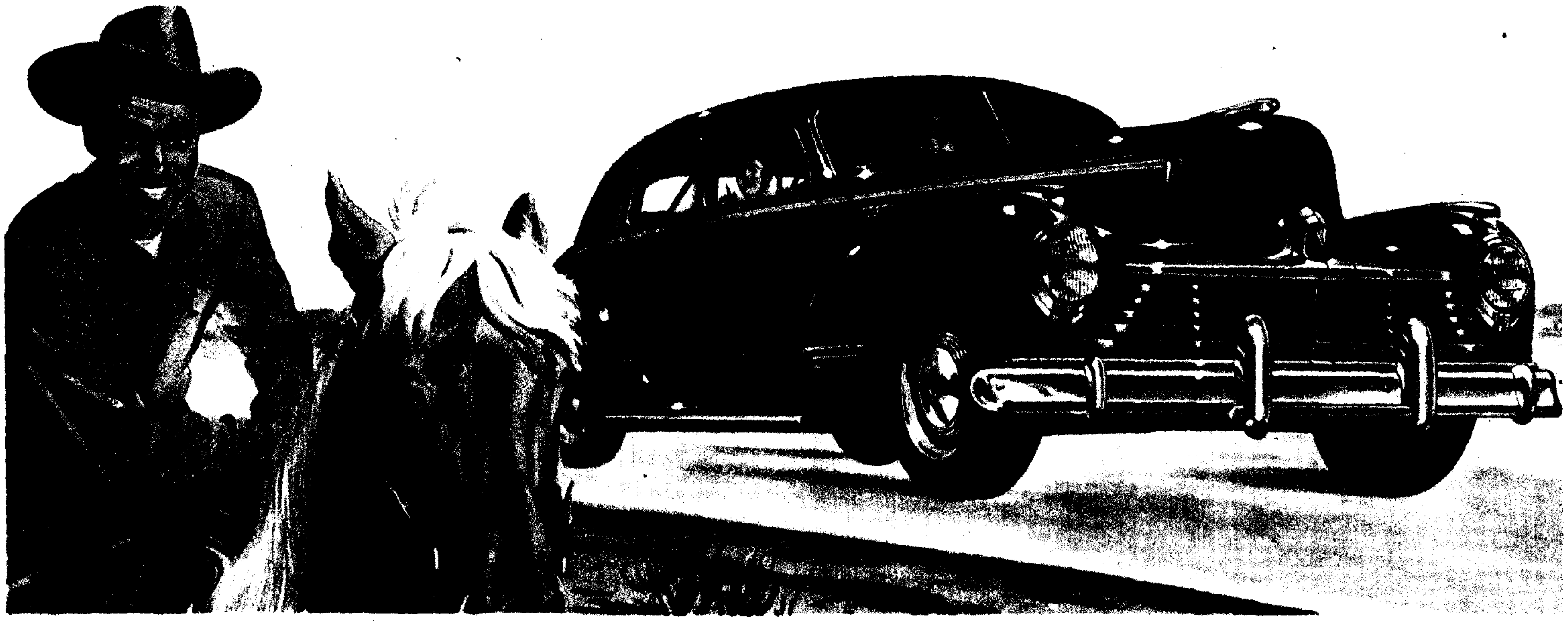
"Where did he get it from?"

"Off the desk where Inwood was sitting."

"Could he have failed to see this Penrose take up the candlestick—from where he was sitting at the desk?"

"H'm," he said, and almost scratched his eyebrow. "You're suggesting the motive wasn't robbery? That they knew

"That's what I call *ridin' high!*"



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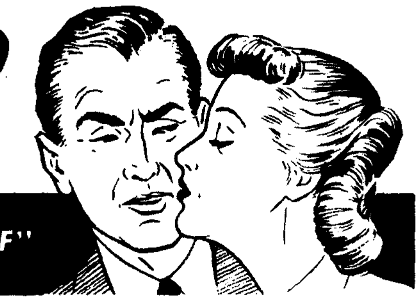

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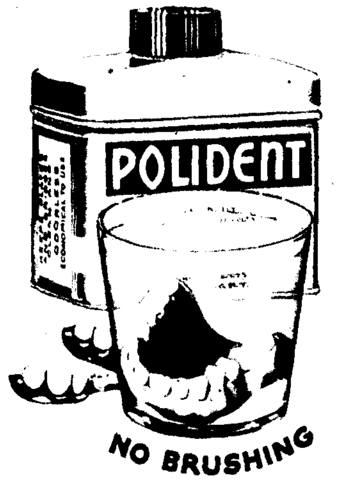

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each other. Quarreled about something, but not so loudly the servants could have heard. But there's not a shred of evidence of any previous contact between them. Nothing."

"Oh, well," I said, as if the point was of no real interest, and added, "What's Mrs. Inwood like?"

"We haven't seen her yet. She's completely knocked out by the business. The doctor wouldn't let us go near her. Anyway, she was out—she was at the theater and went on to supper afterward. She didn't get home until after the crime had been discovered. She won't be able to tell us a thing."

"I was only thinking that if I wanted to know about a man's friends and acquaintances, apart from his business ones, I'd ask his wife."

He smiled. "I do hope I haven't started up your female intuition."

"I don't think I've got any," I said. I knew that whatever else he did, or didn't do, about the Inwood case, he would ask Charlotte Inwood if she had ever met or heard of Jonathan Penrose.

But I had done better than I realized, for a few minutes later, when I was thinking that I was ready to call it a day, he reverted abruptly to the case. "These business and social big pots," he began, "can be pretty terrible people. The degree of tyranny over the small fry which people like the Inwoods manage to exercise is very considerable. You know, I don't believe one of the many people we talked to today really cares that Inwood has been murdered—for Inwood's sake. For their own, yes. You could see the worry behind their eyes about what the effect of his death would have on their own affairs and fortunes. His solicitor kept wanting to see Mrs. Inwood. It was most important, he said. He wanted to convey his condolences immediately. What he really wanted was to make sure she would let him go on handling the Inwood estate. Then there was Inwood's chief partner. He was in a hurry to get back to the city to watch the stock-exchange movements of the corporation's shares."

I HAPPENED then to say a very lucky thing. It had no thought behind it at all. I said, "I don't suppose the servants are worrying. They can always find just as good jobs if the staff is reduced or the house sold or something."

"Yes," he said, "and they aren't losing any time. Mrs. Inwood's maid is leaving tomorrow. It's true she gave notice a fortnight ago, but when I suggested she should stay on to see her mistress through a difficult time, she said she saw no reason to. She's a decent-looking girl too."

"Did you ask her why she gave notice?"

"I did. She answered by asking me if that had anything to do with the murder. I couldn't see that it had and let it go. She finally muttered something about murder or no murder she wasn't going to be treated like dirt. I shouldn't wonder if she had good reason."

"I've often wondered what it would be like to have someone to dress me and mend for me and do my hair. My father," I lied, "is always saying I can have a maid of my own. And she could do other things in the house that never get done, like mending his socks."

The dear man fell into it up to his neck; it gave him the chance to bind the beginnings of our friendship.

"As I said, she seems a decent friendly girl. She might do for you if she hasn't fixed herself up. Her name's Ellen Good—the Inwood telephone number is not in the directory, but I've got it here. I think if you say I suggested you should get in touch with her, she might play."

"Thank you very much," I said. "I might do that." I wrote the number he gave me in my little book. I said, perhaps too, he had better let me have his name if I was to mention it.

"Smith," he said, aware that he had progressed a further step, for I must obviously give him mine. So I said that I was Eve Gill.

Inspector Ordinary Smith, I thought, you are a darling, and drove him to Sloane Avenue House, where I left him with a promise that if I happened to be without anywhere to go for dinner tomorrow evening, I would join him at Carletta's at eight.

His expression was not that of a man in whose breast hope was springing high, and I did not say a word to strengthen it. But he need not have worried.

THERE was a light in the front room of Aunt Florence Webster's house in Thurloe Square, which meant that she was having her ten-o'clock cup of Darjeeling tea. I hauled out my suitcase and locked up the car, which would come to no harm in front of the house for the night, and dragged myself up the steps.

My Aunt Florence is a thin, mauve woman. She has a heart of pure gold, and not least of the virtues which comes from it is her cheerful acceptance of her only niece's bad manners.

I do sometimes try, before I descend on her, to warn her by telephone, but my good intention is almost always frustrated because she is either out, which is most of the time, or just does not feel like answering it, which I think is one of the surest signs of her strength of mind.

Tonight, she was unaffectedly pleased to see me. She kissed me, poured me a cup of that delicious tea and asked perfunctorily after the Commodore. I told her that he had gone to Holland for a few days. Beyond remarking that she hoped he would bring her back a case of gin (which he never did, because he said she wasn't a reliable person to be given smuggled liquor), she took no further interest in the matter, nor asked why I was in London. She touched briefly on her sister-in-law's loss of a valuable painting, but not in any great sympathy.

I wanted only to sleep forever, or at least until nine tomorrow morning when I could telephone Western 3012 and talk to Ellen Good. I crawled into bed in the spare room, and my head fell dead on my pillow. . . .

Now and again some man tries to explain the subconscious to me, how it works by itself most of the time, storing away everything that comes into the conscious mind, fishing out old impression from the forgotten mass and presenting them to one as memory and burying safely out of mind the unpleasant things and occasionally fighting with the conscious to remind it of something it simply must remember.

It succeeded finally in reaching me at 2:30 A.M., when I had been in a deep sleep for three and a half hours.

It got through with such a jolt of impact that I was waked up by it. I found myself half out of the bed, wide awake, with the thing filling my mind with horrifying clarity of fact and implication.

Charlotte's bloodstained frock.

Jonathan had put it in the small case he kept his car tools in, and had deposited it at Piccadilly tube station.

What had he done with the ticket?

That dress was evidence of the most vital kind. It was the only piece of direct evidence which existed anywhere to link Charlotte with her husband's death; which supported the true story of how he was killed and put the seal of truth on Jonathan's story.

I *must* get hold of it. One day, sooner or later, it would have to be given to the police. I did not know quite how that was to be done, but I would find some way of bringing Ordinary Smith and that frock together. . . .

Had Jonathan still got the cloakroom ticket? He might have thrown it away, or torn it up to cover all connection with the damaging object. But if he had, he had not told me so, and I was sure he would have, for his long story had been precise and detailed, as an architect's plan should be.

No, it was at this moment in his waistcoat pocket in the Peacock, about to sail for Holland.

To save my life I could not have stayed there in bed, telling myself that the moment he let me know where he was I would cable him to send me the precious scrap of paper. Between then and now he might find it and destroy it.

The Peacock would sail with the ebb, about seven, in four and a half hours' time. I could reach Kessingland in slightly over three if I drove like hell. That would give me an hour and a bit in which to get aboard, contact him somehow without arousing anyone's suspicion and get hold of the ticket.

I was putting on my stockings by this time. I pulled a skirt and sweater out of a suitcase, picked up my shoes and handbag and tiptoed downstairs. The front door creaked, and the latch seemed to explode with noise when I closed it after me as gently as possible. The Daimler's soft engine purred into activity, and I was away.

I stopped only once, to fill the tank at an all-night garage, and pushed on at a high, steady average to complete the run in a few minutes under the three hours. The few hours' sleep I had had seemed to have given me all the rest I needed, and by the time I reached home I was feeling quite fresh and ready to deal with the slight problem of getting hold of Jonathan on the Peacock.

But I had left out of my calculations a factor which I should have known better than to ignore: the Commodore's congenital impatience and the possibility that he had sailed on the evening ebb *yesterday*.

For that was just what he had done.

I came around the clump of trees which screened the anchorage and found it empty. The glow of first dawn shimmered on the deserted water, the thin line of the horizon stretched like a thread across the pale green translucency of sea and sky—stretched unbroken. The Peacock had gone.

I must fall back on the hope that Jonathan would not destroy the cloakroom ticket, and could be persuaded by letter to send it to me.

I drove slowly on to the house and lay on my bed until eight, trying to doze, in the certainty that three and a half hours' sleep was not enough for a girl with another full and uncertain day before her.

But there was no sleep left in me, and at eight I had a bath and went down to the kitchen for something to eat. If Mary had noticed how late, or rather, early, I had come home, she did not mention it, having long ago grown accustomed to the Gill habit of treating day and night as interchangeable.

At a quarter to nine, I put through a personal call to Western 3012, for Miss Ellen Good. Jessie, at the post office, wrote down the number, her thin old voice full of curiosity as she repeated it, for it is not often that I make a call. And if I do, she likes to know something about the person I am going to speak to. Usually, to please her, I tell her, such as, "Jessie, I want to talk to my Aunt Florence." But this time I just gave her the name flatly, Ellen Good, and left her curiosity unsatisfied.

At ten past nine, she came on the line saying indignantly that the people at the other end seemed very stupid, and was I sure I had the right number.

"Let me speak to them, Jessie."

Rather grudgingly, she let me; but I knew she was listening in—and would continue to do so until I had finished.

"Hello?" I said. "Miss Good, please."

A rather thick male voice asked what I wanted with her.

"Who are you?" I asked sharply.

"What did you want with Miss Good, please?"

"That," I said even more sharply, "is nothing to do with you. Will you please fetch her. This is a personal call on a personal matter."

THERE was a pause. I knew by now that I had a policeman on the telephone and could guess the next question.

"Are you the press, miss?"

I was ready for it. "The press? You mean a journalist? Of course I'm not. What *is* going on? I was given this number as being one where I could get in touch with a woman called Good. I understand she is leaving her present job and may be able to take a place as lady's maid with me. I am Miss Gill, of the Marsh House, Kessingland. If Miss Good is available, I would be grateful if you would ask her to come to the telephone. This is a trunk call and the time you are wasting is costing me money."

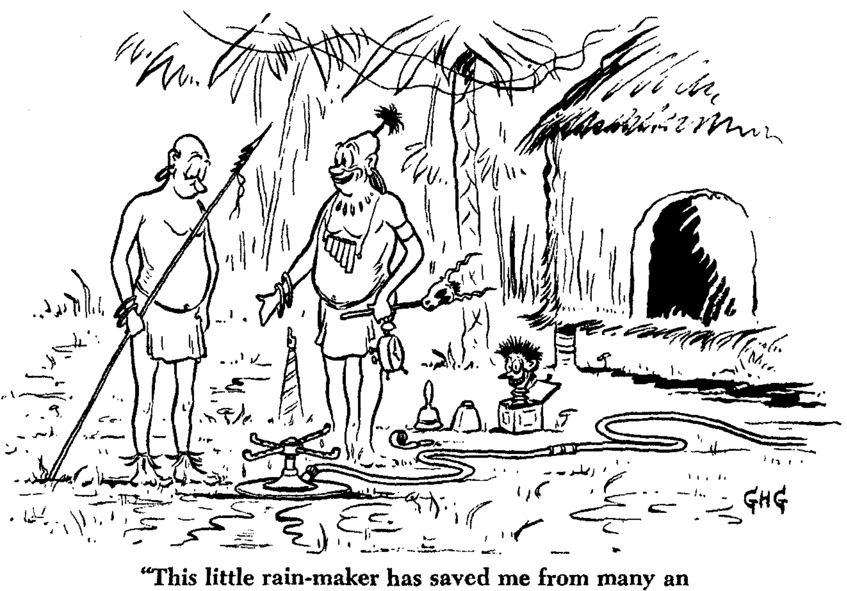
"I beg your pardon, miss. I'll get her."

While I waited I could guess that Jessie, with a hand over her mouthpiece, was hissing a whisper at her daughter Milly that Miss Eve was going to have a lady's maid, and whatever next? And if she wanted one, why couldn't she find a local girl as would be only too glad to learn so as she could get a real good place in London after?

"Yes?" said a girl's pleasant voice suddenly. "You wanted to speak to me, madam?"

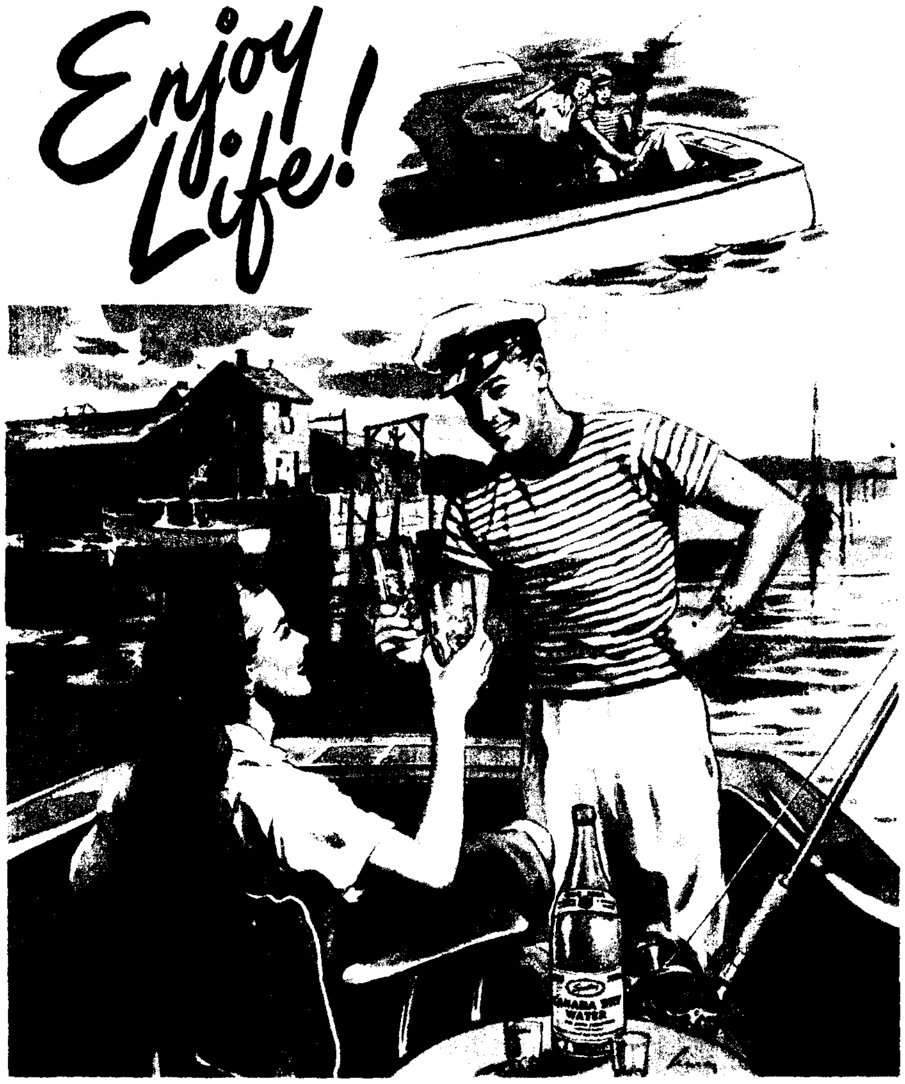
The policeman had obviously broken the ice for me.

"Oh, Ellen Good? Your name was given me—" I told her who I was, trying to make myself sound like an employer of lady's maids but not an oversuperior



"This little rain-maker has saved me from many an embarrassing situation when my magic failed me"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN



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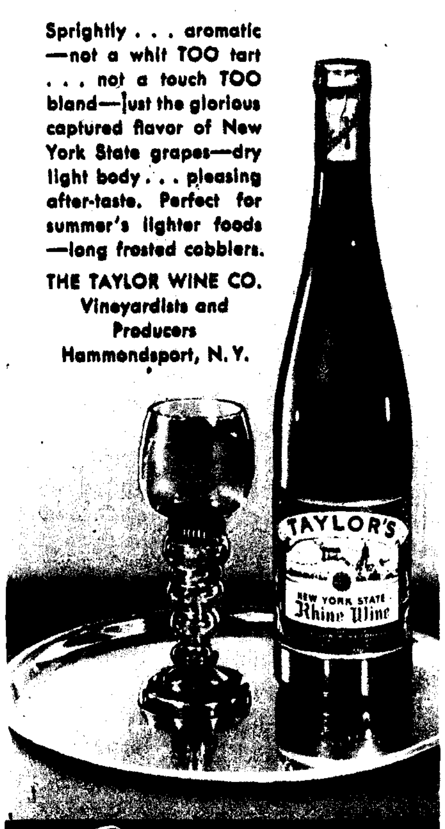

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DOG CARE PRODUCTS

one, and said that if she hadn't found a new place, I would like to see her. Her answer had a note of doubt in it. She wasn't sure she wanted a new place. She was rather upset just now, what with what had happened, and was going home tonight, to Catford, to stay with her mother. And who had given me her name?

I did not answer that one, but said, "I can quite understand you need a rest. I would be in no hurry for you to *come, and quite willing to pay* your wages for a few weeks while you have your holiday. It's a nice house, and you would like the people here. They say I'm easy to get on with." I laughed a friendly laugh. "I gather that would be a change for you."

"That it would," she agreed. "But really, I don't know that I—"

"Look," I said with finality, "I shall be near Cary Gardens just after lunch. About half past two. I'll drop in and we'll have a talk. I'm sure neither of us will regret it, and you were *so* well recommended. *And after all, you can still* say no. So, at half past two, then."

If she saw any impropriety in a would-be mistress dropping in for a talk in the very home of the mistress who was being left, she did not have time to voice it. She had no alternative but to agree.

"All right," she said, and no doubt told the guardian policeman that she was expecting Miss Gill at two thirty and it would be all right to let her in.

I PUT the telephone in its cradle; my heart thudded. I had found a way into the house and was a considerable step nearer Charlotte. The plan forming in my mind would be difficult to achieve, with many snags at the beginning. But they were at the beginning. Once past them, I thought I would be all right.

I went to the living room where, after several trials, I wrote (on the best Marsh House notepaper) a letter from myself to whom it might concern, to the effect that Dorothy Simpson had carried out her duties as my lady's maid for the last four years with honesty, efficiency and sobriety, and was only leaving me because she wanted to be in London near her family.

I dated it a month back, and folded it into one of the Commodore's thickest crested envelopes.

Ordinary Smith had indicated, by talking about Ellen Good leaving Charlotte in the lurch at such a time, that she had not found anyone yet to replace her, and I hoped desperately that this was so.

I went upstairs and packed another suitcase, this time with the quietest and dullest clothes I could find. A black, rather long-skirted frock with a narrow white collar and cuffs, a two-year-old black coat and skirt, three plain blouses, two pairs of low-heeled black court shoes, both rather worn, and I had the foundation of Dorothy Simpson's wardrobe. Black stockings, aprons and sensible underthings I could buy when I got back to town.

It was better now that I could feel that I was making progress again, and I carried the suitcase down to the car with a sense of having a certain degree of control over the immediate future. I had one more thing to do before I set off again; to make sure that as little time as possible was lost in establishing contact again with Jonathan.

Mary was about to make cherry jam, and was irritated by having to think about something else even for a moment. But I made her understand that I was going to stay with Aunt Florence for a little while, and that it was most important that I should get any letters with foreign stamps which came for me. So, would she please forward them to Thurloe Square as soon as they were delivered. And I didn't mean only those in the Commodore's handwriting.

Then the blow fell.

"You'll get one from *him* all right," Mary said. "He was in one of his tantrums just before they left. But don't you take no notice, ducky. He'll have gotten over it by the time he comes back."

"Something I'd done? I suppose he wanted me for something and found I'd disappeared."

"It wasn't you disappearing so much as one of them men you'd got from Lowestoft disappearing. Charlie came looking for him, couldn't find him anywhere. I dessay he took one look at the Commodore and didn't like the idea of being locked up like in the same boat with him."

There was a solid, unswallowable lump in my throat. I tried to keep my voice even:

"Oh, dear, Mary! One of them disappeared, did he? Which one?"

"I never heard Charlie give him a name, but it was the first one, the one you brought from Lowestoft. It seems he slipped overside, and swam ashore when no one was looking."

"Oh, dear," I said again, and managed to get out of the kitchen before my knees gave out completely.

I found a chair in the hall, and sat there with my head swimming giddily.

He hadn't been able to do it—to leave England and Charlotte. I could see him thinking it out. I could even understand it; the foolish, trustful idiot. His seaman's papers would be the deciding factor. He had a lot of money and a new identity—on paper at any rate.

He would make for London, of course. The change of mind, the reversal of plan —a plan which, after all, had been mine, not his—would take him all the way back. He would hang around where he could watch the situation, ready to step in should anything go wrong as far as Charlotte was concerned. Just what he could do, beyond giving himself up and insisting on his guilt I don't suppose he had considered. He only knew he couldn't face the idea of hiding away in Holland while the police might be stumbling on the truth.

I was quite sure I was going to be physically sick; but the nausea subsided and I went slowly to the car.

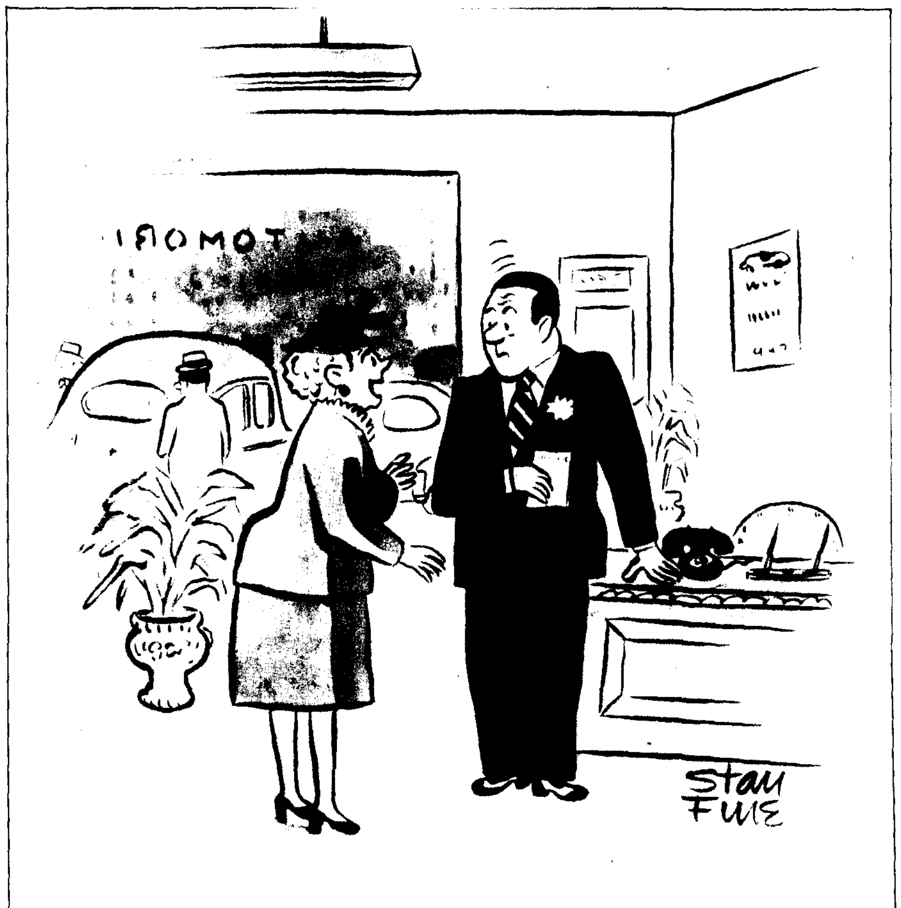
I couldn't do anything about him. He would keep away from me as carefully as he would keep away from the police. He knew he had let me down, cheated on the bargain, taken advantage of what I had done for him.

Kessingland was golden in the morning sunshine. The air over the tranquil marshes was beginning to quiver in it. Nothing stirred. The sheep were as quiet as the trees that shaded them.

Jonathan was not here. He would have walked through the night, the clothes drying on him. He might have reached Saxmundham, or Halesworth by now, and taken a train.

I couldn't do a thing, a single little thing, about him.

I found I was sitting in the car with my teeth so tightly clenched that it hurt to stop. The thought to give up, to let the wretched man work out his own salvation, went as swiftly as it came. Charlotte would allow him to hang for what she had done as easily and as logically as she had let him cover for her at the beginning.



"I'd like to see something in a baby-blue convertible with white-walled tires and an offshade eggshell canvas top trimmed in dusty rose"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

And I was not going to let her get away with it.

That was all there was to it. I know now why people go crazy in lost causes, become voices crying in wildernesses and spend lifetimes trying to right what they think is a wrong, even if nobody agrees with them.

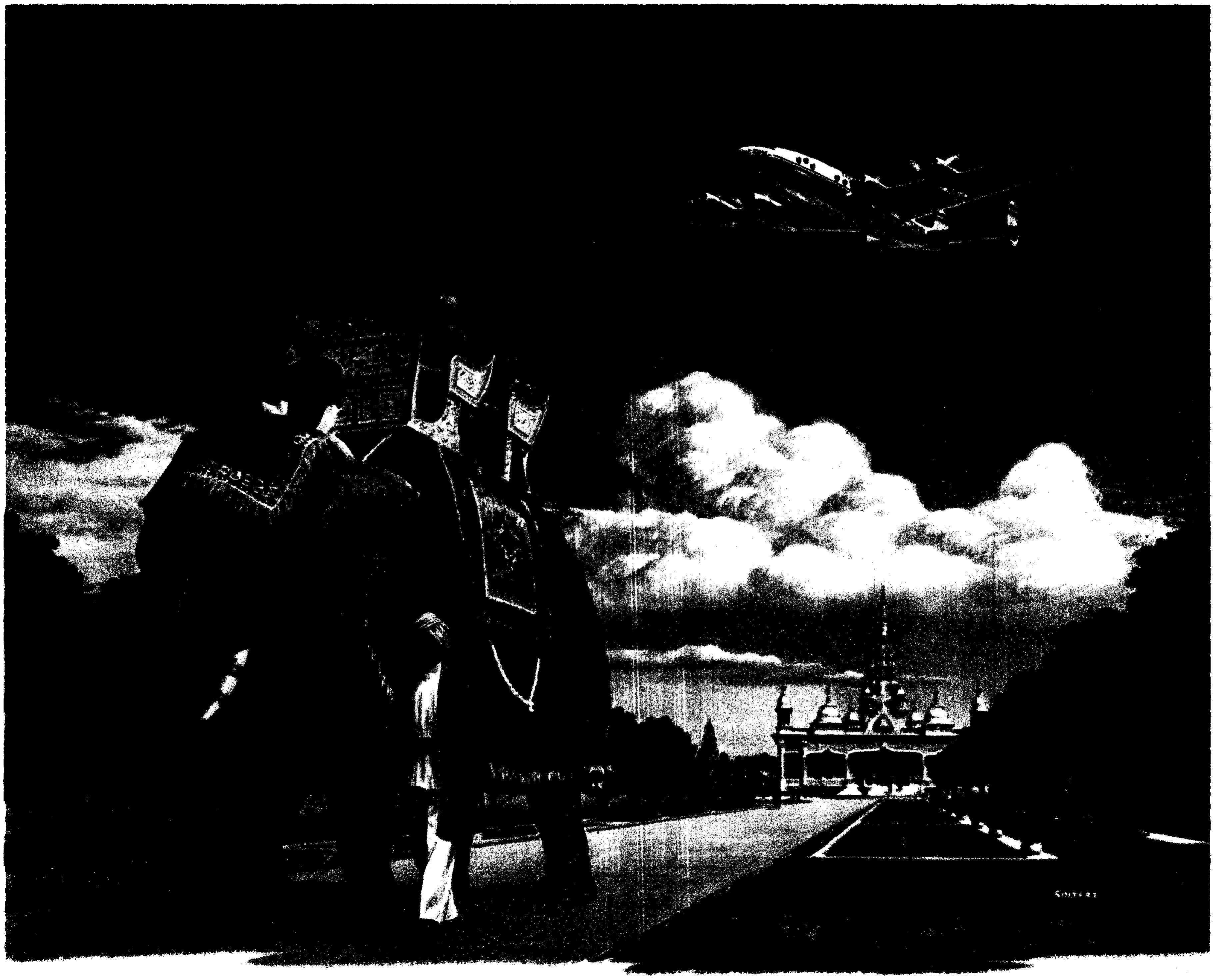
It's the sense of justice. We have *it* badly. Affront it, arouse it, and it won't let us rest.

That was what was the matter with me. I did not care whether I ever saw Jonathan again in my life, but Charlotte Inwood was not going on living if it was to be at the cost of *his* life. It was so clear now, and so much more simple.

I went back to London, and if as I drove I half expected to see Jonathan's long figure trudging the road ahead when I came around a corner, it was not because my heart hoped it but because the irony of it would have pleased me. It would have made me laugh, and I felt I hadn't laughed, or even smiled, since God knew when.

But I did not see him.

(To be continued next week)



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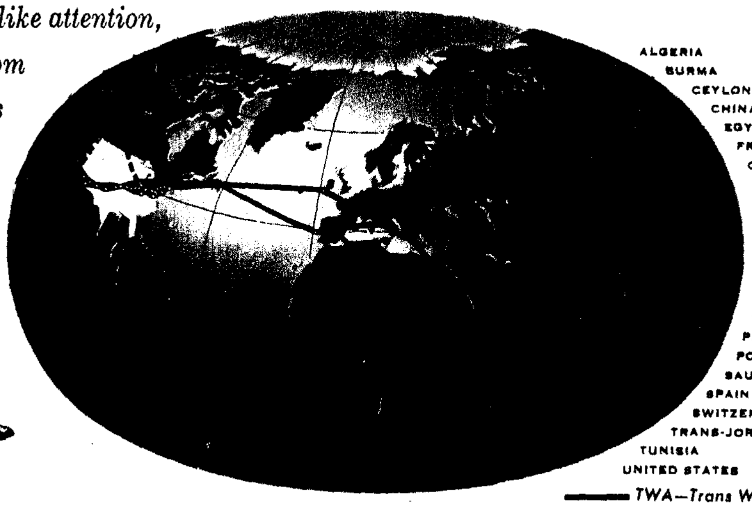

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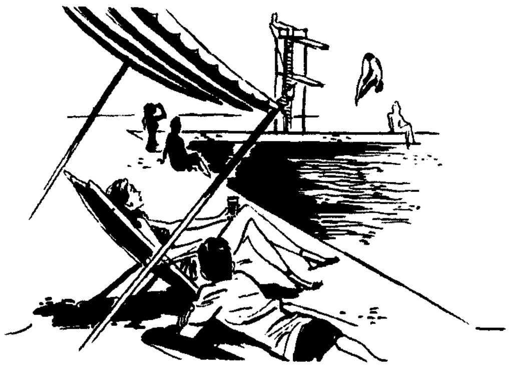
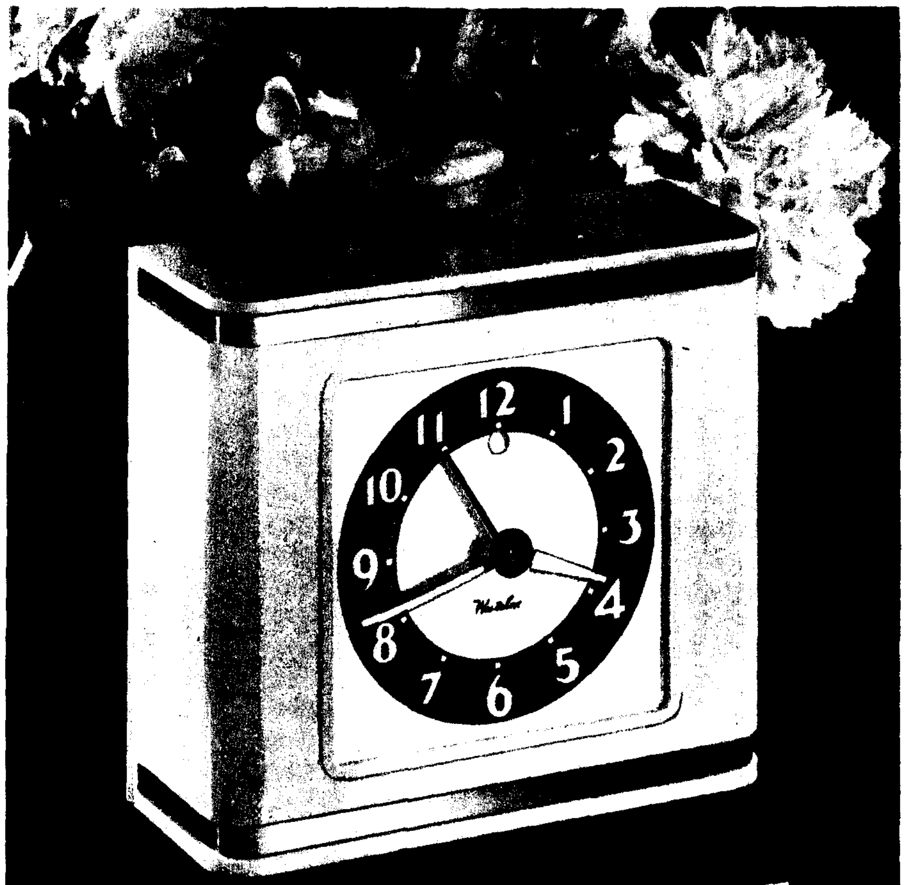


There's no better time



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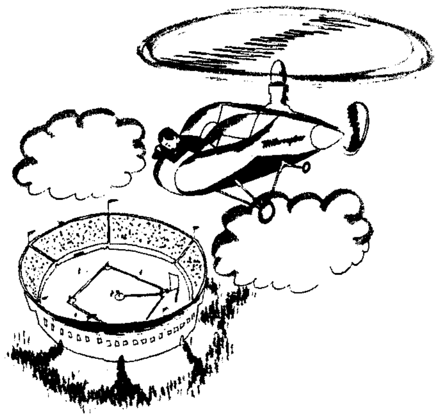
PROGRESS REPORT

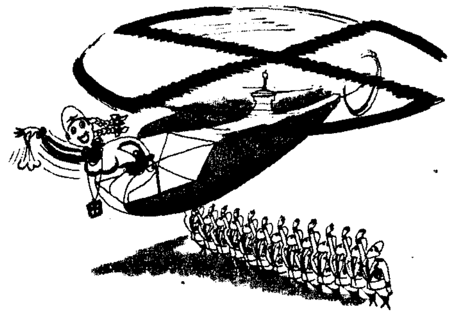
YOUR reporter has just observed his silver jubilee "in aviation" by searching the nation for people and planes and things discussed in this department over the last six years and never finished. This review covers only the more significant events to which we devoted a lot of space at the time. Some have happy endings, some progressed beyond expectations, and others just folded up quietly. The following list of Wing Talk dates is accompanied by a synopsis of the situations, then and now:

August 2, 1941: A nice lady in the Navy Department is rounding out her sixth year at a job entitling her to wear from two to three stripes, if she were a naval officer. She is Mrs. Joy Bright Hancock and though twice widowed by airship disasters is Naval Aviation's most enthusiastic supporter and has been since 1918 . . . A year later she joined the newly organized Waves. Thorough and competent, Joy Hancock worked hard and today is four-striper Captain J. B. Hancock, entering her second year as director of the Women's Reserve of the U.S.N.

October 21, 1944: Three years ago, Stanley Hiller, Jr. (then 16), designed a small helicopter, which he named "The Hiller-copter." In August, 1944, he attracted nation-wide attention by making sensational flights from streets, stadiums and his Berkeley, California, driveway. Among the many who flocked to his workshop was Henry J. Kaiser, who made a typical Kaiser on-the-spot deal; joined forces and promised construction of a Berkeley factory with young Stanley to develop bigger types . . . Kaiser later withdrew. Stanley Hiller, Jr., is now president of United Helicopter, Incorporated, at Palo Alto, California. He emphasizes he has not abandoned his Hiller-copter program but due to the "economic situation" has shelved plans for production of a promised personal two-seater and is concentrating on a larger machine for industrial purposes. Stanley's father, a West Coast steamship company executive, is a member of his son's board of directors.

September 29, 1945: Irish, pretty and twenty-one, Priscilla (Pat) Handy makes good copy as the first and only woman helicopter flight-test observer. She has spent more than 100 hours riding in the nose of Sikorsky helicopters being built for the AAF, and recording their performance from treetop to 8,000 feet. Her announced ambition is to become a helicopter pilot after the war . . . Pat Handy soloed on May 28th and now has more than 22 hours at the controls. She still works at the Sikorsky plant in Bridgeport, Connecticut, her home town. However, Pat isn't America's first woman helicopter pilot. Miss Ann Kirk Shaw, twenty-four, of Southport, Connecticut, a former Wasp with 1,500 fixed wing hours, soloed a Bell helicopter a month previously. Miss Shaw won her federal helicopter license on June 12th and is Number One in America. First woman helicopter pilot in the world is Hanna Reitsch, of the late Third Reich. Ten years ago come October 25th, Fräulein Reitsch established a world distance record (feminine division) for this type, when she flew the 67 miles from Stendal to Berlin. That record still stands undisputed, but her record as a pal of high Nazis has been the subject of Allied questioning.





September 21, 1946: We tell the story of Captain Richard F. Brown, sole survivor of the TWA Constellation ditching near the Reading, Pennsylvania, airport on July 11, 1946, in which his five TWA companions, checking-out on the big air liner, died; and his contribution to the speedy discovery of the cause. But for his aid, given while critically and painfully injured, the cause of the fire might have long remained a mystery. . . . Dick Brown, after more than a year of hospitalization—his right arm was amputated at the shoulder and he underwent extensive skin-grafting—reports to TWA for duty in a few days. The judgment, courage and skill he displayed in that crisis stamp him as being of great value to TWA in an administrative and advisory capacity.

January 11, 1947: The Army Bell XS-1, America's only all-rocket plane, flies for the first time on December 9, 1946, with twenty-three-year-old Chalmers H. (Slick) Goodlin in the cockpit . . . On June 19th last, after completing 20 rocket-propulsion flights, the first phase of a long and costly testing program intended to culminate in the Army's goal of

1,700 miles an hour and an altitude of 80,000 feet, Slick revealed his resignation owing to a "disagreement" with Bell Aircraft. Short of money to continue the expensive testing work on a private contract basis, the AAF thought it had a solution: replace Bell's civilian test crew of pilots, engineers, rocket technicians and mechanics with comparable talent now in AAF uniform.

Wing Talk

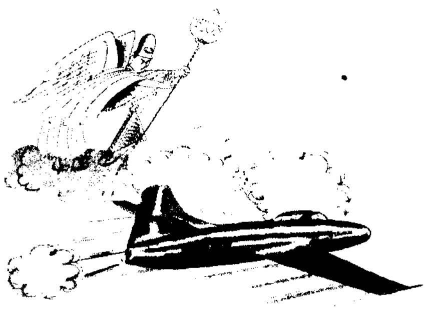
EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

March 29, 1947: Flight Instructor John Leavitt of San Mateo, California, originates efficient methods of teaching deaf-mute Dominic D'Innocenti to fly. The young San Jose baker is well on his way to his private license; just a question of money to buy the solo flying time . . . Sequel now comes from that Wing Talk's author, William Flynn, aviation editor of the San Francisco Chronicle: "Several weeks after the piece appeared in Collier's, Argo Lardinelli, of San Francisco, also a deaf-mute, walked into Palo Alto flight office and, via notes, asked for Instructor Leavitt. When John appeared, Lardinelli produced the Wing Talk, carefully checked Leavitt's picture with the man before him and, satisfied, signed up for instruction. Leavitt says Argo is every bit as sharp as Dominic."

April 19, 1947: That aged, supersonic test pilot, Gene May, forty-two, is left practically poised on the hot, dry-lake test base of the AAF at Muroc, California, prepared for taxi tests, then take-off in the Douglas Skystreak, new jet-propelled scientific test tube built by Douglas Aircraft for the Navy. Gene May, father of three boys, the oldest twenty-one, has promised nothing spectacular—too much to be gained from the ship to risk it with show-off stuff . . . He made his taxi tests, felt out the powerful General Electric jet engine and the many new and strange additions to the ship and finally roared into the air in the early morning of May 28th. His first scientific report on the scientific Skystreak, ad-libbed, was: "Boy, she's hot! I can hardly hold her back!"

Spare Parts: The 145,000-pound, four-engined Army Douglas C-74 transport-cargo plane, once on order by Pan American Airways as the postwar DC-7 Globemaster (July 1, 1944), will not enter commercial service. The war's end cut back the large Army contract, which in turn boosted the price so high as to make it prohibitive for Douglas to offer it commercially. But ten of these wonderful ships are now flying about the world for the Air Transport Command.

The DC-8 Mixmaster, projected by Douglas as its successor for the DC-3 (Nov. 3, 1945), has been tabled to await further developments in the jet-propulsion field. The Mixmaster as an Army bomber, with propellers mounted aft the tail surfaces and driven by extension shafts connected to two Allison liquid-cooled engines buried up front in the fuselage, averaged 432 miles an hour on a nonstop flight from Long Beach, California, to Washington, D.C., late in 1945. Despite this impressive performance and the more impressive money-making possibilities of a commercial version, Douglas saw jet propulsion on the way and plunged into building America's first jet bomber, the XB-43 Jetmaster; outwardly similar to the XB-42 but powered by two jet engines instead of piston engines, drive shafts and propellers. It first flew in May a year ago, but Douglas is dropping no hints yet of plans to make a DC-8 out of the Jetmaster.



Likewise tabled if not definitely dead in its originally-announced form (Dec. 22, 1945) is the Republic Rainbow air liner. Calculated by Republic engineers to fly 400 miles an hour with 40 passengers at 40,000 feet and 4,000 miles nonstop, the Big Four was under construction for American Airlines (20) and Pan American (six ordered; 12 optioned) when American suddenly canceled its contract on February 21st of this year due to "present conditions." That automatically shot the price out of bounds for Pan Am, as Republic just couldn't build six for the originally quoted price of $1,125,000 apiece. The Rainbow was extracted from the AAF's experimental four-engined photo-reconnaissance plane, which Republic built and flew on February 12th last year. Army guys will get a good idea of what both the C-74 and the XF-12 might have been as the Globemaster and the Rainbow, minus, of course, the luxurious interior appointments required for passenger service.

June 7, 1947, Wing Talk (Where's Grandma's Airplane?) left North American Aviation with production suspended on its neat little four-seater Navion for business and personal flying ($7,750 fly-away-factory at Los Angeles Municipal Airport). Late in May, the company decided to discontinue its production—insufficient demand—though it had built 1,110 Navions from April 1, 1946, when it was introduced, to April 14, 1947, when production was suspended and, as of May 20th, had delivered 841, mostly to the business-executive market. On June 24th, North American sold the design and production rights to Ryan Aeronautical Company of San Diego, it being North American's choice over a number of bidders.

Renowned for its wartime design and production of the Mustang fighter, Mitchell medium bomber and Advanced Trainer, North American happily returned to its contracts for jet combat aircraft. T. Claude Ryan also is happy, for his company is back in the commercial plane-building business again. In the past 25 years, Ryan has built air-mail and cabin planes, trainers and sports planes and Navy jet fighters, but his most famous of all is Lindbergh's Spirit of St. Louis.

"Grandma's Airplane" closed with the report that the aircraft industry was considering the Commerce Department's offer to try to get $5,000,000 from Congress to help finance technical problems which even collectively the manufacturers could not afford to undertake. Without industry backing, the Department stood little chance of obtaining the money. On June 23d, the personal-airplane manufacturers announced they had voted against participation in the proposed research program.

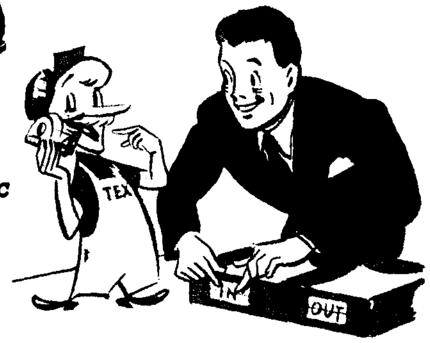
The airplane manufacturers have postponed until next spring the National Aircraft Show first held last November in Cleveland, scheduled this November for Chicago, and to be an annual event hereafter. The personal-plane producers felt that a postponement to next spring would provide more opportunity to plan a display of new models "not now in readiness for public showing." ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL SAVITT

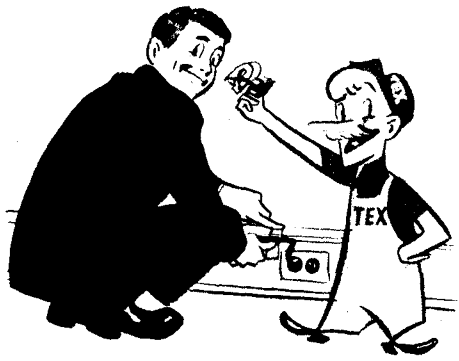
Ad-writer's admissions

Abetted by my mascot, Tex,
I make my desk my throne–
The numbers that I often call
Are Texceled by my phone.

TEX
TEX
Ad writer's Admissions



My boxes "in" and "out" are taped
So there'll be no mistake;
The Texceled frame of Penny's pic
Reveals no ugly break.



The wire that connects my lamp
Is Texceled to the wall;
The papers that I chance to tear
Tex mends for once and all.

I must admit my prejudice
(And that my Texcel's free;)
Yet Texcel's "stickum's" bonded on,
As all good tapes should be.

Texcel Tape
TEX
TEX

25¢ size shown. Also comes
in 10¢ and 15¢ sizes.

©I.T.C. 1947

TEXCEL Cellophane TAPE

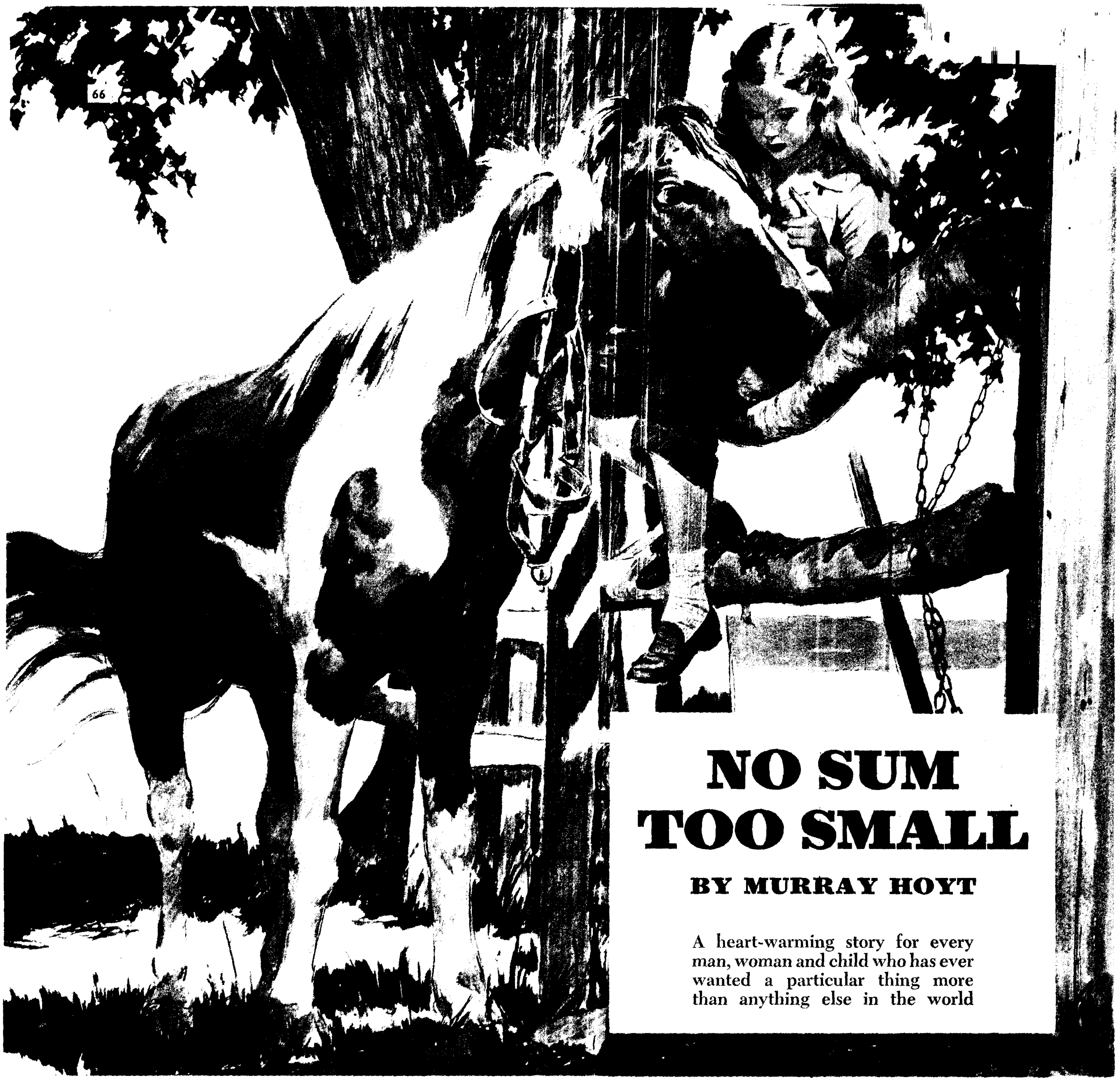
"So when you're shopping and you see
This Texcel Tape display,
Why, get a handy roll or two–
You'll use it ev'ry day!"

Texcel Tape

"TEXCEL" REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Industrial Tape Corporation · New Brunswick, N. J.



I used to watch old Duffer put his head down to be petted by Jeanie. Duffer never paid any attention to anyone else who came near his pasture

NO SUM TOO SMALL

BY MURRAY HOYT

A heart-warming story for every man, woman and child who has ever wanted a particular thing more than anything else in the world

THE whole thing took place in two weeks during the year Jeanie Williams was thirteen years old. For her they were two hard weeks. By the end of those two weeks, when the letter came saying that the thing Jeanie had hoped for was to be given to someone else, she was changed. You did not see the change; she was the same quiet, polite, serious person. But you felt the change. She wasn't a little girl any more after that letter came; she was older, more mature. She was a small adult.

The first day of that two weeks I met her in front of my house. Her face was serious as always, trying to hide the way she felt, but her eyes danced and her step was so light it was almost as if she were dancing.

She said, "Look, Uncle Red—look at this."

She handed me a little magazine called Horsemanship. She pointed to an ad which said that a woman in Massachusetts wanted to find a home for a hunter she wanted to retire, where it would be cared for well and treated with kindness and affection. The woman could not keep it because she did not have stable room and had acquired a younger horse to take its place. She did not want to sell it because she wanted the right to check carefully on the character of the person who got it, and to receive reports on how it was being treated. She also wanted to control absolutely any later transfer of ownership.

Jeanie had been reading the ad as I read it and she said very softly, almost reverently, "It says 'kindness and affection.' " Then she looked full at me and she added a little louder, "It sounds almost as if she was describing me. It seems almost as if I'm the one she's talking about."

I said, "Are you going to apply, Jeanie?"

She said, nodding eagerly, "Oh, yes. Dad and Mother say I can. It's the first time they've ever agreed to anything like that. I told them that if I got it, the money I've saved toward a horse could go for tack, for shipping the horse up here and for the expense of taking care of him. A year from now I'll be old enough to get a summer job that will give me the money to keep a horse another whole year."

I watched her walking away primly, on her way to school. Under the primness I could sense that terrific excitement that made me expect that at any second her walk might become a dance.

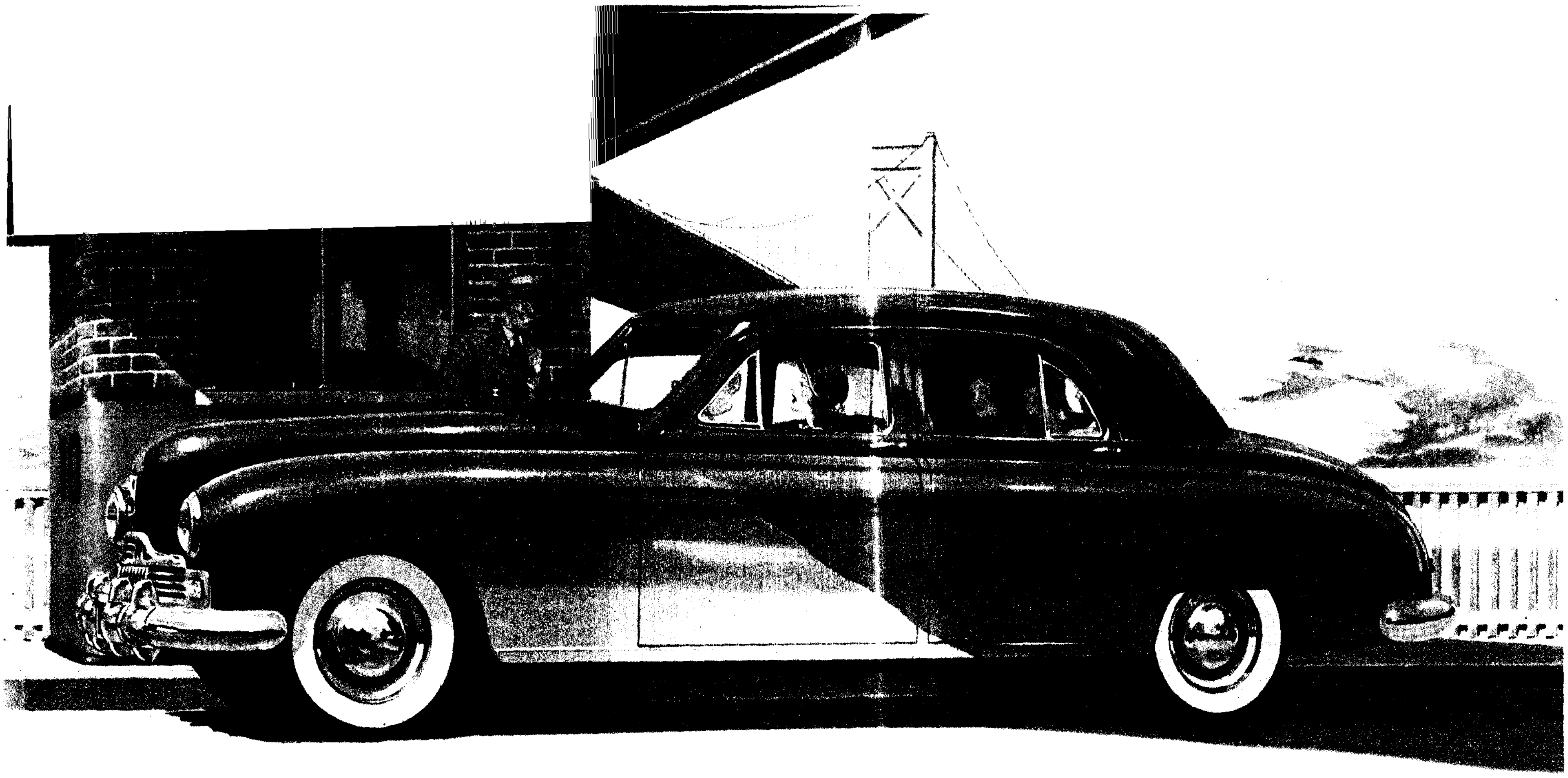
I watched her and I thought that probably Joe and Mildred Williams, her parents, couldn't very well have said anything but yes.

But I knew that it was a mistake. I knew the terrific hurt that was coming to Jeanie when the horse was given to someone else. That magazine was read in horse circles all over the United States. It wasn't reasonable to suppose, even before the letter came, that Jeanie would be the chosen one. . . .

Kids long for things inexplicable to an adult. In Jeanie's case it was a horse. Literally, more than anything else in the world, Jeanie wanted a horse. It wasn't the "Daddy, buy me a pony," sort of thing that all kids go through; it started when she was very small, when Mr. Brown used to put her on old Duffer's back to ride from the barn to the pasture gate, and it grew and grew.

She believed that if you wanted a thing badly

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE



KAISER

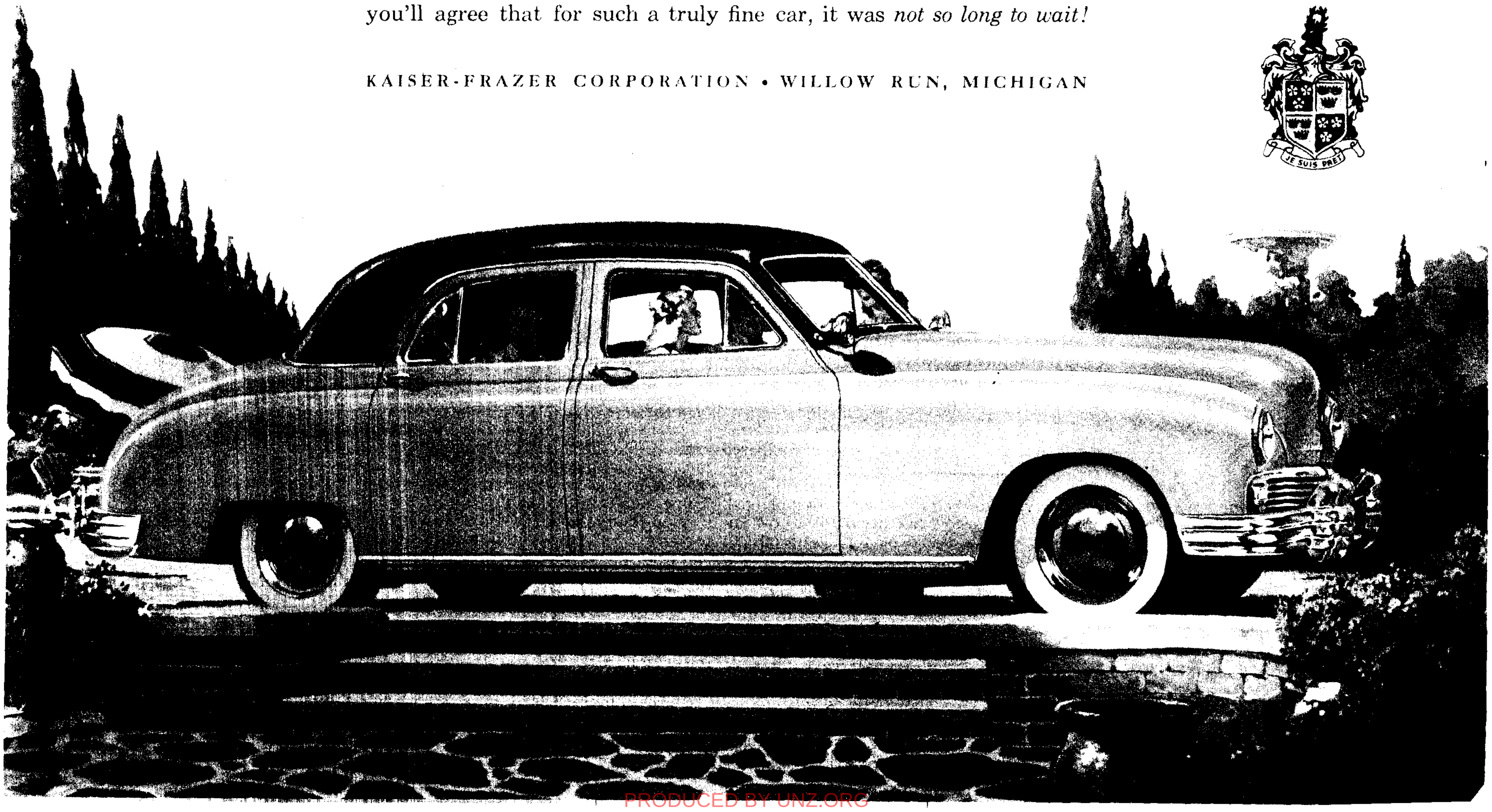
Not So Long to Wait!

WILLOW RUN is beginning to hit its real stride. Every month new production records are being set, and your local Kaiser-Frazer dealer is now getting a steady, though still inadequate, supply of these 100% postwar cars. Talk with him today—and arrange to *drive* the KAISER or the FRAZER. *Compare the ride!* You will share the enthusiasm of more than 50,000 proud owners. Place your order right now. With today's production, you'll have your KAISER or your FRAZER very soon. And you'll agree that for such a truly fine car, it was *not so long to wait!*

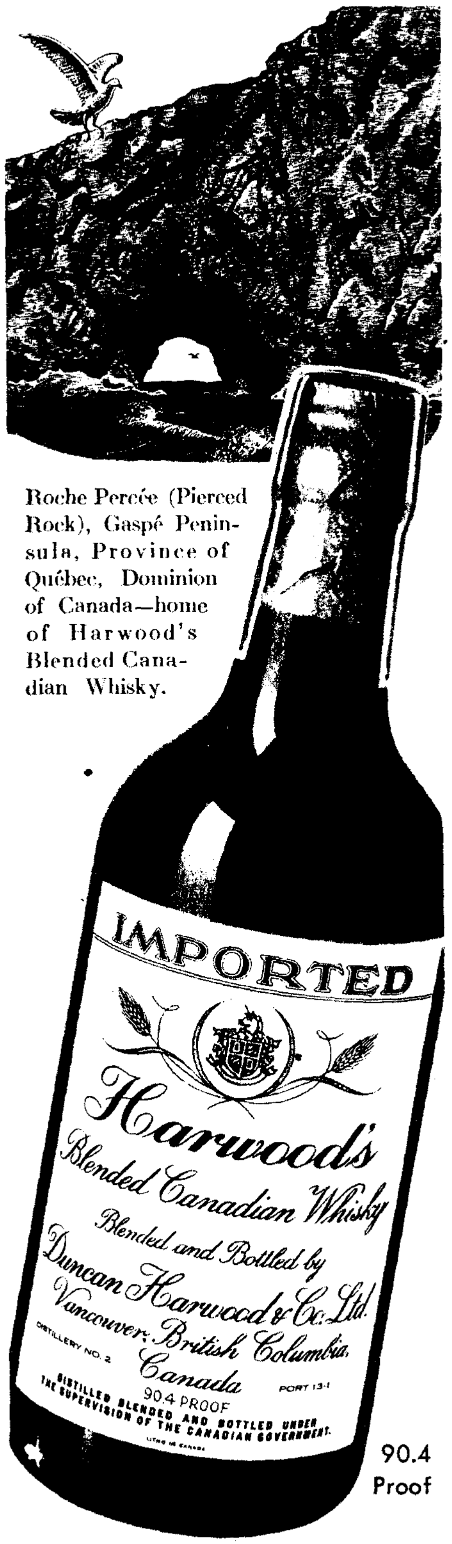
KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN

FRAZER

JE SUIS PRET



One of the
TREASURES
of all time


IMPORTED
Harwood's
Blended Canadian Whisky
Blended and Bottled by
Duncan Harwood & Co. Ltd.
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada
Distillery No. 2
90.4 Proof
Port 13-1
Distilled, blended and bottled under the supervision of the Canadian Government.
90.4
Proof

Roche Percée (Pierced Rock), Gaspé Peninsula, Province of Québec, Dominion of Canada—home of Harwood's Blended Canadian Whisky.

Harwood's Canadian

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

Sole UNITED STATES Importers:
R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., Inc., NEW YORK, N.Y.

enough and worked hard enough for it, you'd get it. And she never lost faith that sometime the good break would come. She was a religious little kid, as much as any kid thirteen years old is religious, and she believed that God would not let her down in this matter because He alone could know how much it meant to her.

We who lived near her were rooting for her because she was a nice kid, friendly in spite of being a little on the quiet side, and because I suppose Americans always root for the underdog.

We were practical and we'd seen an awful lot of people with a faith as clear and shining as Jeanie's taste the deep bitterness of disillusion.

She asked for a horse her sixth Christmas when she made out her list for Santa Claus. It was the only item on the list.

Joe and Mildred explained to her that a horse was a very expensive present, that Santa Claus probably knew they had no place to keep a horse, and nothing to feed one. They suggested that she ask for other things in case Santa Claus should feel it best to substitute.

She said, "But he won't do that, because a horse is the only thing I want."

THERE were some grand presents on Christmas Day. Jeanie was very polite and appreciative. But she grew quieter and quieter all the time they were giving out presents. When they were all through, she disappeared and they knew she had gone somewhere alone to cry.

Joe felt horrible. If there'd been any way in the world he could have swung a pony for her, he'd have done it then. But he was a college professor in the little Vermont college at Mead. During the depression, college professors took a cut and he just didn't have the money to swing it. In addition Mildred had had a lot of hospital expenses when the second child was born, and they were expecting another baby. Joe was paying for his house. And to add to everything else, that house was in a development restricted to household pets. It didn't help much to know that all those things were true when he also knew that Jeanie was somewhere alone bawling her eyes out.

She never asked for a horse again. In fact beginning about then she developed the habit of not asking for anything she wasn't positive she'd receive. She'd go to amazing lengths to hint around and find out whether the answer would be yes before she actually asked. She seemed to dread being refused. That first time must have been very bad.

Joe and Mildred sat back after that and waited for Jeanie to forget the horse business, and they thought this was happening until the tin box appeared on her bureau. It had a piece of brown sticker tape pasted on the cover and on that was printed HORS MUNNE. Inside were her two bankbooks, started by the two grandmothers when she was born, a dollar her grandfather had given her for Christmas, the quarter which comprised her last week's allowance, and a penny which she had found in the big chair after the insurance man had called.

Mildred called Joe in and showed it to him. He looked at it thoughtfully. He asked about the penny and she told him.

He said, "No sum too small."

And Mildred said, "But, Joe, the amount is pitiful and absurd compared to what a horse would cost. She's so ignorant of what she's up against. She's going to be so bitterly disappointed. We've got to make her see just how impossible it would be for a little girl to save that much money."

They waited until the time was right, and then Mildred had a long talk with Jeanie. She explained that Jeanie could not buy a horse for much less than a hundred and fifty dollars. She tried to make her understand how many one-dollar-and-twenty-six-centses it would take to make a hundred and fifty dollars.

Jeanie listened to her and seemed to understand, but the box remained on the bureau, and the next time Mildred looked there was more money in it.

They didn't always know where Jeanie got the money, unless they asked her. But we neighbors knew. It became noised around that Jeanie would, at fifteen cents an hour, do practically anything after school and Saturdays within her strength and ability. And there were a surprising number of errands to be run, trips to the store, hickory nuts to be shucked—things like that. She'd take the nickel or dime, and she'd thank you primly and then she'd start to walk away. Only after a few steps it would be too much for her and she'd run, as if she could hardly wait to reach that tin box.

Mildred saw her put the money in, once. There was really a little ceremony to it. First she opened the box and stirred the contents a little with her hand. Then she held the new piece of money a foot or so above the box to make it clink satisfyingly when it dropped in. After she dropped it, she carefully closed the lid again.

She loved every horse within a mile of home, and some a lot farther away than that. This included several specimens of flea bait definitely not worth loving by any but Jeanie's all-embracing standards.

And all the horses loved her. When she was a little kid still, I used to watch her from my window make a beeline for old Duffer's pasture fence. And he'd trot right over and put his head down to be petted. She'd stroke him and lay her face against him, feel his soft nose. And when he grew tired of this, she'd follow him around and squat beside him to watch him eat. You'd see her lips moving and you knew she was carrying on a one-sided, animated conversation with him. When she was called back to the house, he would follow her to the pasture fence and stand looking after her as she made for home with that sturdy businesslike walk which is peculiar to small children. Duffer never paid any attention to anyone else who came near his pasture.

AS THE time passed between her sixth and thirteenth years, her character began to take shape. I believed, and Joe and Mildred agreed, that wanting this one thing as much as she did probably had a considerable effect in forming it. She was a gentle kid, never cruel. She was quiet, and while she had a grand smile and you knew when she was happy, she was never boisterous in happiness. In fact all emotion, especially hurt, she hid very successfully from grownups, seeming to prefer to fight it out all alone.

She had a lot of friends but no very close companion as most girls that age seem to have. She was extremely affectionate. She was perhaps more affectionate toward her parents than the average child, and the rest spilled out lavishly among the horses she knew, and among all other animals of her acquaintance indiscriminately.

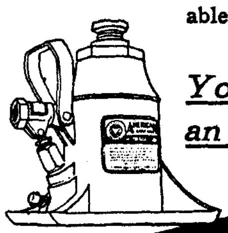
The Fergusons' horse, Perry, Jeanie rode a lot and fussed with a lot. Mary Ferguson was afraid of it, and Perry was not always completely sold on Mr. Ferguson. The result was that occasionally they could not catch their animal and had to come to Jeanie for help.

Jeanie would walk out there into the pasture and she would call with that serious, grown-up manner of hers, "Perry, you've been a very bad boy. Now you come here this instant."

And Perry would come. He'd trot over with a happy little whinny and docilely allow the halter to be slipped over his head, though a few minutes before he had been galloping from one end of the pasture to the other with a great show of heels when anyone tried to approach him. This I saw with my own eyes. Why it was so, I don't know, unless a horse has some way of knowing who loves him and who doesn't.

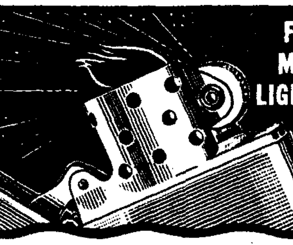
Jack of All Trades

American Hydraulic Jacks are precision-engineered and built for quick, safe, sure lifting . . . Rugged and dependable in *any* situation.



You can't beat an American!

American Hydraulics
Inc.
Sheboygan, Wisconsin
© 1947 AH, Inc.

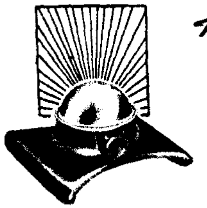


FITS MOST LIGHTERS

ZIPPO
SURE-FIRE • LONG LASTING
FLINTS
4 for 10¢
ALSO ASK YOUR DEALER FOR ZIPPO FLUID

BY THE MAKERS OF
ZIPPO *Windproof* **LIGHTER**
BRADFORD, PA.

New! **A SPRINKLER FOR LAWNS WITH SQUARE CORNERS!**



The Silver Dome

Only $3.95
Postpaid

It's Round
—but It Sprinkles Square

At last! A sprinkler that throws the water in a square—not a circle like whirling sprinklers. Doesn't skip the corners. Does a complete job of watering any square or rectangular lawn or garden. Eliminates all hand-watering with a hose. Controls the spray to fit your lawn—from 4 square feet to 600 square feet. No moving parts to wear out. Ask your dealer—or mail your order today. Money-back guarantee.

VALENTINE WELDER & MFG. CO.
3090 E. Grand Blvd. **Detroit 2, Mich.**

SOOTHE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES THIS AMAZING WAY

Here's a single soothing preparation to speed relief from miseries of simple piles. It's amazing Pazo*. Acts at once to relieve pain and itching—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. The help you get is wonderful!

So, to speed relief from itching and pain of simple piles, get Pazo*. Your doctor can tell you about it. At all druggists' in tubes with perforated pile pipe for simple, thorough application—also tins and suppositories.

**Pile Ointment and Suppositories.*

She began going out to Helen Blair's when she was ten. Helen Blair lived a couple of miles outside town and owned a stable of riding horses. In the summer she furnished both horses and instruction to a girls' camp on the other side of the state. The rest of the year she gave lessons there at home. Trust Jeanie to find out about a setup like that. The couple of times I'd been out there the place had seemed to be infested with little girls, feeding, currying, saddling horses, and riding endlessly around a ring. And looking at me with polite condescension when I asked what "tack" was and what "posting" meant.

I gathered from Jeanie that, to the little girls who liked riding and horses, it was like a club out there. And they adored Helen. When they didn't have money for a lesson, they hung around anyway.

Jeanie spent most of her time out there. Helen said she used to spend hours just standing in the stalls brushing the horses; sometimes just talking to them.

She took to getting up early and doing her hour of piano practice before school. She'd do her room work at noon, then after school she'd ride out to Helen's on her bicycle. In the evening she'd study and go to bed early so that she could get up for the practicing the next morning.

I saw her out there once and complimented her on her riding. She thanked me carefully. But I watched her eyes. They were looking past me at two girls from the town below who owned their own little Morgans. If I ever read loneliness and longing in anyone's eyes it was in hers then.

When I turned away I knew that with her, the riding, the lessons, the having other people's horses come to her, was all very well. But there was a big, lonely void that only having her own horse to love and fuss over, could ever fill.

I used to ask her once in a while how the horse fund was coming along. Sometimes she'd say, "Oh, pretty good." But sometimes she would tell me something definite and I would know that she wanted to talk to someone about it. That was the way it was during the war when she gave the five dollars to the Red Cross. She said, "It didn't seem right that I should be keeping all this money when the Red Cross was giving plasma and things to soldiers. It didn't seem right."

Yet you could sense the sacrifice it had been, the major setback to her hopes. She gave to the Red Cross three times and she bought war-savings stamps. But the stamps could go into the tin box, which was very heavy now. It was the same box that she had used right along, but now the HORS MUNNE had been crossed out and over it written, in a little girl's hand, HORSE MONEY.

By the time she was thirteen she was official baby tender for the neighborhood. The money always went into the tin box.

In a way it was too bad she liked ice cream and all kinds of sweets as much as she did because if she hadn't, saving would have been a lot easier. There must have been some pretty hard-fought battles behind that serious little face.

BUT always the tin box won out. There were only two things that she would spend money on; one was movies which had horses in them (and she saw all of those) and riding lessons at Helen's. Mostly she was able to get her dad or her mother to pay for the riding lessons but sometimes she could not, and then she very reluctantly tapped the fund. By that year when she was thirteen, she had almost one hundred dollars.

That was the year she began to grow tall. She had been a chubby little thing earlier, but suddenly she began to shoot up and all her hems were let out in a desperate effort to keep her properly clothed. I had expected she would be displeased at this sudden shooting upward, but I found her philosophical.

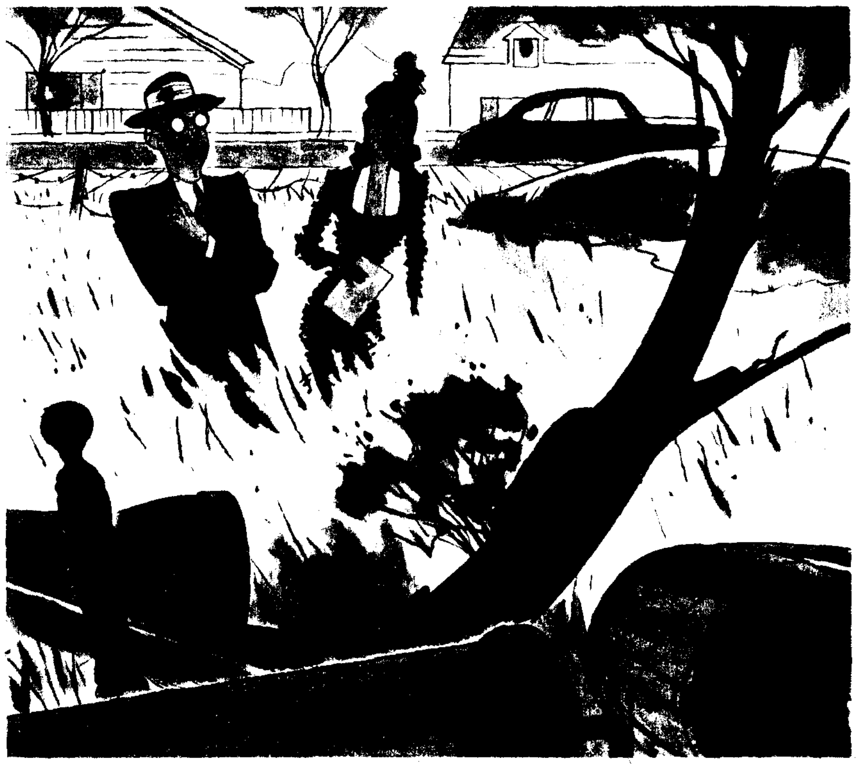
"It's much easier to mount now, Uncle Red."

That thirteenth year was when the pin-up boy appeared on her wall.

"It made me feel old," Joe said. "Here was my daughter starting to put up boys' pictures. It made me feel darned peculiar. So when the time was right I said to her, 'I was in your room today, Jeanie, and I noticed that Roy Rogers is your pin-up boy.' And she said, 'Oh, Daddy, that isn't Roy Rogers' picture. That's a picture of Trigger, his horse.' "

That was the year she found out about an old Morgan that could be had for one hundred and twenty-five dollars and she hinted around to find out whether Joe and Mildred would lend her the extra twenty-five dollars to buy it.

That was a fairly tough decision on all concerned. Joe could have stood the twenty-five without any trouble, but the upkeep he just wasn't financially able to handle. By that time inflation in the United States was a healthy urchin, and



COLLIER'S "It'll look better when we get the house built" JOHN MILLIGAN

"I'm a lost woman"...
SCREAMED THE BLONDE!
CONDUCTOR

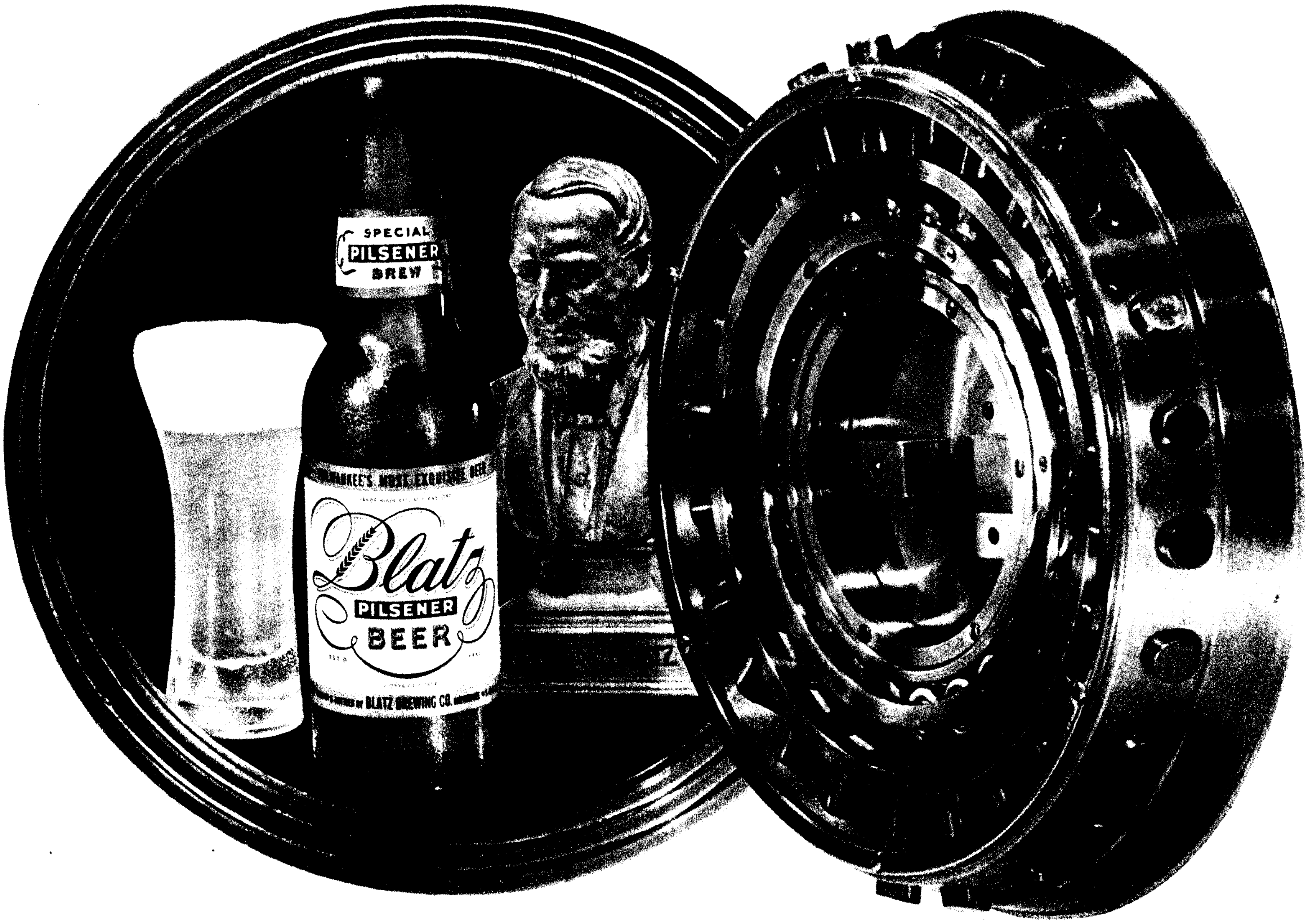
1. "I'M ON the wrong train," she told me. "There's no Bond Street on my line, yet I distinctly heard you tell that handsome young man to change at Bond Street."

2. "NO MA'M," I said. "I told him to change *to* Bond Street—Pipe Tobacco, that is—made by the Philip Morris folks. Gave him some of mine to try in his pipe."

3. "HE CERTAINLY seems to be enjoying it," she said, watching his happy expression as he smoked. She sniffed the fragrant aromatic tobaccos. "Smells nice, too."

4. "I'D BUY SOME for my husband," she mused, "only" . . . "Only what"? I prompted. "Only I'm *single!*" And she said it loud enough for *him* to hear!

CONDUCTOR
BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO
"change to BOND STREET ...for fragrant smoking!"
Made by the PHILIP MORRIS PROCESS


SPECIAL
PILSENER
BREW
MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER
Blatz
PILSENER
BEER
BLATZ BREWING CO.

A brewer's most Precious Possession is the Good Taste of the beer he brews.

Ideals of the Founder
VALENTIN BLATZ, 1826-1894
Master Brewer, son and grandson
of Master Brewers

Blatz

VALENTIN BLATZ FOUNDER BLATZ BREWING COMPANY
1851

MILWAUKEE'S FIRST BOTTLED BEER

© 1947, Blatz Brewing Company. Established 1851 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin

people with fixed salaries were pinched unmercifully under such conditions. Joe got out a pencil and a piece of paper and he began to write down the things they would need. Jeanie had an old catalogue and they looked up saddle, bridle, and probably other items which I know nothing about. Then he wrote down the everyday expenses that owning a horse would entail. There was stable rental, hay, oats, bran, shavings for bedding, pasture rental; a lot of other items like that. He said that as he wrote, Jeanie's face grew more and more expressionless. The animation drained from it and it became stoical.

They came to the conclusion that they would need at least seventy-five dollars for equipment (which Jeanie called tack) and that it would cost about one-hundred dollars a year—at a conservative estimate—to take care of the horse.

Jeanie saw how impossible it was once the figures were down on paper. She thanked Joe for going over it with her, and excused herself. She didn't appear for a long time. They knew where she was, well enough, and Joe says he and Mildred both felt horrible. Jeanie was older now and very seldom went away by herself any more, the way she used to. It had to be something out of the ordinary to make her do that now.

I saw her a few days later and I asked her how the fund was coming. That was one of the times she told me something definite.

She explained about the cost of upkeep and of tack and everything. She said a little wistfully, "Sometimes, Uncle Red, I get very discouraged. I guess I'm going to be an old lady before I get my horse. I guess it will be so late it won't do me much good."

I said, "But you aren't going to give up, are you?"

And she said, "No, I'm not going to give up." Her jaw seemed to stick out a little when she said it, though that might have been my imagination.

THAT was the way things stood when the advertisement appeared in Horsemanship. As I have said, by that time everybody knew about Jeanie and her horse, and all of us were rooting for her. Two different people brought her the ad.

Jeanie applied. It was a nice straightforward letter with only a few misspelled words. Spelling had never been Jeanie's forte.

The weakness in the letter lay in the fact that Jeanie could not describe either the stable or the pasture, but had to say that if the horse were given to her she would have to look around and hire each of these items.

After the letter went off, everyone concerned sat back and waited. I'd see Jeanie walking to school and back and I could sense the tremendous excitement in her. She tried as always to hide any emotion she felt, but this was something out of the ordinary so that I could see it in the way she skipped along, in the way her eyes sparkled, in every move she made.

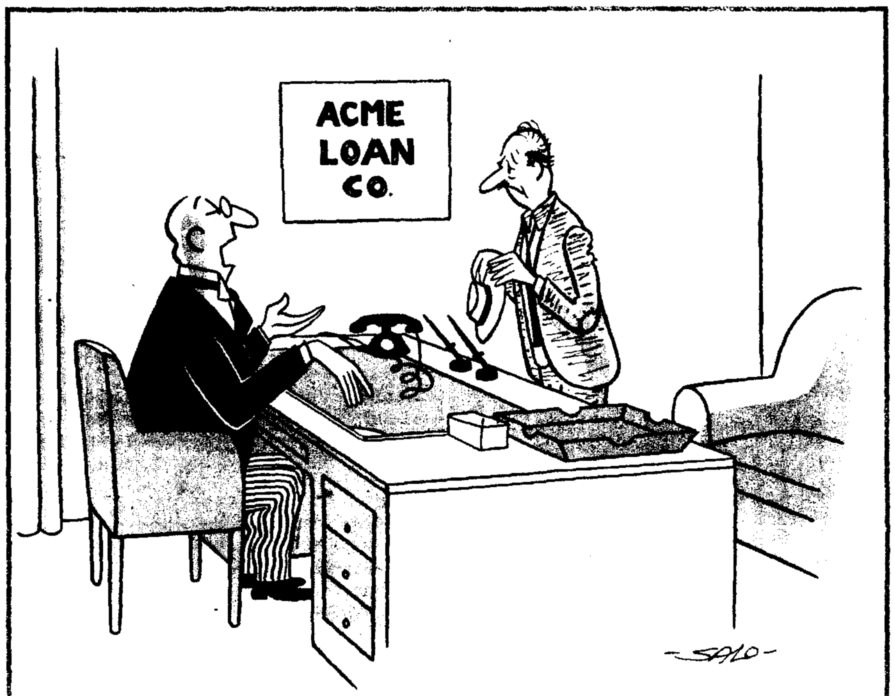
And my heart went out to her because I knew she couldn't win; I knew she couldn't because I was practical and figured the odds; they were many times a hundred to one against her.

She began to get together tack. She bought a pail to water the horse. She went down to the feed store and found out about oats and bran. She canvassed the street nearest our development for a stable. She poked into old barns, carriage houses, stalls. Everything is new in our development, but on Middle Street, which is next to ours, the houses have been there, many of them, for over a hundred years. Some of them have large barns and stables. She finally landed one of these. Then she went looking for a pasture. She spent two or three days on this. She had trouble finding one near enough to the stable, but she stuck to it in her grave, polite little way and finally she succeeded. You went into her room and you found lists of horsy things she'd have to buy. The mail contained at least one catalogue for her every day.

You watched the excitement in her and your heart went out to her because you knew that she was building up to a disappointment which would shake her through and through, which would hurt her worse than she had ever been hurt in her life. You sensed that. You wished there were some way you could protect her, you could help her—yet you knew of nothing anyone could do.

When people talked to me downtown I found myself sticking up for her. One man said to me, "That is the luckiest thing I ever heard of. Sitting back and having a horse turned over to you."

I said, "I don't call it luck. In the first place it hasn't been turned over to her and probably won't be. But if it should be, it still isn't lucky. She's fought for it for years. She's had some tough breaks. A good break should be about due her. If she doesn't get this particular horse in this particular way, she'll get another one in a year or so because she's working for it all the time. It's the same sort of luck you might accuse a prospector of having when he's studied and worked for months, even years, and finally finds the gold a little quicker than he expected. It's one of those breaks you make yourself."



COLLIER'S "Frankly, Mr. Trevor, we deal with a wealthier class of people who can afford our high interest rates" SALO ROTH

The guy looked at me surprised. He said, "Okay. You don't have to get so vehement about it. If you say so, it isn't luck."

Maybe I was touchy because I hated to see it happen to her. Sure she would get a horse in another year or so. To an adult a year is not very long. To a child it stretches away endlessly. When you're thirteen, a year is a long, long time. I wanted her to have the horse now.

It was during this period that Joe heard her praying. He went in to tuck her in for the night and open her window, and before he stepped off the carpet he heard her talking. Her eyes were tight shut and she was asking God to help her, to guide her. She had done everything she could do; now she needed help. He tiptoed back downstairs without going into the room.

She didn't say much about the mail but she went down to the post office every time a train came in, if she was free. And when she came home from school her eyes always went to the table where Joe and Mildred left the incoming letters.

At the end of two weeks the letter came. It was a short letter. It thanked her for her application but it said that under the circumstances, since she had neither stable nor pasture, the horse couldn't very well be turned over to her.

You didn't have to ask her what was in the letter. She drew into herself, and before she finished reading, her face was a mask. She stood there with the letter in her hand for a little while and once Joe thought she was going to drop it. But then she very quietly handed it to him. She wouldn't let them see her eyes.

She said, and her voice was thin and high-pitched, "Well, I'll have all these things ready anyway, when I do get one." Her voice didn't sound very natural. She was around for the next few minutes but after that they couldn't find her for a long, long time.

I GUESS Joe felt almost as badly as she did. He came over to see me, ostensibly to get any ideas I could give him, but I guess in reality he needed to get it off his chest. He told me that Mildred had phoned Helen for the same reason.

After Joe went back home I sat in the living room thinking about it. I thought about the hours of baby-tending and the running errands, I thought about the money gradually growing in the tin box on the bureau. I thought about Duffer following her across the pasture. I thought about her catching Perry when nobody else could lay a hand on him. I thought about her first pin-up boy, about her seeing National Velvet five complete times and parts of two others. She was just a little girl who wanted a horse very badly. And pretty soon I didn't feel very good inside. This had been her big chance. She had had faith, and having faith she had dropped her guard. Now she was hurt as she might never be hurt again. For my money it was a damned shame and if nobody could do anything about it at least a try could be made.

I picked up the telephone. I put in a person-to-person call to the lady in Massachusetts. The operator said, "I am sorry, sir, there will be a delay. That same call has just been put in by another party."

So I sat around and waited and I began to feel no better fast. I knew Jeanie would be away somewhere alone by that time, and little pictures of Jeanie in the past five years kept passing before my eyes.

After a while the phone rang and they told me that they had my party.

I told the lady who I was, and then I started in. I told her about Jeanie; what she looked like, all the things I knew about her. I told her about those first rides on Duffer, about that first Christmas, about Duffer following her around, about Perry, about the way she mothered all animals, about the tin box and its slow, slow accumulations, about the money to the Red Cross, about the capacity to love some horse, pet it, make over it, more than any horse was ever loved or made over before.

I said, "You want care and affection for your horse; you can never find them in such quantity anywhere again." I told her everything. She didn't interrupt me much. When I got through her voice sounded a little different. She thanked me for calling and then she told me something about the horse. His name was Topper. He was a grandson of Man o' War—by Thunderer out of a range mare. He was thirteen years old but still very sound. The only strings attached to her offer were that he must not be hunted, or ridden for hire, and must never be sold. If the person who got him could no longer keep him he must be returned. She said that Topper liked to be petted and would stand for hours and be curried. If he liked you he would follow you around. I gathered that Topper was lonesome, now that his place had been taken by another horse.

I said to her, "They're two of a kind. Jeanie has been lonely for a long time, for a horse to love. And Topper is lonely for a mistress to love him."

After that I hung up. When I got the bill later, the call cost me eight dollars and thirty-five cents. I figured I never spent eight dollars and thirty-five cents that I begrudged any less.

I FOUND out afterward that Helen had called just ahead of me. That Massachusetts woman must have learned an awful lot about Jeanie in an awfully short time; though maybe we duplicated to some extent. If I had known about Helen's call I wouldn't have put in mine because I would have felt that as one horse woman to another, she could probably swing more weight than I could. I was just a guy who wanted to see a little girl get her horse.

Joe said that Jeanie was very quiet all evening. In the middle of the evening the phone rang and it was a telegram for her. It said: TOPPER IS YOURS. AM STARTING HIM OFF BY VAN YOUR EXPENSE EARLY TOMORROW MORNING. MAY I COME UP SOMETIME AND RIDE WITH YOU? And it was signed by the lady in Massachusetts.

Jeanie didn't mean to show how she felt any more when she knew the horse was hers than she had when she had thought it never would be. But she came tearing into the living room, her eyes big. Her whole face shone. Her whole body was light, as if she were hardly touching the ground.

They called me over and she had calmed down by then; but I have never seen anyone look so quietly radiant as she did. Joe said that all the next morning she whistled and sang. He said she was so happy that it was all around her like a halo. It wasn't that she had ever been unhappy; she had always been a happy kid. It was just that she had wanted something very, very badly and now she had it and she was so happy she couldn't begin to contain it.

It had to show itself somehow and so she hummed and sang and whistled all day.

At ten thirty that night Helen called and said that the horse was there and was grand; big and lovable. The next morning I took them out before breakfast, because Joe's car wouldn't start.

She got out there and she walked into the stall and up to his head, and he whinnied a little, softly, and nuzzled her with his velvety nose.

And she stroked him and held her cheek against him.

THE END

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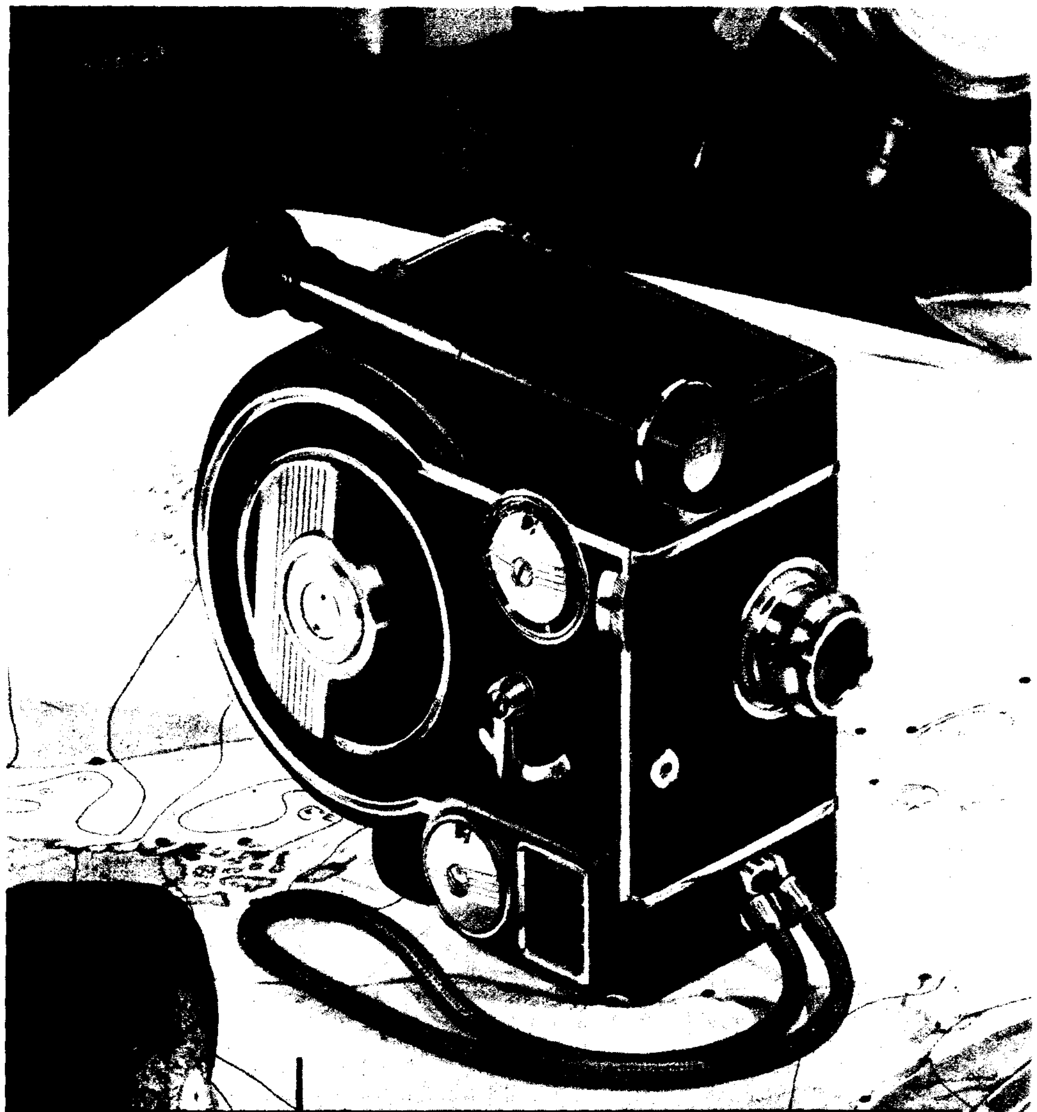

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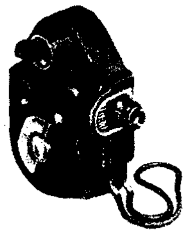

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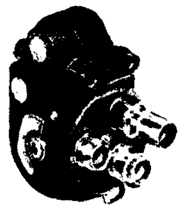

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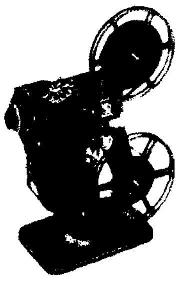

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Trims both ends of 8mm or 16mm film in one stroke, ready for built-in scraper. Then automatically overlaps and bonds in one operation. $16.50

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

21st), you stated that you had printed articles on what to do before. I haven't taken your magazine long but I have never seen any such articles. Maybe the youths (and we are) of America should spend their evenings in juke joints, bars and night clubs getting drunk on alcoholic beverages.

United Fan Clubs for Teen-Agers of America, Shreveport and Bossier City, La.

We suggest the United Fan Clubs, etc., read The Kids Get a Night Club in the issue of August 9th.

POLES APART

Dear Sir: In The Week's Mail of June 21st, Cartoonist Bandel Linn claims his Zzydd Corporation puts out an eleven-foot pole for use on people you wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole. Didn't Ed Wynn use such a device on the radio years ago?

Mary Atherton, Arlington, Vt.

. . . Linn stole his pole from Colonel Stoopnagle and will be sued. . . .

Henry Crepet, Georgetown, Conn.

Linn disclaims lunatic infringement on the ten-foot pole. He says Wynn's pole was a twelve-footer, and was made of wood. His Pole is living and from Warsaw. Stoopnagle's pole is a twenty-footer and for use on people you wouldn't touch with a ten-foot pole—twice.

. . . Bandel Linn's Zzydd Corporation which sells Dull, Sickening Thuds for people to fall to the floor with has nothing on my outfit—the Aaabcco Co. which gets top billing in my phone book. My best sellers include: A Streamlined Incubator for Breeding Contempt; a Joke Merry-Go-Round Stopper for people who are always at their Wits' End; and a Collapsible Cage to store Wild-Oat Stocks. My Little Handy Set of Knitting Needles is just the thing for Eyebrow Knitters. We also have a summer sale on our combination Rod Sparer & Child Spoiler; Depth Plumbers; and Vest Pocket Scales, for those who like to weigh their words.

Our August Special is a reduced rate on our Interplanetary Telegraph, should you want to thank your lucky stars!

Robert Q. Lewis, Aaastoria. N. Y.

FLAG ETIQUETTE

Gentlemen: The flag on the July 5th cover is being carried backward. The American flag should always be carried in the direction of the Union Jack, as the blue canton containing the 48 white stars is known.

John C. Harrington, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . A flag is never carried flat—Never!

G. B. Nutter, Bexley, Ohio

. . . On the cover of the July 5th edition the people in the picture do not salute the flag or remove their hats. On pages 18 and 19 there is a similar picture and they also do not remove hats or salute. They even ignore the passing of the flag in the parade.

Pfc. William Saunders, El Paso, Tex.

HEALTH, HAPPINESS, ETC.

Dear Sir: Have done hypnotic work as a hobby for a good many years but have never found anyone who dared to defend the marvelous possibilities of hypnosis in therapeutic work before. (Do As You're Told, July 5th.) I have proven practically every point brought out in the article which is most ably written.

I would like to add one observation of my own: There is no time nor space in mind which is Universal, and our subconscious mind, as a spark of the Universal, becomes what it knows itself to be. When the conscious activity of the mind is in sleep, thereby removing race ideas, inhibitions, environmental suggestions and evolutional fear-creating experiences, the subconscious mind can and does draw from the Universal, *under the guidance of an intelligent operator*, for all that it needs for perfect health, happiness and prosperity. It knows itself to be and therefore is.

Joseph Clarkson, South Pasadena, Cal.

UPS AND DOWNS

Dear Sirs: I am writing this trying to forget my inner heavings by reading Collier's aboard a ship at sea. Do you know a cure for seasickness?

Jack Winster, Cape Town, S. A.

Why not try Mark Twain's cure: "Go sit under a tree"?—with Collier's, of course.

OLYMPIC BATTLE

Gentlemen: I disagree with you as to Emil von Elling as contender for the post of U.S. Olympic coach (Olympic Fever, July 5th). At Baton Rouge, La., home of LSU Tigers, we have the greatest track coach in the world (also a good football coach), namely, Bernie Moore.

Bob Lyons, New Orleans, La.

BRASS SOUNDINGS

Dear Sir: You mentioned that Mr. Conarroe kept himself from mutiny by planning Off My Sea Chest (Buttering the Navy Brass, June 21st). Allow me to point out that the thought of a .45 slug through his heart might have had something to do with keeping him from mutiny, too.

Lt. Clarence A. Hill, Jr., Corpus Christi, Tex.

BUNNY WABBITS

Dear Sir: I'm going to frame your rabbit June 28th cover and when my husband so much as mentions rabbit hunting this fall, I'm going to show it to him. If he has any heart at all, I'll bet we have some pleasant Saturdays *together!* Now can't you give me a cover "humanizing" the golf and bowling balls?

Mrs. Robert Miller, Canton, Ohio

. . . Good to see a cover that didn't serve cheesecake—but a little "human" interest. Am I sick of the female figger!

Mike Lefcourt, Woodside, L. I.

. . . What the devil does your cover of June 28th mean?

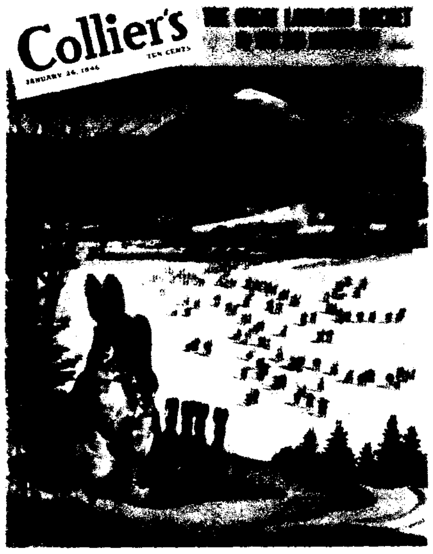
Rita Roberts, Bradford, Pa.

The rabbits are crying because the policeman scarecrow is so stuffed with garden vegetables he can't move.

. . . Missed the dispossessed bunny cover at the Ski Resort you mentioned in The Week's Work of June 28th. Could you give me an idea of what it looked like?

Joan Smith, Wilton, Conn.

Herewith our Jan. 26, 1946, cover.



LIFE WITH MR. POWELL

Continued from page 38

rs. I would bow off at the left side, atch a 'crossover beard,' snap it on, :n up my collar, and hobble back :ross the stage as an old crippled man. ıen from the opposite side, I would ake my timely entrance as my own fa- er."

Such frenzied activity, however, was no means continuous, and he almost ırved before he landed a part in Within e Law. This was a success, and during e run he met, wooed and wedded Eileen 'ilson, another member of the cast. ıe new Mrs. Powell later presented her ısband with his only son, William, Jr., ɔw a writer at Warner Brothers studio, ter graduating *magna cum laude* from inceton following his service with the arine Corps during the war.

Following Within the Law, Powell ayed in stock-company shows and ade long road tours.

Farewell to Broadway

He finally got back on Broadway, here he worked fairly steadily, winding ɔ with Spanish Love, which ran for two ears. He made his last stage appearance 1920, and ill fortune set in again. So id a national depression. He had been n Broadway nine years. His career to- ıled more than two hundred plays.

In the late fall of this year, Powell ropped into a Broadway bar one eve- ing for a drink. He was "between en- agements," meaning out of work. Jack arrymore was in there drinking with Al Varner, an early-day motion-picture pro- ucer. Mr. Barrymore stared piercingly t Powell and demanded that Warner hire im. Warner, thinking it but a whim of 3arrymore's, told Powell casually to rop around for a film test. He did, and o started his film career.

Powell's first movie work got a sort f well-yes-and-no reaction, but he got break soon after when an accident to a eading player in When Knighthood Was n Flower sent him in to play Francis I, he heavy role. He made good in this and efore long was on his way to Europe vith Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Ron- ıld Colman, to make Romola. He took he wages he made and toured the Con- ment, returning to New York several nonths later.

A chance came along to go to Holly- vood; he took it, and he's been there ver since.

His first tour of duty was with Para- nount, where he created the role of De- ective Philo Vance. Following this he vent to Warners. His first marriage had nded in divorce; he now met and mar- ied Carole Lombard. This marriage also was to fail.

In his first picture for Metro, he worked with a Miss Myrna Loy. They did so well together that Metro teamed them in what came to be known as The Thin Man series. But before the series really got going, Powell played in Reckless, with the late Jean Harlow. The Powell-Harlow romance, cut short by Jean's death, followed.

The succeeding years built Powell into a top star, and he and Miss Loy became a ort of symbol for wholesome married love. Both stars got hundreds of letters commending them for setting such a fine example, and asking for advice. One lady in Des Moines, Iowa, wrote to Powell that her married life was unhappy and getting worse. When her husband misbehaved, she related, she told him, "That isn't the way William Powell would treat his wife in the movies." To which her husband always replied, "Well, you're no Myrna Loy!"

Back in '35 Mr. Powell built himself a "dream house" in Beverly Hills containing every known gadget. Every room had a phone, and the master, by flipping a bedside switch, could hear what was being said anywhere on the premises. No one could get near the place without being sighted, and his arrival signaled by alarm bells. All the doors in the house were opened by electric motors, actuated by foot buttons.

The outside architecture was a combination of Regency, Beverly Hills, Gothic and early Chester A. Arthur. Inside, every room was in a different period, and William Haines, an actor turned decorator, nearly went nuts. His triumph was the master bedroom, done in wine red.

There were several bars, one of which could be converted, by pressing buttons, into a grill room, with a spit rising from the floor, charcoal burners popping out of closets and a pantry sliding mysteriously out of a wall. The salon was convertible either into a motion-picture theater or a guest bedroom—and occasionally, when the controls went wrong, into both simultaneously.

To open the gates into the grounds Powell had to work a radio-eye gadget in his car.

Sometimes the control wouldn't work, and all hands had to wait for a corps of electricians to be escorted to the scene by the Beverly Hills Police Department, with sirens screaming.

When the house was finished, it was discovered there were so many bars that there were not enough bedrooms. The master built an annex, with four complete bedroom suites. So many guests showed up that a bar shortage developed, and the whole thing became a vicious circle. Mr. Powell suddenly tired of the whole idea and sold it to a family with several small children.

Dislikes Best-Dressed-Man Role

In 1938, Powell underwent a serious operation and was out of the studio for seventeen months. This mellow period was interrupted soon after he went back to the studio and began to appear on lists of best-dressed men as the "suave type." He grew to have a dreadful hatred of the word "suave," and gave out interviews ridiculing male fashions.

"Anyone who steps out socially in Hollywood garbed according to Hoyle," he said, "only attracts attention to himself and is usually mistaken for a private detective."

He made a fetish for a while of going around in any weird assortment of clothing he happened to find in his closet.

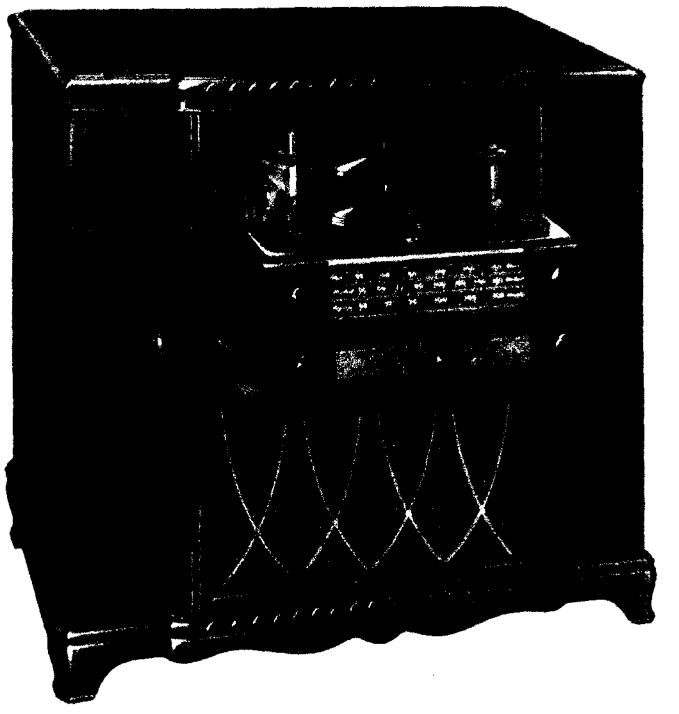
He carried this to the extent, one afternoon, of turning up at a swimming party in a business suit, derby hat, gold-headed cane and spats. Nobody noticed. Peace of mind returned to Mr. Powell almost at once.

In 1939, back at work after his illness, Powell met a young actress, Diana Lewis, a New Jersey girl twenty-three years his junior. They fell in love and were married in Nevada, January 5, 1940. They live in two homes, one in Beverly Hills, the other on the desert.

In the early days of Palm Springs, Powell bought a modest home a couple of blocks off the highway and made pets of a small family of tarantulas, which were trained to menace strangers and visitors to whom Mr. Powell took a dislike. Palm Springs has since become a dusty desert Coney Island, and Mr. Powell, now mellower, has abandoned the little fellows to their own devices.

If he does win that Oscar, as the wise boys think, that still won't satisfy Mrs. Powell. She has other ambitions for him. She wants him to become the yo-yo champion of the world.

THE END



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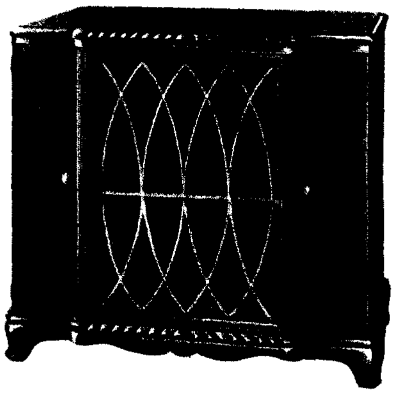

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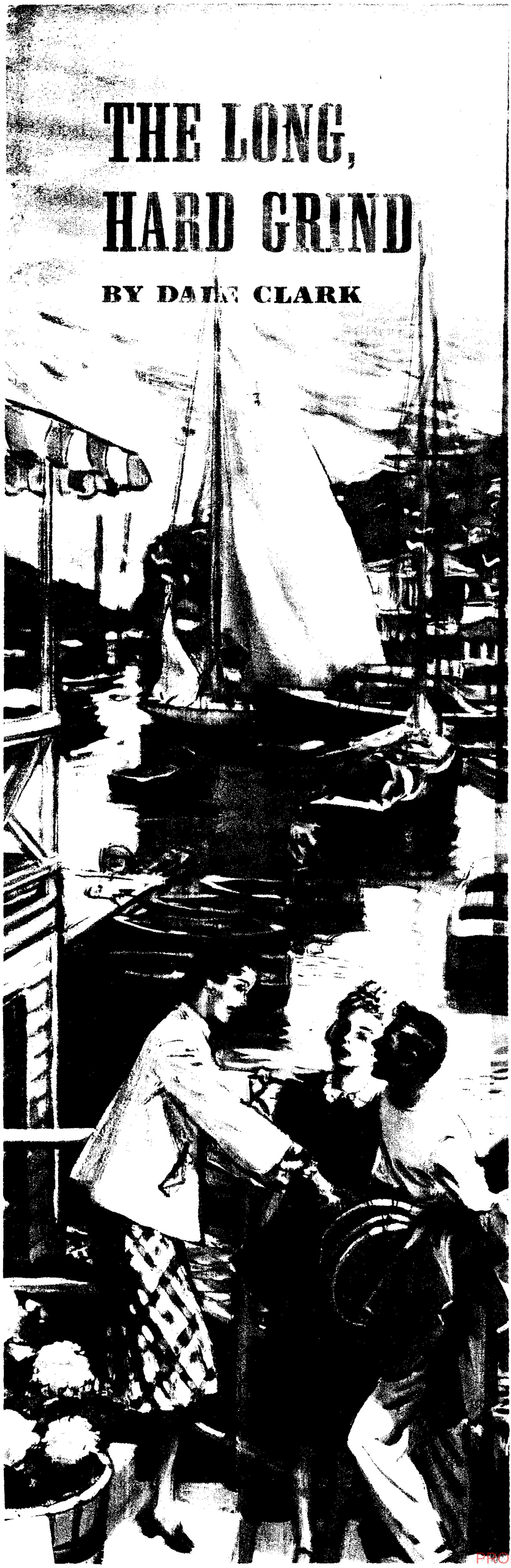
THE LONG, HARD GRIND

BY DALE CLARK



IT WAS the oddest feeling, running into Joe and Edith Conroy after all these years. Mary Haver came down the clubhouse steps the first day of the state tennis tournament, and cried, "Joe! Edith! You haven't changed a bit."

This was almost true of Joe. He wore white flannels and a T-shirt and carried a brace of rackets under a bare brown arm. He was only a little balder and thinner than the halfback whose ninety-yard run won the homecoming game in 1935. Edith, who had been the prettiest girl on the campus, *had* changed. She had grown heavier and, well—dowdy.

Mary Haver said, "Darlings, you're staying with us. Yes, you are. You know we'll love having you. Why, Charley would be furious if you two came into town and went to a hotel."

The Havers lived in a perfectly huge, but old, house on the hill above the Yacht and Tennis Club. Joe and Edith came up in a taxi, after dinner. Edith exclaimed over the house and the upstairs room, so large that a tester bed was insignificant in it. The window faced over the blue water and colored sails of the yacht basin.

"Oh!" said Edith. "It's marvelous. The *view!* It's perfectly sumptuous." Even the vine at the window was perfectly marvelous and sumptuous, and Mary felt that Edith was overdoing it. It was a relief to get downstairs with the men.

Joe was calling Charley "Chuck," and they were talking about Joe's ninety-yard run, which Charley had watched from the bench. He could not remember the name of the player whose forward pass had fallen into Joe's arms.

Listening to him, noticing his waistline, Mary felt a little pity for a husband trying to recapture a lost and gleaming moment, a moment that had been Joe's after all.

Joe turned and gave her his old slow grin. "It's been a long time, Mary. You'd be surprised what an old man I am in a fifth set nowadays. I have to beat these kids in a hurry or not at all."

Looking flustered, Edith said, "It's just that he's been so terribly busy. He wasn't sure he ought to take the time off for the tournament, and at the very last minute it was touch and go finding anyone to take the children." She rattled on and on about the two children.

Edith was tired from the train ride, and Joe remembered he had two tough singles matches tomorrow. Mary walked with them to the stairs. She came back to find Charley slumped in the study, brooding over *McIntyre vs. Hamwell, 106 Atlantic Reporter, 134 Maryland 315.*

"Charley," she said, "do you know I wouldn't have recognized Edith? If I'd just met her alone, I mean."

"You're absolutely right," said Charley with his lips; his eyes remained on the page.

Mary went upstairs and sat for a while considering herself in the mirror. She had never been a raving beauty in college. On the other hand, she had not let herself get, well, middle-agish. She actually did not look thirty-one. Wasn't it odd how things sometimes turned out?

JOE was to play at eleven in the morning. "We'll drop you at the club," Mary said. "I've some shopping to do. Edith, there's a simply breath-taking sale at Browley's."

Looking at Edith, she decided that exactly the right hat could still work wonders. She wondered how Edith had ever let herself lose interest in clothes.

"I'd love to," Edith said, flushing. "Oh, but I'd miss the match. No, I guess not."

Mary felt a twinge of pity for Edith Conroy; she was such a pale—almost negative—reflection of her husband.

Wearing a newly bought picture hat, she got back to the club in time to see Joe's final, sharply breaking service go past a helplessly swinging opponent. Joe came over, his face warm and relaxed and boyish under the tennis visor. Looking at him, Mary's breath momentarily blocked in her throat.

He was scheduled to play again at one, and so they ate lunch on the clubhouse veranda. Edith had disappeared down the beach. "I suppose she gets nervous watching you play," Mary said.

"She promised to get the kids some sea shells. They started a collection with stuff I sent back from the Pacific."

Charley Haver had spent the war behind a Washington desk. "You were right in the worst of it, weren't you?" Mary said.

"My part wasn't so bad. We had tennis courts at the base—crushed coral." Joe didn't want to talk about the war and pretty soon they were reliving college, the big games and the proms.

Little haunting lights came into Joe's eyes as he remembered and laughed, and Mary wondered if he recalled kissing her the night of the junior prom. It hadn't meant much at the time, and it was before he began going steady with Edith, but she wondered.

And she found herself thinking: The tournament will be over tomorrow.

THAT night was dull. Charley came home with tickets for a show, but Joe thought being out late would be bad for his eyes. Charley took the wives to the show, and spoiled the best laughs by wishing Joe hadn't missed this. "It's just a game," Charley said. "I don't see why he has to make such a grind of it."

"He makes contacts," Edith said. "Joe earned ten thousand dollars his first year out of school, selling bonds, and it was mostly football contacts."

"He isn't selling bonds now, is he?"

"There was a war. Contacts are the first thing when you're getting started again." That sounded almost as if Joe wasn't so terribly, successfully busy. Edith couldn't have meant it that way. She seemed upset by Charley's attitude.

He noticed and soothed, "Let's make contact with a quick one on the Admiral Roof."

There, in the dim glamorous lights, Edith circled the floor with Charley, looking very nearly her pretty, campus self. Only she tired quickly, she hadn't danced for so long. . . .

In the finals the next day Joe looked as if he couldn't lose for a while; but after the first two sets it was painful to watch, as the twenty-year-old boy across the net began slamming away Joe's sharply bouncing serves and undercut, skidding backhands. The youth won the third set handily. It became five-all in the fourth, and Joe's face grew haggard under his visor. Mary caught Edith's arm. "He's got to do it *now*. He's got to win in a hurry, or he can't win at all. *Come on, Joe!*" Edith sat tight-lipped, saying nothing. Out on the court, Joe took to a man-killing powerhouse serve. He got forty-fifteen, then double-faulted twice, and lost that game. But he won the next.

It went on and on, agonizingly, and it was twelve-ten when at last he put the winning lob over the boy's head. Joe had just barely enough stamina left to grin when he stumbled to the side lines and put the big silver cup into Edith's arms.

"Come on," Charley said. "We'll get you into a hot shower."

But Joe was incredible. By the time they'd driven home, Joe was able to run—*run*—upstairs ahead of Charley. Mary stared after the two men, and then she turned to Edith who was clasping the big trophy in her arms.

"Aren't you *proud?*" Mary cried. But the other woman's middle-aging face was a strangely reserved mask. After a moment Mary said weakly, "I suppose you're used to it. You probably have a whole houseful of Joe's cups."

"Yes. I wish they'd give something practical for a change—like a new living-room rug. God knows, we need one," Edith said. She turned her face from her old friend, and her shoulders trembled with sobs.

"Joe! Edith!" Mary greeted them from the clubhouse steps. "You haven't changed a bit"

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

STRONG BOY

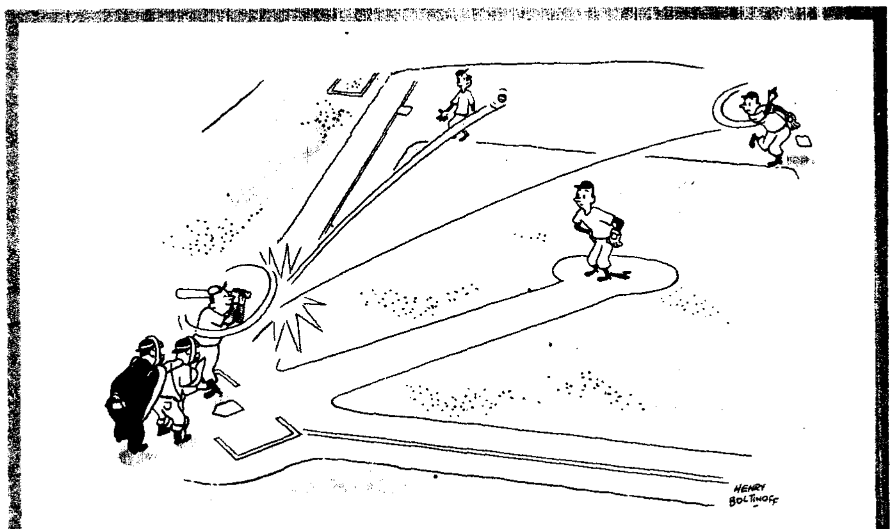
Continued from page 21

From then on, it developed into a sort of straightaway competition, with Mr. Sheridan Corby's music stacked up against Uncle Lute's weight lifting, and it was a tossup as to who was going to win out in the end.

That was when my Uncle Lute started to get proud of himself. Up to that time he had sort of taken being strong for granted, like Miss Seymour having blue eyes and honey-blond hair, but the way Miss Seymour squealed and batted her blue eyes at him every time he lifted something heavy he came to the conclusion that he was something special, and he started looking around for more ways to impress her. That was what led to his downfall.

The way it came about was it was getting along toward the end of the dude season, and by that time it had got to a point where neither Mr. Sheridan Corby nor my Uncle Lute would let the other one out of his sight for fear he would take some unfair advantage, like maybe proposing marriage. They did not have much time left to work in, and they were not taking any chances. Wherever Miss Seymour went you could see my Uncle Lute and Mr. Sheridan Corby going with her, and what caused the trouble was Mr. Sheridan Corby tried to double-cross my Uncle Lute and get Miss Corrinne Seymour alone.

Afterward my Uncle Lute said it was a dastardly trick, and he was sorry he had not thought of it himself. The way it was, Mr. Sheridan Corby and Miss Seymour and Uncle Lute had a date to go horseback riding one morning. That was all right, except during the night Mr. Sheridan Corby sneaked down and turned all the saddle stock loose except two horses, and when my Uncle Lute showed up at the corral Mr. Sheridan Corby and Miss Seymour were all ready



HENRY BOLTINOFF

SPORTING ODDS

When Hack Wilson first came up to the Giants he was a sucker for a good curve ball. The pitchers soon discovered his weakness and curve-balled him to death. One day, with men on first and third, one out. McGraw flashed the double-steal sign and Hack, at bat, missed it. The opposing catcher, however, caught it and signaled for a pitchout. He grabbed the wide throw and rifled the ball to second base. The second baseman made the put-out and fired the ball back to the catcher. But the ball never got there. Hack stepped in and belted it out of the Polo Grounds.

McGraw, furious, went at Wilson as only McGraw could. Hack listened meekly, and in a momentary pause he interposed plaintively, "Gee, Mr. McGraw, I couldn't resist. It was the first straight ball I've seen in this league."

—Robert Farrell, Chicago, Ill.

Back shortly after the turn of the century, the semipro teams of Willmar and Benson, Minnesota, battled through nine innings to a scoreless tie. Then in the first half of the tenth Benson got a run.

Thielman, the Willmar pitcher, slapped out a scratch single in the last half of the inning, and the next batter, O'Toole, smashed one into center. Thielman, exhausted by the tight game, staggered into third and collapsed as O'Toole dashed around the bases close on his heels. Unable to pass Thielman, O'Toole lifted him in his arms and carried him to home plate. The umpire allowed two runs, giving the game to Willmar.

It had been a fatal dash for Thielman. He was dead, of heart failure.

—A. Kenneth Ellis, Lakewood, R. I.

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I married you
for your money"

"I don't see why. Everyone knows you married me for my charm, my manly good looks, my —"

"Be serious, Jim. You say that if anything happens to you, I won't have to worry because there'll be a regular check coming in every month."

"That's right, Sue."

"And that we can look forward to a *permanent* vacation some day, on a comfortable retirement income?"

"Absolutely correct."

"Well, people will certainly think I married you for your money, because it must take a lot of money to guarantee all that . . . doesn't it?"

"Not for your brilliant husband."

"Jim, please stop teasing and tell me what this is all about."

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REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES • [illegible] HEATERS • GAS RANGES • HOME HEATERS • HOME & FARM FREEZERS to go riding, and my Uncle Lute did not have a horse to ride on.

"It's a shame, Luther," Miss Seymour said, "but Sheridan says that if we wait until you catch up a horse we will not have time for our ride."

My Uncle Lute did not say what he thought about Mr. Sheridan Corby because he could not use those sort of words in front of Miss Seymour. He understood that he had been cold-decked, and it looked like there was nothing he could do about it, until he happened to look over into the other corral. It was full of horses, the bucking horses that Mr. Stevens had rounded up to ship down to the rodeo at Cheyenne. It gave my Uncle Lute an idea of how to impress Miss Corrinne Seymour.

"If you will excuse me for one moment, ma'am," Uncle Lute said, "I will get me a horse."

Miss Seymour looked over at that corralful of buckers and her eyes got as big as the top of a bar glass.

"You mean you're going to ride one of those bucking broncos?" Miss Seymour said.

"It's all in a day's work," Uncle Lute said.

THAT was not exactly true. Strictly speaking my Uncle Lute was not a bronc stomper, and under ordinary circumstances he would not have gone near one of those buckers for wages, but his pride had got hold of him and there was no stopping him.

"But isn't that terribly dangerous?" Miss Seymour said. "Aren't those horses simply ferociously wild?"

Uncle Lute took his hat off.

"Ma'am," Uncle Lute said, "the horse has not been made yet that I would not ride for the sheer pleasure of being in your illustrious presence."

My Uncle Lute had sort of stolen that out of a book he had been reading, but it was effective. Miss Seymour's eyes got even bigger than they had been before, and she acted as though she had forgotten that Mr. Sheridan Corby was anywhere in the neighborhood.

"Luther," Miss Corrinne Seymour said, "I expect that is the nicest thing anybody has ever said to me."

"I hope you break your damned neck," Mr. Sheridan Corby said.

My Uncle Lute did not pay any attention to Mr. Sheridan Corby.

"I would like to state further," Uncle Lute said, "that there is not anything on earth that has four feet and wears hair that I would not get astraddle of to go riding with you, including a bear."

He got his rope off his saddle, and walked into the corral and dabbed his loop on the first horse he came to. It was a horse named Watermelon, the meanest bucker Mr. Stevens owned. Uncle Lute pulled him down tight to the snubbing post and blindfolded him and put a bridle and saddle on him. Then he unhitched the rope, took a short grip on the reins and braced himself.

"To you, fair lady," Uncle Lute said. He had stolen that out of the same book. Then he reached forward and lifted the blindfold.

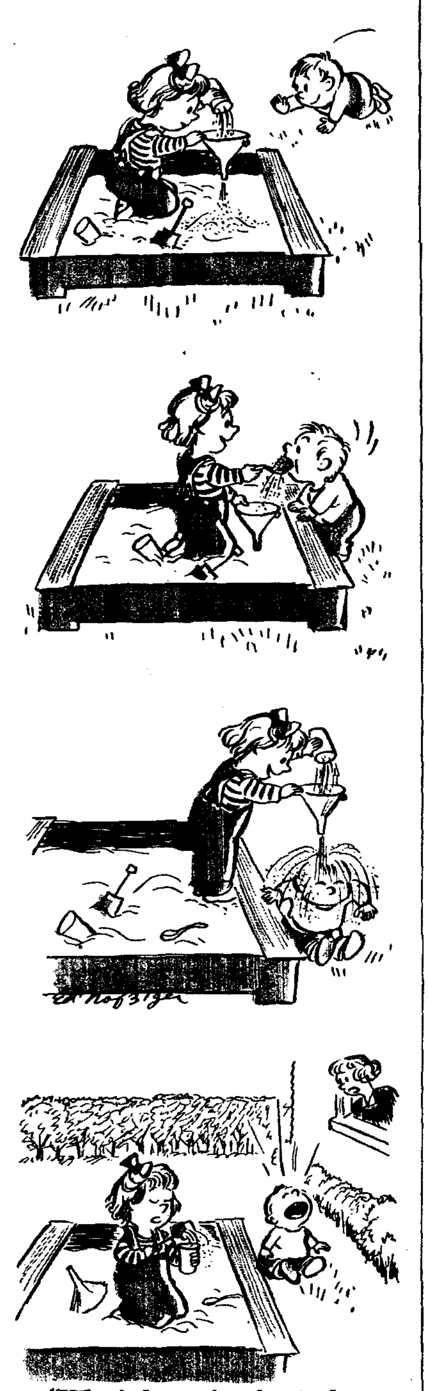
If you do not let a horse get his head down he cannot buck, and Uncle Lute did not let Watermelon get his head down. He rode out of that corral like he was on a canter through the park. Miss Seymour could not understand it and my Uncle Lute explained it to her.

"It's all in having muscles in the arms," Uncle Lute said, "and I expect there is not a horse on earth strong enough to get his head down if I don't want him to."

Miss Seymour squealed.

Afterward my Uncle Luke said it was one of the longest rides he had ever taken. Mr. Sheridan Corby kept them out for six hours in the hopes that my Uncle Lute's arm would play out and the horse would stack him, but it did not work out that way. My Uncle Lute held out. It almost broke his arm, but in the end it was worth it. When they got back to the ranch Miss Seymour asked my Uncle Lute to call on her that night, and she made it clear that she did not want Mr. Sheridan Corby along. My Uncle Lute was very proud of himself.

That night after supper he went up to call on Miss Seymour and they went walking in the moonlight. It seemed obvious to my Uncle Lute that he had eliminated Mr. Sheridan Corby as a competitor, and it occurred to him that it might be appropriate to mention to Miss Seymour the thing that he had had in mind for some time. He had been saving his money to get two hundred dollars for a honeymoon in Yellowstone Park. One more payday would make it, and that is the thing he thought he would mention to Miss Seymour.



"What's he crying for, Lulubelle?" "He doesn't like to play in the sandbox, Mama"

COLLIER'S ED NOFZIGER

"Ma'am," Uncle Lute said, "next week is payday, and when I get the money in my jeans there is a question I had in mind to ask you."

Miss Seymour took hold of his arm and snuggled up close to him.

"I cannot imagine a question that a great big strong man like you would be going to ask poor little me," Miss Seymour said.

"It is somewhat personal," my Uncle Lute said, "and it will have to wait until after payday."

"I just simply don't know how I can stand it till then," Miss Seymour said. Then she reached up and kissed him. . . .

After he got paid Uncle Lute counted his money and he had two hundred and twenty-seven dollars. He sent into town for five pounds of chocolates and a new shirt, and that night he was down in the bunkhouse combing his hair before he went up and talked to Miss Seymour about the honeymoon in Yellowstone Park when Mr. Stevens came in.

"I understand," Mr. Stevens said, "that you went out for an early morning canter on one of my bucking horses last week."

"Yessir," Uncle Lute said, "I got to admit I did."

"Have any trouble?" Mr. Stevens said.

"Nossir," Uncle Lute said, "I didn't. I held his head up for six hours and he didn't buck a lick."

My Uncle Lute was very proud of himself.

"I have some news for you," Mr. Stevens said, "he still will not buck a lick."

Mr. Stevens did not sound as though he was very proud of my Uncle Lute.

"I shipped him down with a rough string to Cheyenne," Mr. Stevens said, "and do you know what happened?"

My Uncle Lute said he did not know what had happened.

"I will tell you what happened," Mr. Stevens said. "They put him in the chute and saddled him, and Mickey Conley got on board him, and when they opened the gate he come out like he had spent all his life pulling a milk wagon. He would not even crowhop."

"Well, I'll be damned," Uncle Lute said. "You mean I broke him?"

"That is exactly what I mean," Mr. Stevens said, "and you are going to more than be damned. You are going to be sued." He started getting red in the face and his voice got louder. "That horse was worth two hundred dollars to me as a bucker. The way he is now he's not worth the powder to blow him to hell. If you get what I am driving at."

"I get what you are driving at," Uncle Lute said.

He dug down in his pockets and counted out the two hundred dollars he had been saving for a honeymoon in Yellowstone Park.

At the time Uncle Lute considered it only a temporary setback. Since he did not have the two hundred dollars he could not mention what he had in mind to Miss Seymour, but he figured that in four months he could save up the two hundred dollars again, and he would write to her and tell her about the honeymoon in Yellowstone Park, and they would be married in the spring. The only trouble was that two months after she left the ranch Uncle Lute heard from her and it seemed she had got herself married to Mr. Sheridan Corby in New York. He was playing and singing over the radio there.

MY UNCLE LUTE stopped talking, and I thought about it for a while. It seemed to me that if Miss Corrinne Seymour was the sort of a girl who did not know her own mind, and would not wait until Uncle Lute had saved up two hundred dollars again he was lucky not to have married her, and I said so.

"Do not jump to conclusions, Bub," my Uncle Lute said.

He walked over to the corner and picked up the horseshoe he had straightened out and bent it back into shape. Barehanded.

"I found out later that she was worth two million dollars," Uncle Lute said. "Let that be a lesson to you."

The next morning I did not try to pick up the calf. I talked to my father again, and when I went to school I saw Mary Louise Stacy and told her I was going to start taking guitar lessons, and she let me carry her books home from school.

THE END

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KINSEY'S AUGUST CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1 Colo. admitted to Union, 1873. Hello, Colo!	2 Nathan Hale hanged, 1776. "... but one life ..."
3 Harvard beats Yale in 1st rowing race, 1852.	4 Coast Guard founded, 1790. Semper Paratus!	5 Atlantic Ca successfully		7 Bridge dedi- uffalo, 1927.	8 Davis Cup matches est'd. 1900. Love that game!	9 Francis Scott Key born, 1780. "O-oh say ..."
10 Marines land on Guadalcanal, 1942.	11 Bathysphere reaches record depths, 1934.	1 Gold found in K 1896. B-r-rr, it		4 surrender, r II ends, 1945	15 Gas rationing ends, 1945. Open the garage, Rich'd.	16 "Me, I'm as cool as a Kinsey Highball!"
17 "Fulton's Folly" chugs N. Y. to Albany, 1807.	18 Virginia Dare, first Amer. child, born 1587.	1 All-metal dirig tested, 1929. It		21 r Assn. org. 1878. ne see my lawyer!	22 2-deck trolleys first used, 1912. Clang-way!	23 R. Valentino dies, 1926. O, what a lover was Rudy!
24 31 Love that after-game Kinsey Highball, too!	25 England beats U. S. in 1st Intern'l Polo Game, 1886	26 Women get vote, 1920. "And if I am elected ..."	27 Kellogg-Briand Treaty outlaws war, 1928. Hmm!	28 Tom Thumb 1st U. S. loco to pull passengers, 1830.	29 1st dirigible-to-plane transfer, 1929. Ooooh!	30 Indian massacre at Ft. Mims, Ala., 1812.

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THE NATION'S BRAIN

Continued from page 13

in the main reading room, reference slips marked with utterly meaningless scrawls. Herndon would give him a book, any book, and the fellow would read it, quietly and gravely, until nightfall. An old lady who claims she is squaring the circle asks for recondite mathematical works and then proceeds to draw nothing but straight lines on pieces of cardboard. The gentlest nut is the gaffer from Baltimore who gets Alger books and promptly falls asleep.

"Most of our users are engaged in serious research," Willard Webb, chief of the Stack and Reader Division, observes. "I must admit, though, that sometimes it's difficult to tell a genius from a crackpot. The only restriction we make is that readers must be sixteen years old."

These Might Stump Quiz Kids

Webb has been in the Library since 1923. During the war he was a lieutenant colonel commanding the 718th Tank Battalion attached to the 7th Division in the Pacific. He says the years he spent answering questions in the main reading room were splendid preparation for the rigors of war. In his time, he has explained cube root over the phone, read recipes to bemused housewives in the process of getting dinner and has settled furious barroom controversies ranging from craps to Latin quotations. He became an expert in heraldry and the Civil War strictly in self-defense. It was easier than constantly looking up references.

A clearinghouse for all sorts of screwball queries, the Library last year answered 128,041 phone calls, 16,156 individual letters and prepared 28,694 bibliographies and references to material on file. The staff uses 32,000 books for handy reference but admits the good old World Almanac contains more answers than any other volume. There is only one restriction imposed on questions. Medical or legal advice will not be given. Beyond that, anything goes—and the public has come up with some dandies.

What hymns were sung at President Harding's funeral and who were Washington's pallbearers? What weather can be expected this time of year in Caledonia and where can the nearest teacher of Persian be found? What is the relative frequency of baldness in men and women, what are the ingredients in a Mickey Finn and how come the Potomac is so muddy? The pupils of Iona School in Fort Myers, Florida, have found the skeleton of a mule and want to reassemble it. Where can the teacher get a chart?

An abiding annoyance are national contests, which invariably provoke a deluge of queries. The staff knows, of course, the sources of the posers and simply moves them into the main reading room, then tells callers to do their own research. Written requests for contest answers are ignored.

Webb has a conviction that eventually there will be a call for every shred of information in the library. A man speaking broken English once showed him a small picture of a safari, taken in 1890, pointed to one figure, said it was he and demanded to see the book in which it was reprinted. Webb recalled having seen the picture while glancing at an old book on the Khyber Pass a few months earlier. It was pure happenstance, for there was no bibliographical reference to the picture, but Webb dug up the book for the man, who grumbled because he had to wait a half hour for it.

On another occasion a reader asked for a book on Dutch theology written in 1602. The book had never been drawn from the shelf, but now it was gone. The staff was in a tizzy until it was discovered that another reader was studying it at that very moment.

The worst pests are those who bounce in jauntily, rattle off a string of false leads and expect librarians to know what they want. A youth recently asked Webb for a book entitled Confessions of a Confederate, written by a man named Smith who was secretary to Jeff Davis and made impertinent remarks about the boss. Webb put his hand on the book instantly—even though it was The Diary of a Rebel War Clerk, written by one Jones who never was Davis' secretary.

Every library inevitably is cluttered up with vast piles of literary rubbish that cries for the furnace, but the value of saving everything was highlighted during the war. In 1902 a Methodist missionary in Burma donated to the Library of Congress his diaries, which were filled with little more than dreary accounts of endless rain. They proved to be of inestimable importance when the Allies invaded Burma, the wettest spot on the face of the earth, and were scrounging frantically for any weather report.

The two huge buildings opposite the Capitol were such storehouses of vital information that the O.S.S. moved in for the duration as a time-saving measure. The Chinese air force consulted maps of its own country, a gift from the Emperor of China in 1840, that could not be duplicated anywhere in the world. European city directories, gathering dust in forgotten corners, saved hundreds of American lives in street fighting. Railroad timetables, kept through sheer force of habit, spotted targets for air attacks on marshaling yards and depots.

Important German advances in the use of sulfa drugs were first made available to the Army through Library operatives attached to forces in North Africa. The Navy would have cracked up countless ships on unknown reefs in the Pacific if not for old navigation charts owned only by the Library.

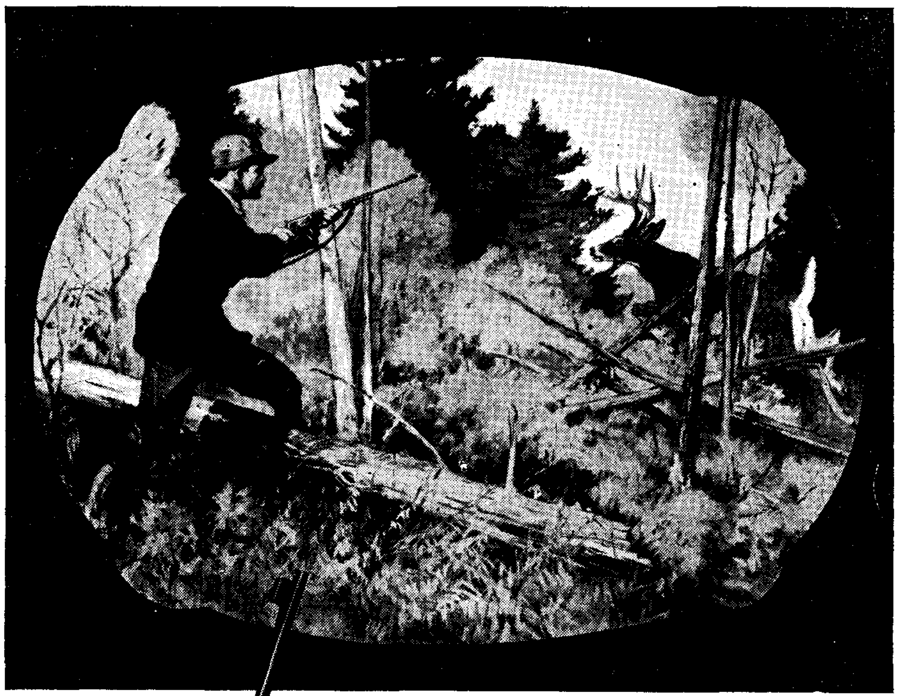
Researcher Trailed by Gestapo

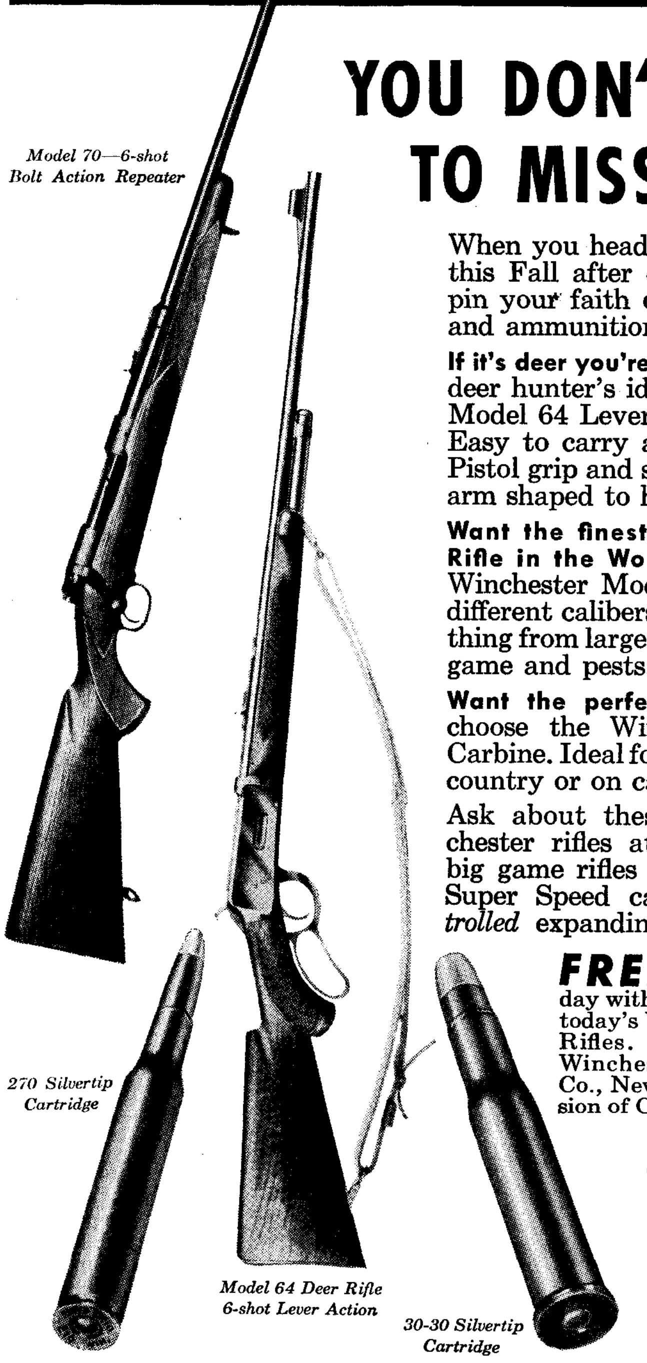
Few undercover agents came through with more top-secret stuff than Manuel Sanchez, who worked directly for the Library in Africa and Europe from April, 1943, to May, 1945. Sanchez was trailed by the Gestapo in Lisbon while he completed files of German technical books and newspapers.

"What good are old newspapers?" you may ask. Well, sir, during the last two years of the war, German casualties were so heavy that local papers were permitted to print death notices only of officers. The Allied High Command, working on the predictable proportion of officer casualties to enlisted personnel, could make an accurate appraisal of the man-power drain on the *Wehrmacht* that had a direct bearing on strategy. In all, Sanchez sent back 66,508 items, including the prized Dizionario di Politica, which was distributed only to high Fascist leaders.

The founding fathers never envisioned the tremendous scope of activities the Library was to embrace when they authorized its establishment in 1800. The nucleus was Thomas Jefferson's collection of 6,487 volumes. This he sold to the government, amid loud outcries against the cost, amounting to $3.69 a book. The Jefferson collection was virtually destroyed in 1814 when the British razed the Capitol, where it was housed, and in the fires of 1825 and 1851.

When the influx of books threatened to burst the Capitol apart at the seams, the present main building of the Library was authorized and completed in 1897. It immediately was apparent that this was the most unique building ever erected in Washington. An appropriation of $6,-





YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS THIS

When you head into the big woods this Fall after deer, elk or moose, pin your faith on Winchester rifles and ammunition.

If it's deer you're after . . . choose the deer hunter's ideal, the Winchester Model 64 Lever Action Deer Rifle. Easy to carry and quick to shoot. Pistol grip and semi-beavertail fore-arm shaped to hand.

Want the finest Bolt Action Game Rifle in the World? . . . choose the Winchester Model 70. Built in ten different calibers suitable for everything from large game down to small game and pests.

Want the perfect saddle gun? . . . choose the Winchester Model 94 Carbine. Ideal for hunting in wooded country or on canoe trips.

Ask about these and other Winchester rifles at your dealers. All big game rifles call for Winchester Super Speed cartridges with *controlled* expanding Silvertip bullets.

FREE: Don't go another day without our new folder on today's Winchester Center Fire Rifles. Address Desk 62-B Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn., Division of Olin Industries, Inc.

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Sportsmen to cooperate with farmers, and join local and national organizations for game conservation and restoration.

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RIFLES • CARTRIDGES • SHOTGUNS • SHOTSHELLS
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Yes . . . he's used to the best!

He pays $600 for his Bolex camera . . .
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EVERVESS Yes, Yes!
Makes drinks taste better—costs less!

BONDED FOR QUALITY

YES . . . it's bonded for quality by a famous surety company.
YES . . . it gives you a dime-size bottle for a nickel!

Product of Pepsi-Cola Company

EVERVESS
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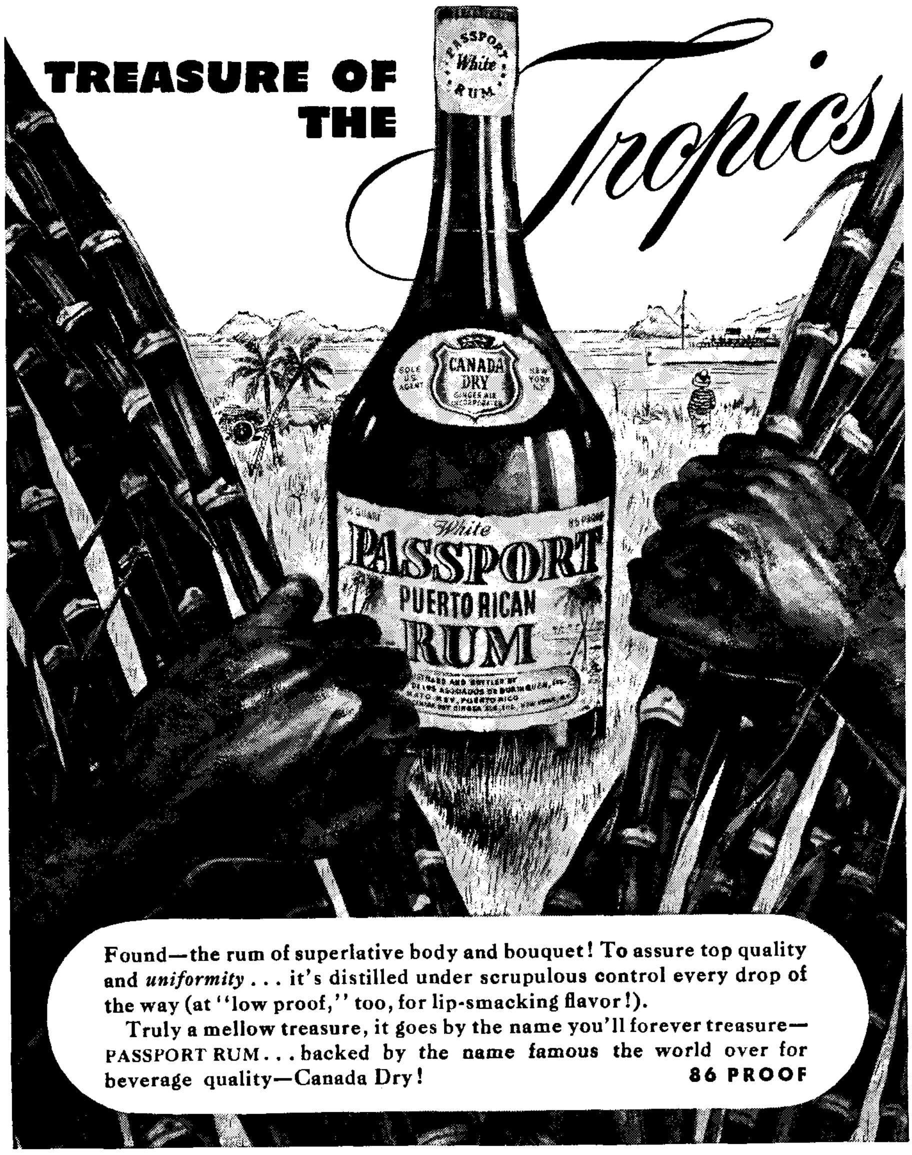

Found—the rum of superlative body and bouquet! To assure top quality and *uniformity* . . . it's distilled under scrupulous control every drop of the way (at "low proof," too, for lip-smacking flavor!).

Truly a mellow treasure, it goes by the name you'll forever treasure—PASSPORT RUM . . . backed by the name famous the world over for beverage quality—Canada Dry! **86 PROOF**

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200,000 had been given the Army Engineer Corps for the job—and $200,000 was returned to the Treasury. Old brass hats and public watchdogs haven't stopped vibrating yet from the shock.

In 1939 a modern, air-conditioned annex, with more floor space than the main structure, had to be added to handle the overwhelming flow of material, which increases by 2,500,000 items annually.

Counting the $787,715.06 the Library turned in from copyright fees and the sale of index cards, it cost the public less than $5,000,000 last year. It would have been a bargain at twice the price. In addition to the duties it performs for the government, the Library of Congress saves all other libraries an incalculable sum by solving the profession's most difficult problem, the cataloguing and indexing of books.

Any library is only as good as its system for getting material into the hands of readers. A source that cannot be found in the index file or picked off a shelf quickly is worthless. In this highly technical operation the Library of Congress gives understaffed institutions a tremendous boost by cataloguing all books under 40,000 basic subject headings and selling the cards at three cents apiece. It has 165,000,000 such cards on file and also maintains the Union catalogue of 7,600,000 titles, which tells scholars and researchers where any material they need can be found in the United States.

Among the Library's most competent 1,500 employees are the fifteen men and women who process acquisitions. All have the equivalent of a master's degree, several have Ph.D.s, they have a reading knowledge of at least two foreign languages and they perform their highly skilled work for $3,400 to $5,200 a year. Like all their colleagues, they accept such meager pay because they are nuts about books.

Cataloguing a new work is a task that would make most of us whimpering wrecks. Let's assume someone has written With Patton Through France. An entry is made out in the author's name and another is filed under the W's. Additional cards are made for Patton, Geo. S., Jr.; U.S. History—Army 3d; Third Army; World War II—Campaigns, France. Suppose the book has an appendix giving officer rosters, casualty tolls and decorations. Each requires a separate heading. The book also contains a history and military evaluation of the Maqui resistance movement in support of the Allied armed forces. That will have to be listed under "Maqui," "Resistance" and "Underground." You wind up with twelve cross references for one book.

This nest of libraries within a library makes books only a part of its business. A staggering venture in talking books for the blind recently was completed when Tolstoy's monumental War and Peace was recorded in its entirety. The project required 119 two-sided records, and since each side runs 25 minutes, it takes more than two days of uninterrupted listening to hear the book through. A good library of talking books can be borrowed by any blind person and there is no charge except for shipping.

In this maze of astonishing contrasts, you can look at the rare-book division's priceless collection of incunabula—books printed before January 1, 1500—and early Americana, walk down two flights of stairs and hear hot jazz recorded that would blow the fuse off a juke box.

Preserving American Folk Music

The Music Division is pre-eminent not only for its manuscripts but as the leading recorder of folk songs in the world. More than 30,000 blues, ballads, spirituals, hollers, hymns, tales and legends, some never heard more than five miles distant from their origins, have been saved from oblivion by John and Alan Lomax and Dr. Duncan Emrich. The Lomaxes, pioneers in the field, went into jails for some of the material put on wax, and Dr. Emrich now is touring the Southwest to record old songs before they are taken to the grave by the last people who remember them. More than 12,000 albums of authentic American music were sold to the public last year.

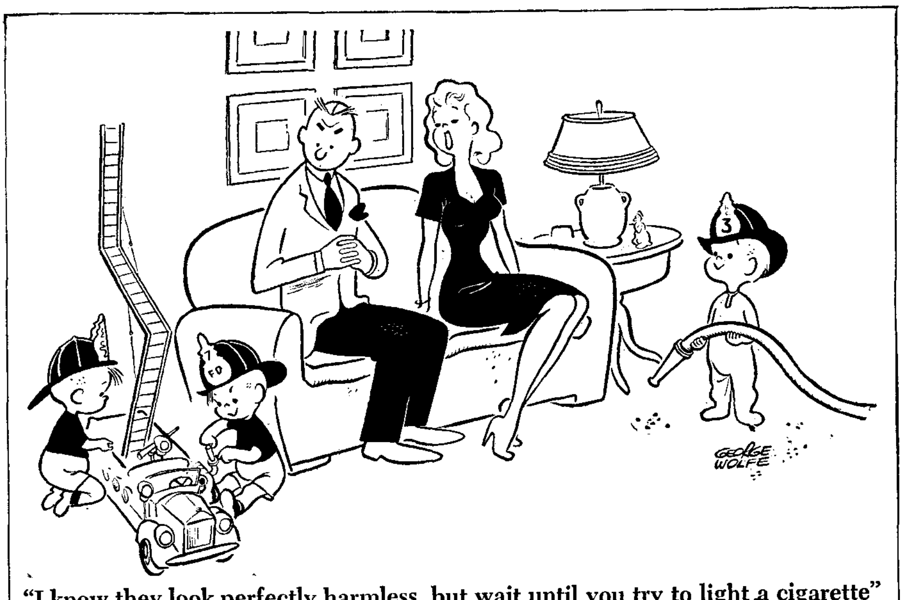
It is inconceivable that any scholar of note will not visit the Library eventually to consult its unrivaled resources. There are 500 special facilities for approved projects, including 222 private rooms where an author can keep a typewriter, books and all necessary appurtenances for his work, except a blond secretary.

Books are perishable, but the Library constantly is assuming a more lively, vibrant function in government and in the free exchange of knowledge. It is restocking destroyed and looted European libraries, distributing to schools 1,200,000 surplus books used in wartime training and compiling critical reviews of books and publications for circulation in foreign countries by the State Department.

"We must discriminate," Dr. Luther H. Evans, the chief librarian, says, "between an impulse to rescue the literature of the past and the imperative need to control the literature of the present."

One of those little incidents that convinces the staff it is not isolated from the turmoil of current events occurred last September in Berlin. A rabbi, conducting the Jewish New Year ritual in the palatial villa of a former Nazi bigwig, handed out the first prayer books which many in his congregation had seen in eight years and said: "We will now open Rosh Hashana services by courtesy of the Library of Congress."

THE END



"I know they look perfectly harmless, but wait until you try to light a cigarette"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

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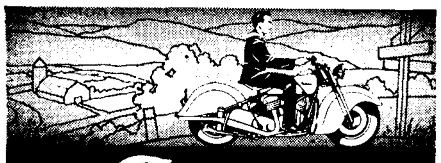

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THE COAST DEMANDS LONG PANTS

Continued from page 17

Hollywood team to operate. Los Angeles controls the territory and can kill Hollywood off whenever it chooses. Even if it joined the National or American leagues and kindly allowed Hollywood to continue, the Hollywood club would have little success as a minor-league team facing the competition of the majors.

That means the Coast League would have to pick up two new members to replace Los Angeles and Hollywood. The same fate would probably overtake Oakland if San Francisco joined the National or American league. Who could Rowland recruit to make up the four teams lost?

So the race is on between Mr. Clarence (Pants) and his Coast League friends and the vultures who would like to descend on their little gold lode. If he can get his third-major-league status, a sigh of relief will chase all up and down the Coast among the magnates who are now making fortunes out of modest investments. Upon analysis, that seems to be the meaning of Mr. Rowland's endeavors. If the Coast League were not afraid of a territory raid it would be stupid to bother with major-league rating.

Small Parks Do Good Business

Hollywood sits in a little bandbox park holding around 12,000 and makes a mint. They make it whether the team is in third place or last place. Seattle and Portland do very well in parks that will never be pointed out to visiting foreigners as public monuments. Rather than have this little picnic ruined they are eager for major-league status although it will (or may) mean larger pay rolls. If they lose L.A. or San Francisco to the present majors, it will mean disaster.

"You fellows are always so interested in figures," complained Mr. Rowland testily, when mention was made of the matter of salaries. "You just hear the big ones back there, you don't hear the others."

That is probably true but a Bob Feller trapped in Sacramento would furnish one of the saddest pictures ever limned. There are many angles to the problem, and the fact that Philip Wrigley owns the Los Angeles franchise may be one of the most important. He has been quoted as saying that the third major league was an excellent idea.

Dom DiMaggio has chimed in with the following comment: "I have discovered no difference between the class of ball played on the Coast and in the majors. Both seem alike to me." Dom is a loyal native son and a great ballplayer but as a discoverer it is hardly possible he would ever have qualified as a Balboa. There *is* a difference, a great difference: the only question is whether the gap can be narrowed after a length of years when the Coast League travels alone.

The battle raged anew at the time of the All-Star game in Chicago when Mr. Rowland proposed his five-year provisional period during which the majors would agree not to draft Coast players, thus permitting them to build up a players' list and do work on the ball parks. Leonard J. Roach, Los Angeles County Supervisor, was there with another delegation saying, "Nuts to the provisional period and the Coast League! We want to play with the big boys right now." The baseball fathers held their heads and ducked, putting the matter over till December. And that's how it stands at the moment with Clarence (Pants) Rowland and his dream.

THE END

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relaxes you from today... prepares you for tomorrow

When you select a mattress, make no mistake in this important purchase. Go to a good dealer in whom you have complete confidence... Ask to see Spring-Air. Examine it closely... look at the design, ticking, grips, tailoring. Sit on it, feel it... test it in any way you wish. Then ask your dealer to tell you the "real inside story" about Spring-Air "Controlled Comfort" and quality. It's the same as used by thousands of fine hotels and good hospitals. A good dealer knows bedding ...be guided by his suggestion.

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High quality, precompressed cotton felt padding (upholstery) cushions body from spring contact, gives surface softness and luxury "feel" to a Spring-Air mattress.

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The first 1½ turns of special Karr spring coils give soft, luxurious support to all body contours and special buoyancy to lighter parts of the body such as arms and legs.

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As many as nine *different* types of spring coils, *scientifically located* throughout, keep edges from sagging, prevent side-sway, maintain flexibility... give sleep comfort year-in, year-out.

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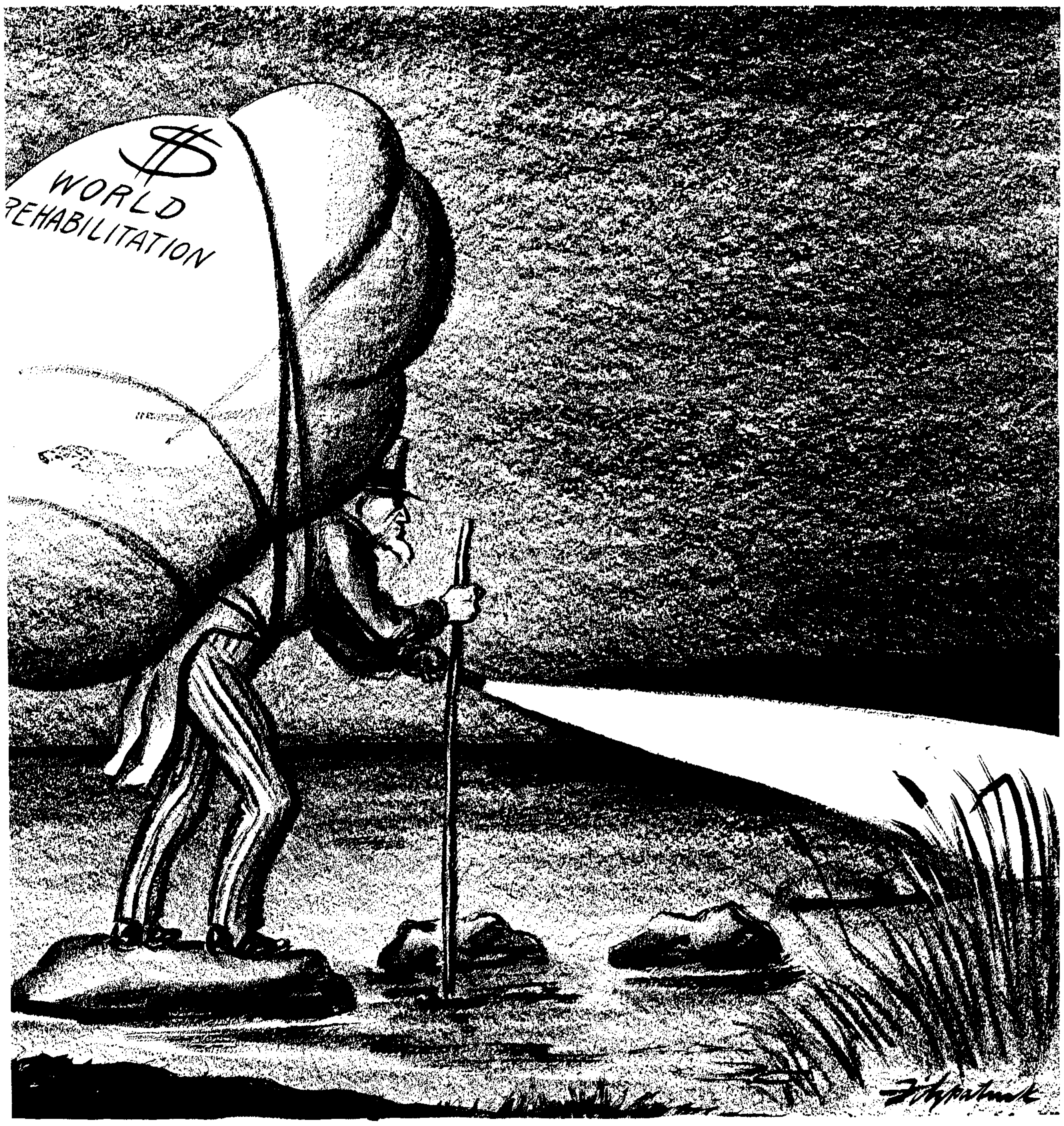


BETTER HEED MR. HOOVER

THERE are writers and commentators who make more or less of a profession out of snooting and sneering at everything ex-President Herbert Hoover says for publication. What these Hoover-baiters' motives are, we wouldn't know.

His comments on the Marshall Plan for the economic rejuvenation of Europe seemed especially cogent to us. Evidently they struck President Truman the same way, since the President proceeded to name a total of three groups of prominent and respected persons to carry out the Hoover recommendations on the Marshall Plan.

The ex-President's position in the matter is simply this: With the best will in the world, a nation of 140,000,000 people cannot indefinitely feed, clothe and warm some 375,000,000 Europeans. We should do what we can to help Europe out of the postwar wreckage, but first we should find out what we can safely do. On no account should we bleed ourselves white, because in that event we would go down in a general crack-up with the rest of the world.

Mr. Hoover also wants the Truman Administration to be frank with the people as to just what this probable expenditure of 25 billions in the next five or six years will mean to Americans. It will not entail simply a lot of bookkeeping transactions with dollars, pounds, francs, etc. It will, more importantly, involve shipping huge amounts of food, machinery, clothing, fuel and so on out of our own country under a sort of peacetime Lend-Lease arrangement, with no prospect of ever being repaid anywhere near full value.

All this may necessitate voluntary cuts in our own consumption, especially of food.

We ought to get something in return if we can; and Mr. Hoover believes we can. He says it will give us a chance to stock-pile imported strategic materials—tin, manganese, mercury, chromite, nickel, for a few examples—in exchange for some of our relief goods. He urges that we seize all opportunities of this kind, instead of just softheartedly and softheadedly giving our substance away.

In contrast to these common-sense Hoover suggestions, we have the wild talk of Henry A. Wallace and his codreamers about throwing 50 billions to the winds in world-wide relief in the next decade, the recipients to include governments which will not co-operate, as well as those which will.

We hope the Truman Administration will string consistently along with Mr. Hoover's ideas in all this and will give the Wallaces the consistent brush-off. If we are to undertake this colossal job of boosting Europe out of the worst consequences of the worst war in recorded history, we should at least go about it in a businesslike way.

A MONUMENT TO THE BABE

BABE RUTH, perhaps the greatest and certainly the most colorful baseball player of all time, is not feeling too well these days, and some very nice things have been done in the way of handing him some compliments and such while he is able to enjoy them. Babe Ruth Day, celebrated in all the nation's ball parks early this season, was one of these very nice things.

Wouldn't it be a good idea, though, to go further than that, and in a way which would please the Babe above all other ways?

The erstwhile Sultan of Swat has recently set up what is known as the Babe Ruth Foundation. It is a charitable outfit which its creator hopes will buy a lot of baseball gear for youngsters who can't buy their own, and will in other ways foster boys' interest in the game.

Wouldn't it be feasible for organized baseball, major and minor, somehow to systematize contributions to the Babe Ruth Foundation, so that it could become well enough heeled to fulfill its founder's dreams on an appropriate scale?

Perhaps a percentage of box-office receipts could be kicked in on a specified day each year. Maybe the Babe Ruth Foundation could be cut in on World Series takes. Or something of the sort.

We can think of no finer monument to Babe Ruth than this—and of no better builder of public good will for professional baseball, which could use some extra good will at this stage of its fortunes. How about some action, soon?

GLOOM MERCHANTS PLEASE NOTE

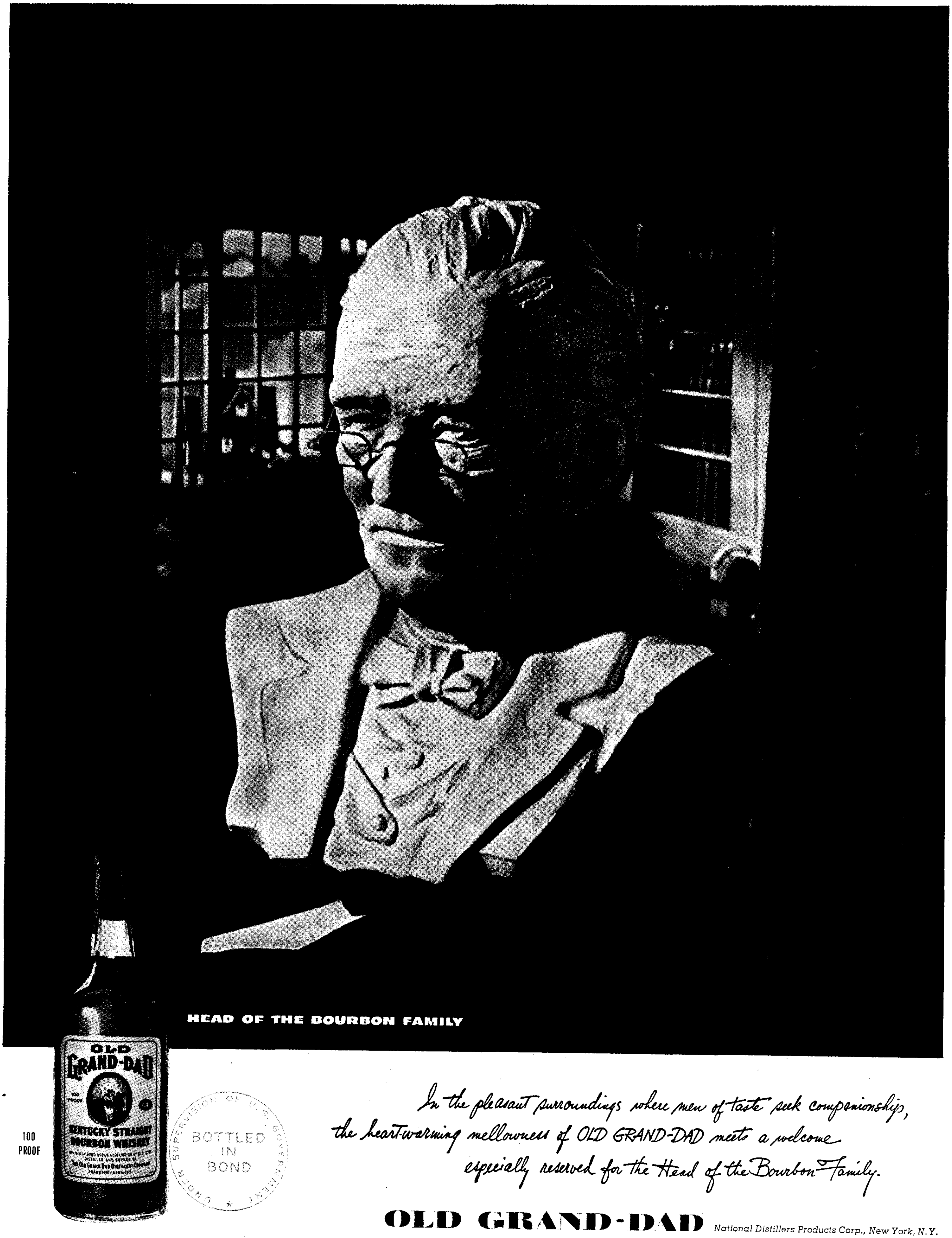
THE Right Honorable Winston Churchill recently remarked that the Labor government is driving Great Britain to ruin. Conceivably there was a political impulse behind Mr. Churchill's statement—though we must say we can't see that the Labor government has done Britain any good as yet.

Anyway, one R. O. Eaton, of Londonderry County, read about the Churchill groan, took pen in hand, and wrote the following to the London Times' famous letter column:

> Remembering Mr. Churchill's recent utterance, it is interesting to note what other great men have said
>
> William Pitt: "There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair."
>
> Wilberforce in the early 1800s: "I dare not marry; the future is so dark and unsettled."
>
> Lord Shaftesbury (1848): "Nothing can save the British Empire from shipwreck."
>
> Disraeli (1849): "In industry, commerce and agriculture there is no hope."
>
> The Duke of Wellington on the eve of his death (1851) thanked God that he would be "spared from seeing the consummation of ruin that is gathering about us."

Your correspondent, come to think of it, has been hearing for several decades now from various persons that the world and particularly the United States were headed for the dogs for a variety of reasons. Things aren't too bright at the moment, what with the prop wash from the late war still howling around our ears.

But the dogs, on the other hand, are still waiting for the world to get to them, and must be pretty hungry by now.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IT'S TRUE IN RACING... IN CIGARETTES TOO! I LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE THAT CAMELS SUIT ME BEST!
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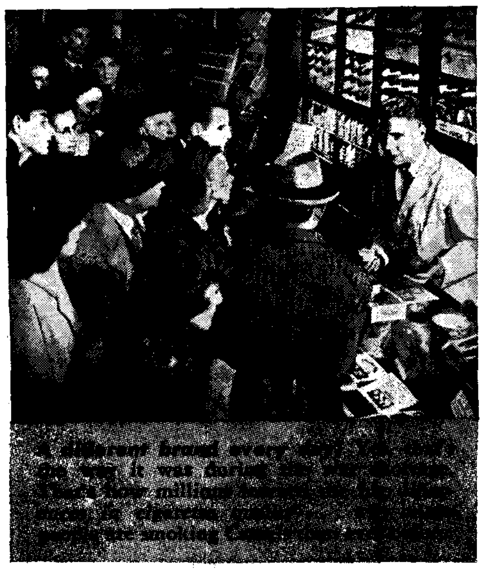
More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!



A different brand every day [illegible] the war. It was during [illegible] that millions [illegible] more different [illegible] are smoking Camels [illegible]

With millions of smokers who have tried and *compared*, Camels are the "choice of experience"!

REMEMBER the cigarette shortage during the war? That was the biggest comparison test in cigarette history.

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